

Pullin Me In

Wyclef Jean

Y'all know y'all done messed up now right? Fo' real
You know, you messed up, I'm not laughing
All y'all beats is soundin' the same, y'all rhymin' the same
Some of y'all even wearing the same jewelry
And y'all doin' the same videos
Shut up, you know you messed up right?
That's why they brought me back in this game
To bring it right back to the essence
Oh yeah, and all this kill this, kill that, kill this
Lemme tell you somethin'
(What, what)
The real killers, they're standin' right over there
Waitin' for you to act like a killer, so they can kill you
Yo Sedek, do me a favor yo
Yo tell everybody on this side of the stage
To just move back a little 'cuz it's about to get real rowdy
In the front yo, they comin' yo
I could never forget the underground hip hop
I'ma dedicate this to everybody that knew me when I was broke
Workin' at Burger King, hustlin' dime bags on a twelve speed bicycle
All the projects man, you know what I'm sayin', yo
Every time I keep pullin' out, y'all keep pullin' me in, sin
Kick a little somethin' for the new Jerusalem
Let people know you ain't forget where you came from
Where you came from
Every time I keep pullin' out, y'all keep pullin' me in, sin
Kick a little somethin' for the street DJs
Let people know you ain't forget where you came from
Where you came from
Yo, yo this probably the hardest verse that I ever recite
I'm in the studio with a gun in my neck it's all right
Surrounded by gangsters, I don't know how they got here
But I feel like the Haitian Frank Sinatra, in his young years
New York, on my way to Kennedy airport
L.A., I was told wear colors wherever you walk
Dirt, dirty south, I heard they run up in your house
Shakespeare, no time to jive blast your girl through the blouse
What? MCs, y'all ain't nothing but assassins
Every two lines is killin', or incarceration

Murderation, closed casket cremation
Closest you got to prison was seein' barson television
But I'ma go long as this thug phenomenon
Pass me a bandanna, two shots from my Mag-num
All of that, to get your attention
Here's a few things I been dyin' to mention
Anyone talk about guns, I'ma buy the cartel
Any more beats soundin' the same, I'ma put your MPC to cell
Listen, reminiscing on nas, it ain't hard to tell
Still feel like somebody's watching me like Rockwell
Talk about diamonds, I'ma kidnap Jacob
Talk about the Fugues, I'ma break up the make up
Put your stake up, I'm about to work my way back to the streets
And y'all wanna bootleg 'cuz y'all will get Jay-Z
Every time I keep pullin' out, y'all keep pullin' me in, sin
Kick a little something for the projects Clef
Let people know you ain't forget where you came from
Where you came from
Every time I keep pullin' out, y'all keep pullin' me in, sin
Kick a little something for the hip hop fans
Let people know you ain't forget where you came from
Where you came from
Hip hop fans, y'all like the woman in my house
No matter how faithful I am, y'all still have your doubts
Talkin' 'bout, is he real in this relationship
Or did he go pop, and on the side get a mistress
My mistress is a guitar, classical like Mozart
Paint murder on the wall just to show y'all some art
And y'all wanna start, and lose body parts
I suggest you start walkin', tell your man stop talking
You know the scenario, the innocent is always the first to go
And Dorothy sings somewhere over the rainbow
Kum ba ya, got you trapped in barbed wire
Dope delivery, but I'm the ghost writer
Tall tribes of Juda, deeper than books
Watch what you cook 'cuz you might get hooked
Man, I miss real MCs
Like Kool G Rap, written in graffiti
Before the plane, I used to take the train
Watch fiends puttin' up they vein, moms raisin' Caine
Able's on the roof, cook like a goose
To calm my nerve, I drink Vodka 180 proof
I'm back in the shack, lay flat on my back
Two choices, sell rap or sell crack
Chose sell rap, but watch my back like I'm sellin' crack

'Cuz the music industry is the same street format
I sold y'all Nappy Heads, to the score, to the carnival
But yet y'all still wanted more
Since Sedeck went back, came off wit a break
I blend so perfect, that you would want it for your mix tape
Every time I keep pullin' out, y'all keep pullin' me in, sin
Kick a little something for the brothers up north
Let people know you ain't forget where you came from
Where you came from
Every time I keep pullin' out, y'all keep pullin' me in, sin

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