

# the score

## j. period

Look into the rhyme  
Rum to the ripple  
Sing boo  
But at times I come in triple  
Blaow, blaow put the heater to your head  
Now your dead  
Wyclef don't give a \*beep\* if your dead  
Raaaaah, raaaah  
Let me attack just like the black cat  
You in the wrong neighborhood, check the map  
Hooo, you've got to go for backup  
To do what you gotta do  
So you'll be back with France CU  
Traitor in your crew is mafo heat  
Put the poison in your tea  
And kill the toad, But I'll be back with the centipede  
I'm on some new technique, drunken bamboo  
Awoo hoo a hoo, I'm taking all crews what  
Competition, stimulation for the rap man  
Losers check your tooters  
While I'm suckin' on your girls h\*\*\*\*\*  
Don't play macho, while you got the gun  
Cause if you got to reload  
Wyclef the multi-talented  
Average heads can't handle it  
I'll bring it to you live  
Only if you want it  
Me and my guitar go back like the days of the RMC's  
(C'mon check out my melody)  
The W-Y-C-L-E-F, Wyclef  
Through any contest  
I'm victorious  
Still keep it real, if you will and manifest  
Through your skills, not by how many shells you peel  
I'm a bring down the ruckus  
Play the nutcracker  
Rough-neck rednecks make me no bother  
Time after time, ask Cyndi Lauper  
Boss, you don't want to f\*\*k with my partners

Motion, commotion, what's your proposal

Uphold two-fold, the crew is disposal

Like utensil, false idental

I autograph my lyrics with a number 2 pencil

I'm the L, Won't you pull it

Straight to the head

With the speed of a bullet

Cuttin' jokers off at the meeky-freeky gullet

Lyrical sedative, keep niggas meditative

Head rushers I give to creative kids and fiends

Dreams of euphoria

Aurora

To another galaxy

Phallic-sy

Be this microphone, but get lifted

Lyrically I'm gifted

Burn on in without the roach clip (it)

Henders, mind-bender

Pleasure sender

So frequently your nerve endings belong to me

Wrongfully you put me down not receiving the full capacity of my smoke

Wack niggas choke

From the fumes that I emote

Or emit s\*\*\*

See even I feel the mahogany L

Natural hallucinogen

Turning boys to men again

With estrogen dreams

Release blues, yellows and greens

From Brownsville to Queens

I creep like a theif, no doubt the man's swift

I'm more magnificent than Lee Van Cliff

You stand stiff and got the nerve to let your man riff

(We know where to run)

And start flakin' like dandruff

C'mon son my steelo's tight

Cause by far I'm the best producer on the mic

On the right, analytical conceptions

With precision and leave lyrical incisions

Lyrics provided by

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