

# Peace God

Wyclef Jean

I'm only eight  
I got no choice but to sling crack

Yo who you pushin weight for  
Dog I ain't no rat  
Cause rats get found in the back of garbage trucks  
With they mouth taped up  
Lookin like sittin ducks  
Well you don't look like a sittin duck and your mouth ain't taped up  
What more small the market, Clef  
You get stuck up  
With what  
From a fiend  
I just bought a twenty-two  
Now it's funny you should say that  
Cause the gun looks bigger than you  
Now get your ass back in the house  
Shut up!

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From BK back to NJ  
Crouchin tiger style  
Let's go

Feel it  
Feel it  
Peace God

Peace God  
You gave me the voice to speak, God  
Speak God  
Wyclef Jean bout to hit the streets hard  
Peace God  
Peace  
You gave me the voice to speak, God  
Masquerade- my message to the streets, y'all

Yo peace God  
These words came from a revelation  
Whether you free or you going through incarceration  
Inhale, exhale herbal meditation  
Put the fire arms away  
Cause we don't want no confrontation  
Not me, I'm talkin bout you jerk  
Cause when you die your life ain't even worth the paperwork  
So, peace God, even through war we bring peace  
And after the blood shed then your first son deceased  
And you will understand I'm the beginning of the end  
The alpha, omega, the present, and the future  
So hold on to your winchester  
Cause the hollow tip penetrate lead through your polyester  
Peace God, even though we ice the wrist  
Guzzle the fifth  
Protect us with a crucifix, Lord  
And bless me with an extra clip  
So just in case one jam release my twin from my waistband

[Chorus x 2]

Ay, yo peace God  
I ain't tryin' to see the graveyard  
But in this game of life I was dealt the wrong card  
I wasn't born this way it just came to be  
Sellin crack through a alley where the fiends rally  
Where the dealer was the president  
And the fiend was the voter so they voted for the government  
And stick ups was only natural  
It seem every other day a new gun pointed at you  
Peace God  
Yo only God got the answer  
And sorry bout ya mom dyin of cancer  
But congratulations, I heard you no longer a runner  
You a big man now, the black Tony Montana  
But watch out cause I heard wealth bring envy  
Trust me I did sing for the Kennedies  
Until we meet again feel my words through my pen  
And stay pure in the city of sin

[Chorus x 2]

[Humming]

[Chorus x 2]