

Apocalypse (Feat. Refugee Allstars)

Wyclef Jean

Apocalypse
1,2 the headline news just broke through
Apocalypse
3,4 soldier, 100 horsemen at your door
Apocalypse
5,6 you wanted dead or alive, hit or miss
Oui, oui, y'all, yeah, Oui, oui, y'allArrival of the Carnival
New beats, I never recycle
While your looking for samples
You might get trampled
Surprise, hey
I'm back with lightning and thunder
I heard you over saying that I'm a one-hit-wonder
You dumb or some, I went to refugees
Silly felony, when I'm done
Collect royalty from record company's
Clouds getting darker
Suns getting nearer
I'll turn a atheist into a god fearing believer
The back of a building
Your body's found by children
Playin' hide go seek
All we found was his skeleton
In the back of a car
You spawned with the wrong guard
You know my empire strikes back hard
Listen hard, "war!"
This is the day after action
Projects, cannons
Being launched at the palace
Vision, revelation
Sky know apocalypse
Enemy pilots kamikaze into the abyssApocalypse
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Oui, oui, y'all, yeah, Oui, oui, y'all, yeah, Oui, oui, y'allAyo, Back on earth

The party is in the tunnel
On the west side of the river
Went mad quiver
Rats get fed to the alligator
Gun blast equivalent to the bombs in pearl harbor
Rescue choppers Brooklyn turned to Hiroshima
I'm driving to jersey to escape the terror
I was on the highway pushing a black viper
A car pulls up, is he a jack or a sniper (sniper)
A blue range rover, he says pull over
I didn't know he was a DT undercover
I screamed out my lungs
"This is discrimination!
What's the charge?"
He said you just robbed a gas station
Who me? not me! it couldn't be
I was in the Grammys with Brandy
Didn't you see me on TV?
Bullshit, y'all all in the same gang
He tried to run me off the road
Like he was Rosco P. Coltrane
I stayed calm, gave him a hell of a show
Cause when its time to go
All I gotta press is turbo
Heard it on his walkie, road block on 280 west
Things got serious, that's when I bust a left
U-Turn, tires burned
My concern was a truck coming
Head on collision within a changed position
Close one, I almost went up in a blaze
Running from what appears to be a masquerade
Least that what I thought, it was all in my mind
Reality stuck when I got to the borderline
The headline reads every ghettos sad story
A rookie shoots a boy over mistaken identity
(crash)

Songwriters

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