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 medative
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

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