

911 (feat. Mary J. Blige)

Wyclef Jean

Yo what up this Wyclef with Mary J,
About to serenade this girls with my acoustic guitar,
Yo fellas having problems with your chicks,
I want you right now,
To turn the lights down low,
pull your girl up next to you,
I want to sing them this song.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.
So tell the police I ain't home tonight,
Messing around with you is gonna get me life,
But when I look into your eyes, man,
You're worth that sacrifice, yeah, yeah,
If this is the kind of love that 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,
I need ya'll to do me a favor.Someone please call 911,
(pick up the phone yo)
Tell them I've just been shot down,
And the bullets in my heart,
And it's piercing through my soul,
(im losing blood yo)
Feel my body getting cold,
(So cold, so cold)
Someone please call 911,
(pick up the phone yo)
The alleged assailant is five foot one,
And she shot me through my soul,
Feel my body getting cold.
(Mary:)
So cold,
Sometimes I fell like I'm a prisoner,
I think I'm trapped here for a while, yeah, yeah,
And every breath I fight to take,
It's as hard as these four walls I wanna break,
I told the cops you wasn't here tonight,
Messing around with me is gonna get you life, oh yeah, yeah,
But every time I look into your eyes,
Man it's worth the sacrifice, uhhh,If this is the 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)
If this is the kind of love that the old folks used to warn me about,
I'm in trouble, I'm in real big trouble, I'm in real big trouble. You got anything to say girl,
Someone please call 911, yeah, yeah,
(pick up the phone yo)
Tell them I've just got shot down,
(tell them I just got shot down)
And it's piercing through my soul,
(I'm losing blood yo)
Feel my body getting cold,
(So cold, so cold)
Someone please call 911,
(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)
Wyclef and Mary J blige,
I'm feelin you, yo, i understand, yeah, yeah,

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>