

# Warrior's Anthem

Wyclef Jean

Yo I'm happy to be in the South  
To set off my tour in the countryside  
But who better to set it off for me than this man right here

Yo this Kenny Rogers chillin on the country side  
With men like Wyclef (uh-huh) Jerry Wonder (uh-huh)  
Big Jack (mm-hmm) Big Beast (mm-hmm)  
And we gon' do something like this for you

You got to know when to hold 'em (YEAH, YEAH!)  
Know when to fold 'em (DJ's, DJ's!)  
Know when to walk away (HIP-HOP, HIP-HOP!)  
Know when to run... (YEAH, YEAH!)  
You got to count your dub-plates (GHETTO, GHETTO, GHETTO)  
Before you touch the turntables (ALL HOODS!)  
Cause if you run out of big tunes  
That means your sound is done (Y'ALL READY?)

You got to know when to hold 'em  
Know when to fold 'em (soundbwoys)  
Know when to walk away  
Know when to run... (hey, hey, hey, hey...)  
You got to count your dub-plates  
Before you touch the turntables (DJ's)  
Cause if you run out of big tunes  
That means your sound is done

Get the hell up!  
'Clef said, get the hell up!  
Now throw your hands in the sky (BO! BO! BO! BO!)  
Brooklyn in the back shootin craps y'all whassup?  
Ladies; lookin hot and pretty  
Doin your thing in the club high saditty  
WORLDWIDE - the gritty committee pity the fool that  
Act {shitty} in the midst of the calm, the witty  
(You got to know when to hold 'em...)  
Y'all know the name!  
Same assassin from before, but the beat just changed a little  
(?) who flip flows  
That got women in they thongs gettin on but not Sisqo  
Select your squad team and your itch  
Bey know my flow muy caliente, fuego  
No disrespect to soundbwoy, but you better step away from me  
Easily defeat measley MC's and tease you  
Ease back squeeze two in your wig and breeze through

C'mon, c'mon  
(Get the hell up!)  
Soundbwoys ('Clef said, get the hell up!)  
(Now throw your hands in the sky) Yo  
This combination gon' bust from Brooklyn to Shanghai  
Feel the boogie boogie Henny got me tipsy tipsy  
Kenny Rogers and Pharoahe Monch? No way, this can't be  
48 tracks, country meets rap  
Put this on full blast, I'm about to break all formats  
My destiny is to lead while y'all follow  
This is (Showtime) and I'm (Live at the Apollo)

You got to know when to hold 'em (soundbwoys)  
Know when to fold 'em (emcees)  
Know when to walk away (yeah, yeah, yeah...)  
Know when to run  
You got to count your dub-plates  
Before you touch the turntables (DJ's)  
Cause if you run out of big tunes  
That means your sound is done