

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
Blowin' through your tubes leavin' holes through your speakers
Crackin' through your tweeters my frequency's off the meters
Jam pack arenas from here to Bangkok
I'm ahead of my time like Jimmy Hendrix played Woodstock
Me, I'm playin' Hoodstock before I had the dreadlocks
I used to reminisce should I do music or sell rocks
Grow my own crops livin' in the PJs
That's when an Angel Gabriel, said
"It's all a masquerade eyes wit no face, sneakers wit no lace
I feel the earth spinnin' but I'm standin' in the same space"
Wit no trace of what happened last night
I seen two fiends fightin' over a crack pipe
Now I'm watchin' TV, my antenna was a clothes hanger
Blurry vision Mista Mondehan David Banner
Flip the data the kids are wearin' bandannas
Totin' hammers aimin' at your medulla oblongata
Blow, blow a young thug wit a slim figure
Romantic type like the movie Casablanca
Herb seller once got busted by a undercover buyer
My supplier was a Gypsie cab driver
That's when I realized I need to find a new hustle
Livin' in the jungle the guitar became my muscle
I scribe through snake eyes that wanted my crucified
Y'all thought that I was drownin' but I was getting baptized
Now behold I heard you sold twenty mill
But wit no street credibility you overkill
Y'all ain't real talkin' 'bout keep it gangsta
Only if you knew the gangsta sent me to shank you
Gank you, gank you, tie up your ankles
And if that ain't enough I call hinchmens to lynch you
Now at the funeral I could see the priest bless you
But in the after life I'ma still touch you
Knockin' on Heaven's door you beggin' to get in
That's when the Son of Man greets you wit the face of Satan
Now you look frightened in the belly of the whale

That's when the warden say I wanna welcome you to hell
Bones is five bucks get off the phone, time's up
I seen him cut from his head to his you wish you would wish you could
Wishin' got you here you screamin' so loud that a deaf man could hear
Back to the silence, no more droppin' science

Everybody rappin' 'bout 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 buy the bar
Now here's a Jew when you get your first record deal
Don't subject yourself to the mass appeal
First class, caviar in the Anneville
In the new S class wit the Jordan wheels
Remember the music in the streets like the streets
You know the code of the streets
Everybody tryin' to eat yhe evidence is concrete
I'm tired of the same song you take me out
You must be high off of heroine
Sharper than I ever been this one gon' get a ten
Rappers, I'ma murder y'all wit your own medicine
I move with faith, I never have doubt
I'm so hungry you would think I'm just comin' out
But I been here before from Blunted to The Score
To the Carnival, Eclectic, World Tour
I'm poison whores waitin' in the back door
They want me to rock they boat and shift them on shore
That's when the Father said, "Take heed to this lesson
They wanna cut your hair like Delilah did Samson"
I felt that so I went back to my format
Raps in backpack gats for car jacks
Hats for pussy cats 'cause AIDS I don't want that
And for the DJ's here's somethin' y'all can scratch
Technique twelve the needle hits the wax
Hypnotize the crowd the dance floor's jam packed
Now sing along like a Negro spiritual
No one got shot tonight it's a miracle
But what's this I hear y'all wanna take my spot
You got a better chance puttin' a gorilla in a headlock
I'm too focused I can see through your lens
You ain't a G, just a wannabe kingpin
So, the next time y'all wanna pay for protection
I suggest that you hit up the Haitian Sicilian

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