

# The Mix Show

Wyclef Jean

We goin' send this out for every street DJ  
This is something for the mix shows  
Mix shows

You don't wanna go outside  
Because the thugs are outside  
They busting slugs outside  
So you don't wanna go outside

Let's go  
Uh, I'm outside looking in  
I could feel it through the wind  
From the streets' shore  
I could see the shark's fin  
They ain't eat nothing in a week  
And they hunger is the reason why the blood drips on the concrete  
So run your juice  
Pit bulls drew  
They gon shoot you in the head so what good is your bullet proof  
Unless your bullet proof-la what's your affiliation  
You just a rat handing out information  
You wanna run and said Clef took my paper  
Clef ain't take your paper  
Clef is just a narrator  
Think I'm a singer  
I'ma have you call a operator  
911 now you breaving through a respirator  
All that gun-clapping yapping meet me outside  
You never seen a ghost until you seen the other side  
So think before you speak or blood is go leak  
You shouldn't have no problems understanding  
I ain't speaking Greek

I need a hundred grand  
And I ain't talking bout no candy bar  
Take over your strip like it's Kandahar  
You gonna see so much red you think your man on Mars  
That concrete that's under your feet goin' land on hard  
I got goons that stand on guard  
Post up waiting wit the toaster  
Hit you from close up  
Bare face  
No black mask  
No silencers  
On the burners everybody hear the gat blast  
Bodies found chopped up in black bags inside incinerators  
I got power like generators  
Slugs wit names on it  
The message I send to haters  
In my hood I'm know as a menace to neighbors  
Me and my men for paper  
We don't fear the morgue  
Only thing we afraid of is we scared to starve  
You can't stop the shine  
Play a black cloud in my dollar signs and be a victim of a violent crime  
For real

The flows is death defying  
Act real and ya neck be flying  
Brains and guts like I was saving private Ryan  
Test the iron  
And I show you a wall, cat  
That's filled wit bodies  
See where your balls at, if you all that  
And I show a wall, cat, that's filled wit bodies  
And yours could be the next  
Number 19, erased out the projects  
I progress everyday I'm living this life  
I won't stop till I'm buried, dog  
I'm living it right  
Just gimme the price and I'm willing to take a chance  
I keep it ass hard  
Cause this sh? in my pants  
And if you wanna dance you need to jump to these lyrics  
You feeling the physical form as well as the spirit  
Don't try to compare it  
Just listen and love to hear it  
And if it's fire you know not to come near it  
I keep it flame boil enough to make your brains boil  
Put you in a stash where nobody could say they saw you

Check, G.O.D. put it down like it's burning hot  
Execute you on the spot no warning shot  
Coming Timothy McVay I burn down your block  
First I kick in your door cause in war we don't knock  
I got no competition  
Only man that could see me is the man in the mirror  
Keep wishing  
Keep fishing  
Get a hundred and fifty stitches  
Your last rights  
Last meal  
Last wishes  
This is summing for the mix shows  
They call me most honorable, most knowledgeable  
Toast bottles in blue  
The hydroponic goose  
I spit ten words blow you to molecules  
I'm under your skin cells and your hair follicles  
It's the jewel  
Whatever I could see I could be  
I saw hip-hop became a MC  
Then I saw the streets became a OG  
Then I learn to see myself became G.O.D.

We get them packs off often  
I'm on the block where it's scorching  
The life that I live'll make you nauseous  
Most of our niggas see a coffin  
Most of our shit see abortions  
Of course we are lost in the circle of Karma  
This is summing for the mix shows  
Where you and your mama, grandmama, and great-  
grandmama live out the same drama  
Where you and your father, father's fathers, great and fore fathers felt hor-  
ror like no tomorrow  
I'm from United Snakes, the country of crime  
The city look ish they changed the skyline  
And it's us against swine and they loosing they mind  
In the van with my grind

And thirst to gimme time  
I'ma ball or get signed or bang and take mine  
My design's undefined  
I'm clearly one of a kind  
It's best you realize only the fittest survive  
For cowards it's suicide so don't come outside

You don't wanna come outside  
Masquerade  
Its Blagues outside  
Fam and Prolific, we all outside  
So you don't wanna come outside  
Refugee

Hey, yo we goin' send this out for every street DJ that ain't getting no real radio airplay  
You know I mean  
That's coming on the radio at one o'clock in the morning  
That got the streets on lock

This generation!