

Year Of The Dragon (ft. Lauryn Hill)

Wyclef Jean

I remember comin' from Haiti growin' up in Brooklyn
On Flatbush got my first sneakers taken
Learn the game quick so I got my first device
Mom moved to Jers' so we could get a better life
But little did she know a ghetto is a ghetto
Good times found myself like Jimmie Walker sayin' "Cello" Yellow cheese bus gettin' beatings if I cuss
Lay away another day in stripped Lees and Le Tigres
But the lyrical bomber momma tried to stop
Paranoid cause this boy around my neighborhood got shot
Name plait hair, straight metal braces on my teeth
Fat laces on my feet when crack first hits the streets I use to push up on a girl Salt 'N' Peppa Push It Push It
D's in school cause the music was my focus
Jokes in class but when I learned I didn't pass
I knew it was my ass with my mothers leather lash
Belt buckle said Nelly Nel similar to Melle Mel
Hits the third rail Beat Street made Gazzels sells As the tale gets poetic watch the streets turn magnetic
Tawana Brawley's rape is alleged
Hang out in hooky places watch streets corners turn to oasis
Young men aspire to be Scarfaces In the year of the dragon lots of men disappear
Quiet as it's kept they won't be back next year Late at night the light was bright on the [ave]
I went to pick up cash from my cousin little Kev
He told me Joe had a dream in jail he got steamed
His wife became a fiend fuckin' little Raheem
Damn, drugs will make you do terrible things
He told me when he get out he's murdering by any means
The day came I saw him on the train
He pulled his gun and aimed and started firing like the son of Kane
I saw civilians runnin' for their life
Like the devil on judgement night running from Christ
Ice and Amaretto please as I fell to my knees
Being shot by Ferguson the vigilante In the year of the dragon lots of men disappear
Quiet as it's kept they won't be back next year Clef it kind of remind me of this chick I once knew
Use to be a dime now she's strung out in Bellevue
See the serpent played tricks run game like the Knicks
Build you up just to lose the championship
I seen her reminisce over Wu-Tang could It Be that Simple
She lost her Prince cause there were Thieves In the Temple
Tragic depression made her lose all her teeth
Lost and turned out gave her body to the streets

Sweet Mary don't you weep
Still waters run deep
So be careful of the company you keep In the year of the dragon lots of men disappear
Quiet as it's kept they won't be back next year

Songwriters

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