

# 80 Bars

## Wyclef Jean

80 bars, 80 scars

Yo, engineer turn me up, yo I started off in the underground  
From mono to stereo, now I'm surround sound  
Blowing through your tubes, leaving holes through your speakers  
Cracking through your tweeters, my frequency's off the meter  
Jam packed arenas from here to Bangkok  
I'm ahead of my time like Jimi Hendrix playing Woodstock  
Me, I'm playing Hoodstock before I had the dreadlocks  
I use to reminisce "Should I do music or sell rocks?"  
Wrote my own props, living in the PJ's  
That's when the Angel Gabriel said "It's all a Masquerade"  
Eyes with no face, speakers with no lace  
I feel that Earth's spinnin, but I'm standin in the same space  
With no trace of what happened last night  
I seen two fiends fighting over a crack pipe  
Now I'm watching TV, my antennae was a close hanger  
Blurry vision, Mister McGee Hunn, David Banner  
Flip the data, the kids was wearin bandanas  
Totin hammers aimin at your medulla oblongata  
Blaow blaow, a young thug with a slim figure  
Romantic type like the movie Casablanca  
Herb seller, once but busted by an undercover  
Buyer, my supplier was a Gypsy cab driver  
That's when I realized I need to find a new hustle  
Living in the jungle the guitar became my muscle  
I strive through snake eyes who wanted me crucified  
I thought that I was drowning but I was getting baptized  
Now behold, I heard you sold 20 mill'  
But with no street credibility, your overkill  
You ain't real, talkin bout keep it gangsta  
Phony, if you knew the gangstas sent me to shank you  
Gank you, yank you, tie up your ankles  
And if that ain't enough, I call Henchman's to lynch you  
Now, at the funeral, I can see the Priest bless you  
But in the after life, I'ma still touch you  
Knockin on heavens door, your beggin to get in  
That's when the son of man greets you with the face of Satan  
Now you look frightened in the belly of the whale  
That's when the warden say "I want to welcome you to hell"

Fools, is 5 bucks, get off the phone, times up  
 I seen him cut from his head to his nuts  
 You wish you wouldn't, wish you couldn't, wish it got to me  
 Cause you screamin' so loud that a deaf man can hear  
 Back to the silence, no more droppin science  
 Er'body rappin about diamonds and violence  
 And A&R's, all they do is charge credit cards  
 And when the bill comes, they blame it on the rap stars  
 Now how you figure? I ain't rent a car  
 I wasn't at the spa, I ain't by the bar  
 Now here's a jewel when you get your first record deal  
 Don't subject yourself to the mass appeal  
 First Class, caviar in the vel'  
 In the new S Class with the Jordan wheels  
 Remember, the music industry is like the streets  
 You know the cold of the streets, er'body tryin to eat  
 The evidence is concrete, I'm tired of the same song  
 You take me how, you must be high off heroin  
 Sharper than I ever been, this one gon get a 10  
 Rappers, I'ma murder y'all with your own medicine  
 I move with faith, I never have doubt  
 I'm so hungry you will think I'm just coming out  
 But I been here before, from "Blunted" to "The Score"  
 To "The Carnival", Eclectic World Tour  
 I'm causin whores, waitin in the back doors  
 They want me to rock they boat and shift they more short  
 That's when the Father said "Take heed to this lesson"  
 They want to cut your hair like Deliala did Sampson  
 I felt that, so I went back to my format  
 Raps and backpack, gats for carjacks  
 Hats for pussycats, cause Aids, I don't want that  
 And for the DJ's, here's something y'all can scratch  
 Technique 12, the needle hits the wax  
 Hypnotize the crowd, the dance floor is jam packed  
 Now sing along like a negro spiritual  
 No one got shot tonight, it's a miracle  
 What's this I hear, y'all want to take my spot?  
 You got a better chance putting a gorilla in a headlock  
 I'm too focused, I can see through your lens  
 You ain't a G, just a want to be, Kingpin so  
 "The next time, y'all want to pay for protection  
 I suggest that you hit up the Haitian Sicilians"80 bars, 80 scars

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