Da Cypha

Wyclef Jean

Yo 1, 2, 1, 2
The Clef is back with some adjustments
Refugee camp
Turn it up! Turn it up! Turn it up
Yo, you see them Refugees right there, they goin in the car
WooWooWooWooWoo
Keys they goin in the trunk
WooWooWooWooWoo
Fiends they don't give a uh
And Flex couldn't save you, even if he dropped a bomb in this
You still gon be found in a ditch
My name should be Robin Banks, the way I be robbin banks
I'm a fiend for the S-500, I want it
Used to stay high and blunted, but all that had to stop
Chick like me, be chasin after cops
And they don't stop at my block after the Diallo shootin
Soldiers in waitin, marksmen recruitin
Salutin, thug confederates, rhyme and reason
Time and treatin, Air Force One we leavin
Panama red, holdin 52 hands for ransom
My man Johnny Handsome, itchin to cancel 'em
I'm like hold up, wait a minute, let's get down to business
We could shoot up everything soon as the deal is finished
Blah, blah, I got two hours to kill
We want like 5 mil in a private jet so peel
Supreme C been after mean figures, ask my lil nigga
Since back in the days, before he was raised
Ain't nobody puttin fear in my heart, who need a jumpstart
My art sharp, shoot your posse apart
Nigga take you on one by one, gun by gun
Son by son, done by done
Whoever come murder fest, one of the best
I'm gettin assets, collect ass bets, squat by your address
I come to kick it wit you, walk beans stickin wit you
Why try to hide from accomplice vibe
Yo, we break bread, break heads, my people shake feds
Gamble and scramble, F what your man do
It's all about this husltin game, muscle and fame
Tussles in rain, take aim, blush you with game

My language is unexplainable, switch, changeable
And I stay remain able, with bigger guns aimed at you
WooWooWooWooWoo
Keys they goin in the trunk
WooWooWooWooWoo
Fiends they don't give a uh
I run up in Da Cypha, heavily armed with endless bars of metaphoric harm
A python with poisonous charm, extending my arm
Pushing figures way to the back
Out of your reach, excessive like Fatal Attract
Freeze, a renegade bar stroke, an ace of spades
I'll kiss you wit a blade when I think I'm gettin played
Made woman, you never in bed with the same woman
You say you want it, you don't wanna see the omen
When my sixth sense start flowin, I bless like holy water
I don't wanna die 'cause I'm my daddy's only daughter
But yo, sometimes I see the writin on the wall
You know the ghetto testaments, the shootouts, the brawls
Close frames in the hall, will you stand or will you fall
Your whole click is on the run, now would you tell it all
About the night shifters, me, I'm a cipher drifter
My sixteen bars is up, so peace to the mixes
WooWooWooWooWoo
Keys they goin in the trunk
WooWooWooWooWoo
Fiends they don't give a uh
WooWooWooWooWoo
Keys they goin in the trunk
WooWooWooWooWoo
Fiends they don't give a uh
October 31st, I was standing by the sour
These thugs don't wanna talk, they want these Pumas I just bought
Fresh outta school, picked on 'cause I'm bilingual
I barely spoke English but the gun language was universal
Ran in the grocery store, spoke to Gabriel
He said, you have problems, here's a feezy from Israel
Ran back outside, just before I could say another homicide
Threw the biscuit in the bushes, runnin like Jesse Owens
Police showed up, but I was nowhere in existence
Back in the crib thinkin bout what I just did
I'm a police of defense but I'm bound to catch this bid
My hypothesis was right, they knocked the door, homie
Like a super in the projects wantin rent money
Just when I thought I get my life straight in the states
Is when I found myself climbin down the fire escape

Bodies found in Virginia, under the dumpsters, no
18 Shell cases in front of the grocery sto'
Flee the scene of the crime before y'all kick the door
No, your honor, that must be some old rhyme that I wrote
And lyrics sometime, man, they misinterpretate it
For example, when I say gun, I mean my pen and paper
And everytime I wave and spit the crowd jump
'Cause I'm still Digital Underground like "humpty hump"
Feel the funk comin through your elephant trunks
I ain't even Kriss Kross my clothes yet
And yet y'all wanna "Jump, Jump" in Da Cypha, "Jump, Jump"
You in Da Cypha
WooWooWooWooWoo
Keys they goin in the trunk
WooWooWooWooWoo
Fiends they don't give a uh
Stay in the house when you hear
WooWooWooWooWoo
It means the murder's outside you hear
WooWooWooWooWoo
Where the real killers at you hear
WooWooWooWooWoo
Honey who chill with the gats you hear
WooWooWooWooWoo
Yo don't talk crap man
WooWooWooWooWoo
Just 'cause your girl's wit you man
WooWooWooWooWoo
'Cause both o y'all gon go man
WooWooWooWooWoo
To a place where no man knows man
WooWooWooWooWoo
Femme fatale, Hope
WooWooWooWooWoo
Supreme C, kinda dope
WooWooWooWooWoo
Marie Antoinette in the back with the techs
WooWooWooWooWoo
Y'all know the flavor Refugee Camp
WooWooWooWooWoo

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