

# Riot (feat. Serj Tankian & Sizzla)

## Wyclef Jean

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro: Wyclef Jean]

Yo Serj, pass me that lighter

Yeah... yeah, yeah! [Serj] Flowers, smiling through the battlefield! [Verse One: Wyclef Jean]

The break is over man, I'm back with the ink pen

Like Ali bomaye okay I'm on my second wind

Used to roll dice when the luck was on my side man

Four-five-six, walked away with a grand man

Seen many blocks turn to the Twilight Zone

D.A. on the case like Sherlock Holmes

My old high school sweetheart started sniffin a bone

For the right bag she deep throat, deeper than a baritone

I caught you off guard, this verse is unexpected, check it

Like when I rhymed on Big Pun's record, check it

I got a swagger that cut any rapper mind over matter

Lyrical dagger like alcohol I'm bad for your liver

Quiver, shiver body temperature get found in Hudson River

Deliver a message to your miss you won't be comin over

And if you on the street tonight, see that ReFugee logo

We beam around the world like satellite [Chorus One: Wyclef Jean]

It's them hip-hop boys, turn your radio down

It's the rock 'n roll boys, turn your radio down

It's them reggae boys, turn your radio down

Neighbors mind your business

It's a riot again! The world is getting nervous

So we travel again! Main journey's the unconscious

It's a riot again! The world is getting nervous

And so we travel again! Main journey's the unconscious [Verse Two: Sizzla (Wyclef)]

Come roooooooooock with me~!

I got the music on the block with me

Come chill on the spooooooooot with me

And just laugh in spree

Yeah you're right, we got enough for everyone

So get all your friends and your families and come along  
 Move to the beat that's all we do we got Jerusalem  
 Everyday we offer praises like King Solomon  
 Ain't gon' hurt ye, don't be nervous  
 I'm your guardian angel, know your purpose  
 And if I look at you low, if I should make it  
 Believe me, I leave you, show you how to make it  
 (Hung up high, in the M-I)  
 (Double-S-I, S-S-I)  
 (P-P-I, three-piece tie)  
 (Wanna see me die so the heavens they cry)[Chorus Two: Wyclef Jean]  
 It's them hip-hop boys, turn your radio down  
 It's the rock 'n roll boys, turn your radio down  
 It's them reggae boys, turn your radio down  
 Neighbors mind your business  
 It's a riot! Riot! Riot! Riot!  
 From the train to the plane, security check  
 From the bridge to the tunnel, security check  
 It's a riot again! The world is getting nervous  
 So we travel again! Main journey's the unconscious  
 It's a riot again! The world is getting nervous  
 And so we travel again! Main journey's the unconscious[Verse Three: Wyclef Jean]  
 I was down in Texas; drivin wreckless  
 Police stop me, axe me for my license (oh yeah)  
 Registration so I played him some Elvis  
 He let me go, then I lit off the chalice  
 I said if things don't change, we headed for the Arma-ged-deon  
 And the great dragon with seven head, ten horns, at the Arma-ged-deon  
 Listen to the choir children[Verse Four: Serj Tankian]  
 The matterings of all matter  
 Masters and their extended batters  
 Internet intelligence for investments for the natural world  
 Their divestments; truth is knowledge  
 Although bi-polar if it's attainment is equitable  
 Man's mirrors face the flesh but hide the spirit  
 in opposite worlds; vision can only be attained universally  
 Lamps of varied sizes and shapes carrying different shades  
 All having the propensity to illuminate  
 Let's ruminate on realization that the means is the end  
 The Earth's water is mirroring the stream-of-consciousness  
 The dead being reborn as flowers smiling through the battlefields[Wyclef Jean (Serj)]  
 It's them hip-hop boys, turn your radio down  
 It's the rock 'n roll boys, turn your radio down  
 (Flowers, smiling through the battlefield!)[repeat to 21 seconds before the end]  
 It's a riot again! The world is getting nervous

So we travel again! Main journey's the unconscious  
It's a riot again! The world is getting nervous  
And so we travel again! Main journey's the unconscious

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