What's Clef

Wyclef Jean

{If you'd like to make a call Dial your operator If you need help, try, try again Try, try again} I got it started to my face I got it started to my face, right? What you thought There wasn't gonna be no retaliation? Ha, ha, ha You gotta be kiddin' You call my name four times on a record? Hey, hey {If you need help Try, try again, try again} Yo, "Return of Jack the Ripper," what? Nigga please I'ma push you further back than your hairline recedes New York City, don't get it confused Your song will last as long as your part in "Krush Groove" Body moves, the battles, bullets, the lesson You write about being a veteran but not a legend Back from the war with thirty-two medals of honor You claimin' underground but never been to Bobbito the Barber Gimme them medals back, since you forgot how to rap Call DJ Bobcat and ask him where them old records at Like Channel Five karate, my kick is gonna reach ya A new episode where the student kills the teacher Any last words before I send you to your dream? Hold my hands and pray [Unverified]You don't got knowledge yourself So you don't know what that mean, aight? Who supped you up to do the record In the first place? It lacked taste, you get "The Gas Face" Like 3rd Bass L.L. stands for Lickin' Lyor, or Lickin' Lichty Lickin' Lyles, Lickin' Labels, lickin' they balls

Under the conference room table
When you hear this record, you bound to go AWOL
I worked too hard for this life is serious

This ain't bulls-eye, I ain't your target practice
So call Mr. Martin, I rarely kill often
But in this sound clash, I got a bodybuilder's coffin
Back from Miami where your record got no heat
That's why your Def Jam interns call it, "Battle of the Beats"

You're weak nigga

{If you need help, try, try again

Try again}

Yo, this my question

What's your question?

What's Clef got to do with this, got to do with this?

What's Clef?

I'm not a Bob Marley impostor

What's Clef got to do with this, got to do with this?

Tell your ghost writers, "Go write something better"
{If you need help, try, try again

Try again}

Guess who? Uh, oh, uh, oh

Here we go, oh, uh, oh

Every two records you do scenario

You get the best MCs, how? To rhyme first

Of course you rap last, so you can show off your skirt

I guess, it didn't work on, "4, 3, 2, 1"

You got out done by Canibus the young gun

Your last weapon is to call out Wyclef Jean

Not knowing that you callin' fire for your cremation

Jammin' and cool, sumpthin' like you

Jamaicans say, "L.L. a fool"

Kids wet too who do the pool

Let bells ring like Sunday school

L.L. Cool J is hard as hell?

So hard at night he's Jezebel

I heard the teller, Himmemel

How you think he wrote the song?

Rock the bells

Yo, Clef

I know you got styles but get back to the issue kid

This is real

This is real Yo, don't get me angry, like the Hulk, I'll turn green

Your marriage is a cover up 'cause you use Vaseline

Fun love of hip-hop, these lyrics got you steamed

Knowing damn well that bad men don't wear G-strings

Another side of Clef, the face you won't seein' oppressed

I even got the Devil worshipers sayin', "God bless"

You star struck and I'ma buck you like Carlito

And when they say, "Who did it?," you tell them Benny Blanco
Wyclef, preacher's son, check the revelation
Polygram buy Def Jam for twenty million
MCA buy Polygram for eleven billion
I come to Sony and get pimped by the Haitian-Sicilians
And I'll even, get you an ad in, "The Source"
You'll be the first rapper selling products for hair loss
The W Y C L E F, Wyclef

The return of 'Jack the Ripper' was only to meet his death
The next time, you wanna dis me for kicks
Get off my dick, go somewhere and lick your lips, bitch
If you need help, try, try again, try again
Rest in peace

What's Clef got to do with this, got to do with this? What's Clef?

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