

# Apocalypse (feat. Refugee Allstars)

Wyclef Jean

Intro: Yeah, I was looking out my window  
when i heard this sounds  
look up into the sky  
saw the moon turn to blood  
looked at my little brother  
said, "you high as hell maaan" Chorus: Apocalypse.  
1, 2 the headlines youths just rolled through  
Apocalypse.  
3, 4 solder, 100 horsemen at your door  
Apocalypse.  
5, 6 you wanted dead or alive, hit or miss  
We we y'all, yeah, we we y'all  
Verse One: Arrival of the Carnival  
New beats, I never recycle  
While you looking for samples  
You might get trampled  
Surprise, hey  
I'm back with lightning and thunder  
I heard you over saying that i was a one year wonder  
You dumb or some, i went to refugees  
Silly felony, when i'm done  
Collect royalty from record company's  
Clouds getting darker  
Suns getting nearer  
I'll turn a atheist into a god fearing believer  
The back of a building  
Your body's found by children  
Playin' hide go seek  
What we found was his skeleton  
In the back of a car  
You spawned with the wrong guard  
You know my empire strikes back hard  
missles launched, war  
is the day after ashes  
Projects, cannons  
Being launched hit the palace  
Vision, revelation  
Sky wrote apocalypse  
Enemy pilots kamikaze into the abyss  
Chorus: Apocalypse.  
1, 2 the headlines youths just rolled through  
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We we y'all, yeah, we we y'all, yeah, we we y'allVerse Two:A yo, Back on earth  
The party's at the tunnel  
On the west side of the river  
Went mad quiver  
Rats get fed to the alligator  
Gun blast equivalent to the bombs in pearl harbor  
Rescue choppers brooklyn turn to hiroshima  
I'm driving to jersey to escape the terror  
I was on the highway pushing a black viper  
A car pulls up, is he a jack or a sniper (sniper)  
A blue range rover, he says pull over  
I didn't know he was a DT undercover  
I screamed out my lungs  
This is discrimination!  
what's the charge?, he said you just robbed a gas station  
Who me? not me! it couldn't be  
I was in the Grammys with Brandy  
Didn't you see me on tv?  
Bullshit, you're all in the same game  
He tried to run me off the road  
Like he was Rosco P. Coltrain.  
I stayed calm, gave him a hell of a show  
Cause when its time to go  
All i gotta press is turbo  
Heard it on his walkie, road block on 280 west  
Things got serious, that's when i bust a left  
U-Turn, my eyes burned  
My concern was a truck coming  
Head on collision within a chase position  
Close one, i almost went up in a blaze  
Running from what appears to be a masquerade  
Least that what i thought, it was all in my mind  
Reality stuck when i got to the borderline  
The headline reads every ghettos sad story  
A rookie shoots a boy over mistaken identity...  
(crash)Chorus repeat (2X)

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