

Wyclef Jean, Street Jeopardy

(feat. Jean Forte, R.O.C.)

[Wyclef (speaking):]

Guys, you have to be more gangster, more blood
more gun talk, more people dying, more hardcore

Enough, come on, I'm not feeling it man

More, more, man (I got you)

Alright, come with it [gunshot]

[Man:]

The million dollar question is, the million dollar question is...

S.. s.. street corner...

[Wyclef (singing):]

(this is what he said)

Have you ever heard the sound of a .44, at your door?

(this is what I said)

You got guns (you got guns), I got guns (uh-huh)

Meet me at the corner store

(this is what he said) (what does it all mean?)

After school, wild wild west

Even the teacher got a vest (this is what I said)

You can ask, on the block, ? (what does it all mean?)

Street Jeopardy... (here we go yo, here we go yo, here we go yo)

Have you ever played Jeopardy...

(here we go yo, here we go yo, here we go yo, here we go yo)

[Wyclef]

Not me, it could never happen to me

Professor says what you wanna do? Sell drugs or get a degree?

Looked at him and smiled with 32 gold teeth

And said what you make in a year, I make it in a week

Elementary at the time, I don't think of gettin caught

Sellin with degrees, pickups at the seaport (come on)

Once caught, you know the drill, it's military
I can't lie, it gets scary, you screamin' for your mommy (come on)
Truth or dare, beware, the game is never fair
I'm fallin and I can't get up, like a dead hare
You stare like you seen me before
Yup, you put the gat to my gut, stuck me up in the truck
And said, "Don't nothin move but the goods"
Caught an arrow in your back fuckin wit Robin Hood

[John Forte]

This street life'll get you if the hustle don't fit you
Paranoid crews don't choose, nigga stick you
Arms and foldin macks to ya back tryin'a vick you
Belief in my crew wishin' foes never get through
And if so, Shalom, bless my soul, I'm home
I lived my life to the fullest, neighborhoods now known
A stone face is outta place when discussin B.I.
If I have a second thought, you ought not reply
I fought hot and sticky summers when the game started heatin
Competition, mega jail, and the well, who was eatin (oh well)
And every cell in the bang had a tenant
With each of them regrettin they was in it

[Wyclef (singing):]

Have you ever heard the sound of a .44, at your door?
You got guns, I got guns
Meet me at the corner store (what does it all mean?)
After school, wild wild west
Even the teacher got a vest
You can ask, on the block, ?(what does it all mean?)
Street Jeopardy... (here we go yo, here we go yo, here we go yo)
(it's a shame in the game when you lose, son, they probably stoned ya today)
Have you ever played Jeopardy...

(here we go yo, here we go yo, here we go yo, here we go yo)

(money doubles for your troubles though you lose some
in the end it's all pain)

[R.O.C.]

Yeah, yeah

I got up, sunny day, hood callin my name

Strange, I feel nauseous, memories of a pine cauffin

Seemed to me that I was dreamin

I'd been struck by a crazed fan after the concert, damn

Slugs form and I hurt, hopped up, checked my physical

But the pain was all mental, I slipped into

The shower, hopped out, got dressed, hit the blocks

Swarmed with cops, mad shots, hot shells dropped

You ever heard the sound of a .44 at your door?

Before, many times, I answered back with a milli

Now what? Now give me mine

It ain't no games like B.D.P.

My 9-meter go da-da-da-da-dang-hey hey

[Wyclef (singing):]

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