

# 911 (feat. Mary J. Blige)

## Wyclef Jean

Yo, what up, this Wyclef with Mary J.  
I serenade the girls with my accoustic 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 sacrafice  
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  
Somone please call 911 (pick up the phone yo)  
The alleged assailaint, 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 your mom used to warn you about

Man, we are in trouble  
You're in real big trouble  
If this is the kind of love that the old folks used to warn me about  
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 assailaint, 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

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