

The Streets Pronounce Me Dead

Wyclef Jean

The return of the hip hop ammadeus
Wyclef Toussaint St. Jean drama
Streets prounounce me dead [x6]
I tell em I'm alive but rumor says I'm dead
The reserucction of the dead... I could never get
And if I ever die, all I do is ride

The streets prounounce me dead
Puttin 2 holes in my head
At the funeral, I had more friends than the grateful dead
Haters started talkin sayin I went left
Akon took my spot will I am took my vest
Started beatin on the coffin cause I could hear the crowd
But they can't hear me cause lil' jon's preachin too loud
That's when the bishop said last words for friends and family
Then the fans stood up and said y'all forgot the fugees
50 million records sold straight from the basement
How y'all gon tell me wyclef is irrelevant
A rapper stood up and said yup I got amnesia
Last time I remember him was gone til novemeber
He said I don't spit no more all I do is sing songs
Last time he felt me was when I rhymed with Big Pun
That's ighttt get the hate off ya chest
You a rap con artist not a Kanye West (I AINT DEAD!)

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I mean the streets say it's been a while since they heard me spit
That I spit so hard my ghostwriter must be cannubis
But far permit, this is how I started
But my battle raps couldn't get me groceries from the super market
So I found another target to aim at
I went from food stamps to the black a mac's
8 track cassettes the cd's the ipod's
Bmx bixes the hoopdies the hot rods
And my swag come from nazareth
How you gone say I'm dead when I rose like lazareth
And this ain't mystic I ain't talkin voodoo
We do carry spears like the zulu's
So watch your mouth boy I ain't dead
Fo' the city gon turn red, blood will shed
So before you speak boy watch your tone
Fo' my chrome gon turn you to a statue of stone (I AINT DEAD!)

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They all got shocked when I rose from the coffin
Dust my self off then headed out to new jerusalem
Destroyed and rebuilt
My voice sound like silk
Audio tune like milk

I used to shop lift with no guilt
And christmas time toy guns the size of elves
I seen the ra-ta-ta-ta turn into the real shells
Yup killa you press ya luck
Went to sleep in the pond, woke up with the ducks
And this ain't gangsta talk, I don't talk the talk
I suggest you walk or get outlined in chalk
And you ain't from the street
But yet you walk the streets, you a C.O.P. a cop walkin the beat
But the rule on the streets they could turn on you
Like a pitbull after givin him food
Or the girl that you bought all the cars and the jewels
Only to find out on memorial dey fuckin in the swimmin pool (I AINT DEAD!)

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Yea
Warriors music
Drama
From the hut, to the projects, to the mansions
So ya'll know you ya'll ain't got no excuses

I'm aliveeee

Wyclef AKA Toussaint St. Jean