

The Score

Frank B

Look into the rhyme
Rum to the ripple
Sing boo
But at times I come in triple
Blaow, blaow put the heater to your head
Now your dead
Wyclef don't give a *beep* if your dead
Raaaaah, raaaaah
Let me attack just like the black cat
You in the wrong neighborhood, check the map
Hooo, you've got to go for backup
To do what you gotta do
So you'll be back with France CU
Traitor in your crew is mafo heat
Put the poison in your tea
And kill the toad, But I'll be back with the centipede
I'm on some new technique, drunken bamboo
Awoo hoo a hoo, I'm taking all crews what
Competition, stimulation for the rap man
Losers check your tooters
While I'm suckin' on your girls h*****
Don't play macho, while you got the gun
Cause if you got to reload
Wyclef the multi-talented
Average heads can't handle it
I'll bring it to you live
Only if you want it
Me and my guitar go back like the days of the RMC's
(C'mon check out my melody)
The W-Y-C-L-E-F, Wyclef
Through any contest
I'm victorious
Still keep it real, if you will and manifest
Through your skills, not by how many shells you peel
I'm a bring down the ruckus
Play the nutcracker
Rough-neck rednecks make me no bother
Time after time, ask Cyndi Lauper
Boss, you don't want to f**k with my partners

Motion, commotion, what's your proposal

Uphold two-fold, the crew is disposal

Like utensil, false idential

I autograph my lyrics with a number 2 pencil

I'm the L, Won't you pull it

Straight to the head

With the speed of a bullet

Cuttin' jokers off at the meeky-freeky gullet

Lyrical sedative, keep niggas medative

Head rushers I give to creative kids and fiends

Dreams of euphoria

Aurora

To another galaxy

Phallic-sy

Be this microphone, but get lifted

Lyricaly I'm gifted

Burn on in without the roach clip (it)

Henders, mind-bender

Pleasure sender

So frequently your nerve endings belong to me

Wrongfully you put me down not receiving the full capacity of my smoke

Wack niggas choke

From the fumes that I emote

Or emit s***

See even I feel the mahogany L

Natural hallucinogen

Turning boys to men again

With estrogen dreams

Release blues, yellows and greens

From Brownsville to Queens

I creep like a theif, no doubt the man's swift

I'm more magnificent than Lee Van Cliff

You stand stiff and got the nerve to let your man riff

(We know where to run)

And start flakin' like dandruff

C'mon son my steelo's tight

Cause by far I'm the best producer on the mic

On the right, analytical conceptions

With precision and leave lyrical incisions

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