

Bubblegoose (feat. Stan, Kyle, Cartman & Kenny)

Wyclef Jean

When I was young, Mama bought me a guitar
A microphone and she said I'd go far
She said, "Just keep it raw, the lyrics hardcore"
Listen to my talk and get up, I'm on the corner with my
Hey kids, gather around, it's Wyclef and Melky Sedeck
I got a story to tell, here we go
Sit right back and hear a tale of a hustler 'round my way
He used to clock around the block from where my grandma stayed
Black BMW with rims to match, windows bulletproof
One night, he jumped out the car
And caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
You can be at the party gettin' loose
But you can catch a bullet in your bubblegoose
Hey yo, hey yo, my pen's in my hand, OK, what should I write
next?
Oh yeah, and if you don't know, success brings stress
I'm vexed, my phone rings, collect caller from Jeff
The operator say, "If you accept, say yes"
"Yes, what's the deal, son?"
"Yo, I got bad news"
Yo, by the tone of his voice, I heard the I'll street blues
"The friends will make you, them too can break you
They plan an execution like Fu Manchu"
"Who?"
"You know the character from channel 5 kung-fu (wahoo)"
"Slow down, man, Jeff, I'm losin' you"
"Hey yo, your cousin Rohann..."
"Uh-huh"
"Who used to sell bang"
"Uh-huh"
"DT's found his hand in the back of Bennigans"
"What?"
"In a plastic bag with a note attached"
"Saying what?"
"A million and a half or he won't be back"
"So meet me by the Brooklyn Bridge, 12:00 sharp"
"If not, at the funeral, you gotta play the harp"
Yo, why they wanna start and make me play my part?
Don't they know like Sting, I can turn this murder into art?
I jumped into my car, there's gotta be a joke

Traffic's backed up, who's in town, the Pope?
S-s-s-someone blew the horn, I turned and looked left
To my surprise, it was my sis, Melky Sedeck
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You're shootin' in the opposite position
I'm thinkin', "Should I fire or hold back on ammunition
On your wig transition?"
My mission, like Take 6, is to spread love
But all you screwed mugs got me wearin' black gloves
You up in my face, I see the fear in your eyes
You gonna feel the pain like a grown man gettin' circumcised
Shalom, shalom, pardon my left
But my right hand's on your throat, massaging you to death
You provoke the cycle, call Michael
You're lookin' in the mirror, well, I'm in your window, oh oh
You hear me Urkel, your blood will turn purple
Like the color, you holler, bawlin' for your mother
No-one hears you even though you knock
You used to walk around the block with the daily rock
Things done changed since your spark got hot
Now you got your knot wocked with your very own Glock
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way
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Black BMW with rims to match, windows bulletproof
One night, he jumped out the car
And caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
You can be witch a girl gettin' loose
But you can catch a bullet in your goose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
He caught a bullet in his bubblegoose
You can be at the party gettin' loose
But you can catch a bullet in your goose

Songwriters

SALAAM REMI, WYCLEF JEAN Published by

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