

# Riot

Wyclef Jean

Yo Serj, pass me that lighter  
Yeah... yeah, yeah!

Flowers, smiling through the battlefield!

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

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

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 you 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)

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

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

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

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