

Da Cypha

Wyclef Jean

Yo 1, 2, 1, 2
The Clef is back with some adjustments
Refugee camp
(Turn it up! Turn it up! Turn it up!)
Yo, you see them Refugees right there, they goin' in the car

Woo woo woo woo woo
Keys they goin' in the trunk
Woo woo woo woo woo
Fiends they don't give a uh

And Flex couldn't save you even if he dropped a bomb in this
You still gon' be found in a ditch
My name should be Robin Banks the way I be robbin' banks
I'm a fiend for the S-500 I want it
Used to stay high and blunted, but all that had to stop
Chick like me be chasin' after cops
And they don't stop at my block after the Diallo shootin'
Soldiers in waitin', marksmen recruitin'
Salutin', thug confederates, rhyme and reason
Time and treatin', Air Force One we leavin'
Panama red, holdin' 52 hands for ransom
My man Johnny Handsome, itchin' to cancel 'em
I'm like hold up, wait a minute, let's get down to business
We could shoot up everything soon as the deal is finished
Blah, blah, I got two hours to kill
We want like 5 mil in a private jet so peel

Supreme see been after mean figures, ask my lil' nigga
Since back in the days, before he was raised
Ain't nobody puttin' fear in my heart, who need a jump start
My art sharp, shoot your posse apart
Nigga take you on one by one, gun by gun
Son by son, done by done
Whoever come murder fest, one of the best
I'm gettin' assets, collect ass bets, squat by your address
I come to kick it wit' you, walk beans stickin wit' you
Why try to hide from accomplice vibe
Yo we break bread, break heads, my people shake feds
Gamble and scramble, F' what your man do
It's all about this husltin' game, muscle and fame
Tussels in rain, take aim, blush you with game
My language is unexplainable, switch, changeable
And I stay remaindable, with bigger guns aimed at you

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I run up in Da Cypha heavily armed with endless bars of metaphoric harm
A python with poisonous charm, extending my arm
Pushing figures way to the back
Out of your reach, excessive like Fatal Attract
Freeze, a renegade bar stroke, an ace of spades
I'll kiss you wit' a blade when I think I'm gettin' played
Made woman, you never in bed with the same woman

You say you want it, you don't want to see the omen
When my sixth sense start flowin' I bless like holy water
I don't want to die 'cause I'm my daddy's only daughter
But yo, sometimes I see the writin' on the wall
You know the ghetto testaments, the shootouts, the brawls
Close frames in the hall, will you stand or will you fall
Your whole click is on the run now would you tell it all
About the night shifters, me, I'ma cypher drifter
My sixteen bars is up so peace to the mixes

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October 31st I was standing by the sour
These thugs don't want to talk they want these Pumas I just bought
Fresh outta school, picked on 'cause I'm bilingual
I barely spoke English but the gun language was universal
Ran in the grocery store, spoke to Gabriel
He said, you have problems, here's a feezy from Israel
Ran back outside, just before I could say another homicide
Threw the biscuit in the bushes runnin' like Jesse Owens
Police showed up, but I was nowhere in existence
Back in the crib thinkin' bout what I just did
I'ma police of defense but I'm bound to catch this bid
My hypothesis was right, they knocked the door, homie
Like a super in the projects wantin' rent money
Just when I thought I get my life straight in the states
Is when I found myself climbin down the fire escape
Bodies found in Virginia under the dumpsters, no
18 shell cases in front of the grocery sto'
Flee the scene of the crime before y'all kick the door
No your honor that must be some old rhyme that I wrote
And lyrics sometime man they misinterpretate it
For example when I say gun I mean my pen and paper
And every time I wave and spit the crowd jump
'Cause I'm still Digital Underground like "humpty hump"
Feel the funk comin' through your elephant trunks
I ain't even "Kriss Kross" my clothes yet
And yet y'all want to "Jump, Jump" in Da Cypha, "Jump, Jump"
You in Da Cypha

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Stay in the house when you hear
Woo woo woo woo woo
It means the murder's outside you hear
Woo woo woo woo woo
Where the real killers at you hear
Woo woo woo woo woo
Honey who chill with the gats you hear
Woo woo woo woo woo
Yo don't talk crap man
Woo woo woo woo woo

Just 'cause your girl's wit' you man
Woo woo woo woo woo
'Cause both o y'all gon' go man
Woo woo woo woo woo
To a place where no man knows man
Woo woo woo woo woo
Femme fatale, Hope
Woo woo woo woo woo
Supreme see, kinda dope
Woo woo woo woo woo
Marie Antoinette in the back with the techs
Woo woo woo woo woo
Y'all know the flavor Refugee Camp
Woo woo woo woo woo