

# Wyclef Jean, Someone Please Call 911

Yo what up dis Wyclef wit Mary J.  
Bout tah serenade tha girls wit  
mah acoustic guitar.ya know wut i'm sayin?.

Mary: Oh,Oh,Oh.

Wyclef:fellas havin problems wit ya chicks,  
i want chu tah rite now turn tha lights down low,  
pull ya girl up next tah u,  
I want chu tah say these words:  
If death comes for me tonight, girl,  
I want you to know that I loved you.  
And no matter how tough I would appear,  
Only to you, I would reveal my tears.  
See, tell the police I ain't home tonight,  
Messin' around with you is gonna get me life...

But when I look into your eyes,  
Man, you're worth that sacrifice.  
Hey, hey, if this is the kind of love my  
mom used to warn me about,  
Man, I'm in trouble,  
I'm in real big trouble.  
If this is the kind of love that  
the old folks used to warn me about,  
Man, I'm in trouble, I'm in real big trouble...

CHOURS

I need ya'll to do me a favor.  
Someone please call Nine-1-One (pick up the phone, Yo),  
Tell them I've just been shot down,  
And the bullet's in my heart.  
And it's piercing through my soul (I'm losing blood, ya'll);  
Feel my body getting cold (so cold, so cold).  
Someone, please call Nine-1-One (pick up the phone).  
The alleged asailant is five foot one,  
And she shot me through my soul.  
Feel my body getting cold...

Mary J. Blige:  
So cold,  
Sometimes I feel like I'm a prisoner.  
I think I'm trapped here for a while

(but I'm always right here with you)  
Yeah, and every breath I fight to take,  
It's as hard as these 4 walls I wanna break.  
Mmmmm-hmmm, I told the cops you wasn't here tonight, (alright)  
Messing around with me is gonna get you life...  
Oh yeah, yeah, but everytime I look into your eyes,  
Man, it's worth the sacrifice uuuuuuuuummmmm.  
Wyclef and Mary J. Blige:  
if this is the kind of love that  
your mom used to warn you about,  
Mary, you're in trouble.  
I'm in real big trouble;  
you're in real big trouble.  
Lord knows I'm in trouble,  
And this is the kind of love that the  
old folks used to warn me about  
(every day, every night).  
I'm in trouble,  
I'm in real big trouble,  
I'm in real big trouble,  
You got any thing to say, Girl?

Someone please call Nine-1-One yeah  
yaaa(pick up the phone, Yo),  
Tell them I just got shot down.  
tell them i just got shot down,  
And it's piercing though my soul  
(I'm losing blood, Ya'll).  
Feel my body getting cold, so cold.

Someone please call Nine-1-One  
(can you do that for me?).  
The alleged assailant was five-foot-one  
And she shot me through my soul  
(and he shot me through my heart),  
Feel my body getting cold (he didn't care,  
he didn't worry, he didn't wonder).