

The Mix Show

Wyclef Jean

We goin' send this out for every street DJ
This is something for the mix shows
Mix shows You don't wanna go outside
Because the thugs are outside
They busting slugs outside
So you don't wanna go outside Let's go
Uh, I'm outside looking in
I could feel it through the wind
From the streets' shore
I could see the shark's fin
They ain't eat nothing in a week
And they hunger is the reason why the blood drips on the concrete
So run your juice
Pit bulls drew
They gon shoot you in the head so what good is your bullet proof
Unless your bullet proof-la what's your affiliation
You just a rat handing out information
You wanna run and said Clef took my paper
Clef ain't take your paper
Clef is just a narrator
Think I'm a singer
I'ma have you call a operator
911 now you breaving through a respirator
All that gun-clapping yapping meet me outside
You never seen a ghost until you seen the other side
So think before you speak or blood is go leak
You shouldn't have no problems understanding
I ain't speaking Greek I need a hundred grand
And I ain't talking bout no candy bar
Take over your strip like it's Kandahar
You gonna see so much red you think your man on Mars
That concrete that's under your feet goin' land on hard
I got goons that stand on guard
Post up waiting wit the toaster
Hit you from close up
Bare face
No black mask
No silencers
On the burners everybody hear the gat blast

Bodies found chopped up in black bags inside incinerators
I got power like generators
Slugs wit names on it
The message I send to haters
In my hood I'm know as a menace to neighbors
Me and my men for paper
We don't fear the morgue
Only thing we afraid of is we scared to starve
You can't stop the shine
Play a black cloud in my dollar signs and be a victim of a violent crime
For realThe flows is death defying
Act real and ya neck be flying
Brains and guts like I was saving private Ryan
Test the iron
And I show you a wall, cat
That's filled wit bodies
See where your balls at, if you all that
And I show a wall, cat, that's filled wit bodies
And yours could be the next
Number 19, erased out the projects
I progress everyday I'm living this life
I won't stop till I'm buried, dog
I'm living it right
Just gimme the price and I'm willing to take a chance
I keep it ass hard
Cause this sh? in my pants
And if you wanna dance you need to jump to these lyrics
You feeling the physical form as well as the spirit
Don't try to compare it
Just listen and love to hear it
And if it's fire you know not to come near it
I keep it flame broil enough to make your brains boil
Put you in a stash where nobody could say they saw youCheck, G.O.D. put it down like it's burning hot
Execute you on the spot no warning shot
Coming Timothy McVay I burn down your block
First I kick in your door cause in war we don't knock
I got no competition
Only man that could see me is the man in the mirror
Keep wishing
Keep fishing
Get a hundred and fifty stitches
Your last rights
Last meal
Last wishes
This is summing for the mix shows

They call me most honorable, most knowledgeable
 Toast bottles in blue
 The hydroponic goose
 I spit ten words blow you to molecules
 I'm under your skin cells and your hair follicles
 It's the jewel
 Whatever I could see I could be
 I saw hip-hop became a MC
 Then I saw the streets became a OG
 Then I learn to see myself became G.O.D. We get them packs off often
 I'm on the block where it's scorching
 The life that I live'll make you nauseous
 Most of our niggas see a coffin
 Most of our shit see abortions
 Of course we are lost in the circle of Karma
 This is summing for the mix shows
 Where you and your mama, grandmama, and great-grandmama live out the same drama
 Where you and your father, father's fathers, great and fore fathers felt horror like no tomorrow
 I'm from United Snakes, the country of crime
 The city look ish they changed the skyline
 And it's us against swine and they loosing they mind
 In the van with my grind
 And thirst to gimme time
 I'ma ball or get signed or bang and take mine
 My design's undefined
 I'm clearly one of a kind
 It's best you realize only the fittest survive
 For cowards it's suicide so don't come outside You don't wanna come outside
 Masquerade
 Its Blaques outside
 Fam and Prolific, we all outside
 So you don't wanna come outside
 RefugeeHey, yo we goin' send this out for every street DJ that ain't getting no real radio airplay
 You know I mean
 That's coming on the radio at one o'clock in the morning
 That got the streets on lockThis generation!

Songwriters

Duplessis, Jerry / Simpson, Fitzroy Ogilvie / Brown, Huford Benjamin / Lyn, Robert Bernard / Sibblies, Leroy
 Anthony / Ferguson, Lloyd Anthony / Bennett, Headley George / Mittoo, Donat Roy Jackie / Alfonso, Eugene /

Leigh, Damon / Scott, Hakim / Sistrunk, Published by

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