Interprété par Wyclef Jean.

Intro: Wyclef] 80 bars, 80 scars Yo, engineer turn me up, yo

[Wyclef]

I started off in the underground From mono to stereo, now I'm surround sound Blowing through your tubes, leaving holes through your speakers Cracking through your tweeters, my frequency's off the meter Jam packed arenas from here to Bangkok I'm ahead of my time like Jimi Hendrix playing Woodstock Me, I'm playing Hoodstock before I had the dreadlocks I use to reminisce "Should I do music or sell rocks?" Wrote my own props, living in the PJ's That's when the Angel came to you and said "It's all a Masquerade" Eyes with no faces, speakers with no lace I feel that Earth's spinnin, but I'm standin in the same space With no trace of what happened last night I seen two fiends fighting over a crack pipe Now I'm watching TV, my antennae was a close hanger Blurry vision, Mister McGee Hunn, David Banner Flip the data, the kids was wearin bandanas Totin hammers aimin at your medulla oblongata Blaow blaow, a young thug with a slim figure The romantic type like the movie "Castle Blanca" Herbs, sell 'em once, got busted by undercover Buyer, my supplier was a Gypsy cab driver That's when I realize I need to find a new hustle Living in the jungle to get taught became my muscle I strive through snake eyes who wanted me crucified I thought that I was drowning but I was getting baptized Now behold, I heard you sold 20 mill' But with no street credibility, your overkill You ain't real, talkin bout keep it gangsta Phony, if you knew the gangstas sent me to shank you Gank you, gank you, tie up your ankles And if that ain't enought, I call Henchman's to linch you Now, at the funeral, I can see the Priest bless you But in the after life, I'ma still touch you Knockin on heavens door, your beggin to get in That's when the center man greets you with the face of Satan Now you look frightened in the belly of the whale That's when the warden say "I wanna welcome you to hell" Fools, is 5 bucks, get off the phone, times up I seen him cut from his head to his nuts You wish you wouldn't, wish you couldn't, wish it got to me Cause you screamin so loud that a deaf man can hear

80 Bars - 2/2

Back to the silence, no more droppin science Er'body rappin about diamonds and violence And they ain't are's, all they do is charge credit cards And when the bill comes, they blame it on the rap stars Now how you figure? I ain't rent a car I wasn't at the spa, I ain't by the bar Now here's a jewel when you get your first record deal Don't subject yourself to the mass appeal First Class, caviar in the vel' In the new S Class with the Jordan wheels Remember, the music in the streets like the streets You know the cold of the streets, er'body tryin to eat The evidence is concrete, I'm tired of the same song You take me how, you must be high off heroin Sharper than I ever been, this one gon get a 10 Rappers, I'ma murder y'all with your own medicine I move with faith, I never have doubt I'm so hungry you will think I'm just coming out But I been here before, from "Blun" to "The Score" To "The Carnival", Ecleftic World Tour I'm causin whores, waitin in the back doors They want me to rock they boat and shift they more short That's when the Father said "Take me to this lesson" They wanna cut your hair like Deliala did Sampson I felt that, so I went back to my format Raps and backpack, gats for carjacks Hats for pussycats, cause Aids, I don't want that And for the DJ's, here's something y'all can scratch Technique 12, Benito hits the watts Hypnotize the crowd, the dance floor is jam packed Now sing along like a negro spiritual No one got shot tonight, it's a miracle What's this I hear, y'all wanna take my spot? You got a better chance putting a gorilla in a headlock I'm too focused, I can see through your lens You ain't a G, just a wanna be, Kingpin said... "The next time, y'all wanna pay for protection I suggest that you hit up the Haitian Sicilians"

[Outro] 80 bars, 80 scars 80 bars, 80 scars 80 bars, 80 scars 80 bars