

Masquerade

Wyclef Jean

The streets is mad right now
Tell 'em why we mad
Rappers whatever you call yourself
Pack your bags and get out of town 'Cause I'm a strike down on thee with
Great vengeance and furious anger
Those who attempt to poison the hood
I'm a let y'all know the preacher's son is back Refugee, one time, one time
MOP two time, two time, one time
Bumpy knuckles now the world is in trouble
Come on Yo, you're number one on the charts
You're a masquerade
Paid for your billboard slots
You're a masquerade
Because the block knows hot
You're a masquerade
You're livin' in a, you're livin' in a
Masquerade I'm on first, so this ain't a rap verse
It's more like a voodoo curse
So when you die the kids'll throw rocks at ya hearse
'Cause you lie too much, you don't got no gut At your arm reach is ink
At your headpiece now you pissin' in your briefs
Hold up, we just saw you on your bet and MTV
A public access channel talkin' bout I'm a thug You're an animal, a cannibal, you even scare hannibal
But when the blackout came no light for your candle
So welcome to the real world where a spade is a spade
And I'm a call it like I see it, you all living in a masquerade Even though Jacob iced you out wit the baguettes
Money wit no respect that makes you a suspect
So you can't ride through Brownsville
You want peace you better call Churchill
If not, feel Clef when he connects wit M.O.P family
And plays guitar at your eulogy You wanna claim you run the block
You're a masquerade
Givin' information to the cops
You're a masquerade
I mean you never seen a rock
You're livin' in a, you're livin' in a masquerade
Masquerade Now the grimy lil' bastards line up
Time's up, I'm up
They say we dem dance to show you how to get it crunk

I'm still plottin' wit Fox today I do it with Clef whoever
 We throw mack and that's to the death bless royalty
 You youngster's better get back before
 You get a set back and get clapped
 That's it and that's that ClefHold that take all that and fall back
 I kick too much ass kick ass
 To rock jewels, rock Prada
 Fuck Gucci shoes, Timbs mo hottaWe still grip arms Brook norm bound shit
 The streets don't want that watered down shit
 Fam, we clear the whole stage
 You don't wanna ride wit us we got road rageNow I'm a let my hood tell you
 You're a masquerade
 I bet you feedin' the dogs
 You're a masquerade
 I thought we still and we rob
 You're a masquerade
 You're livin' in a
 You're livin' in a masqueradeI'm hittin' sixteen bars
 A murder, real murder, baby
 This ain't a facade
 Niggas pumpin' they fist like they punchin' at God
 Over ten years rippin' MC I bring it hard
 Don't make me split yo chest and pull yo cardR and B singer the greatest and now barred
 'Cause he been feelin' on booties of too young cuties
 Got mo bombs left
 You punk niggas, we used to shake your pumpy hands
 You'll have no arms left, you ain't a pimp
 You ain't a mack, you keep bitches in the house all dayI keep em on the track
 Drinkin' cocoa and wearin' long mink coats black
 Hit 'em twelve inch stilettos, tappin' through the ghetto
 I can see it in your eyesLittle niggas you ain't a part of shakin' niggas hand
 Shakin' niggas heart, I keep the underground in shape
 It never be soft, you wanna make it like them
 Fat naked bitches turnin' me offNow I'm a let my hood tell you
 You're a masquerade
 I bet you feedin' the dogs
 You're a masquerade
 I thought we still and we rob
 You're a masquerade
 You're livin' in a, you're livin' in a
 MasqueradeNeary paneary won't you take 'em to the Middle East

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