911

[Wyclef Jean](#)

Yo, what up, this Wyclef with Mary J
I serenade the girls with my acoustic guitar
You know what I'm sayin'?
Yo, fellas havin' problems with the chicks?
I want you right now to turn the lights down low
Pull your girl up next to you, I want you to sing this to her
If death comes for me tonight, girl
I want you to know that I love you
And no matter how tough I wouldn't dare
Only to you I would reveal my tears
So tell the police I ain't home tonight
Messin' around with you is gonna get me life
But when I look into your eyes, you're worth that sacrifice
If this is the kind of love that my mom used to warn me about
Man, I'm in trouble, I'm in real big trouble
If this is the kind of love that the old folks used to warn me about
Man, I'm in trouble, I'm in real big trouble
I need y'all to do me a favor
Someone please call 911
(Pick up the phone, yo)
Tell them I just been shot down and the bullet's in my heart
And it's piercin' through my soul
(I'm losin' blood, yo)
Feel my body gettin' cold
Someone please call 911
(Pick up the phone, yo)
The alleged assailant is five foot one
And she shot me through my soul
Feel my body gettin' cold
So cold, sometimes I feel like I'm a prisoner
I think I'm trapped here for a while
(But I'm always right here with you, girl)
And every breath I fight to take
Is as hard as these four walls I wanna break
I told the cops you wasn't here tonight
Messin' around with me is gonna get you life, oh yeah, yeah
But everytime I look into your eyes, then it's worth the sacrifice
If this is the kind of love that my mom used to warn me about
Man, I'm in trouble, I'm in real big trouble

If this is the kind of love that the old folks used to warn me about
Man, I'm in trouble, I'm in real big trouble
You got anything to say, girl?
Someone please call 911, yeah yeah
(Pick up the phone, yo)
Tell them I just got shot down
And it's piercin' through my soul
(I'm losin' blood' yo)
Feel my body gettin' cold
Someone please call 911
(Can you do that for me)
The alleged assailant was five foot one
And she shot me through my soul
(And he shot me through my heart)
Feel my body gettin' cold
(He didn't care, he didn't worry, he didn't wonder)
Wyclef and Mary J. Blige
I'm feelin' you, girl
I understand
And you're doin', what you're doin', would you do it
And do it and do it and do it for me

Lyrics provided by