

# Fugees, Fu-Gee-La (Refugee Camp Remix, Sly A

Can I feel a vibe?

[CLEF]

We used to be number 10, now we're permanent one  
Wyclef, Preacher's Son, Ichi bang,  
Listen Mrs. Tin Can I'm your candy handy man  
Me without you is like American without the Band Stand  
Cool fellow, dancehall stay mellow,  
All that guntalk who would have thought you died yellow  
Damn, another hero wannabe  
Now he sleeps with his friends in the mortuary  
Dude, I find it rude, when you intrude,  
My pistol nozzle hits your nasal, Doo doo comes out your anal  
Just because your buff, don't play tuff  
Cause I'll reverse the earth and turn your flesh back to dust.

[LAURYN]:CHORUS

Ooooh La La La,  
It's the way that we rock when we're doing our ting  
Oooh La La La, It's the natural LA that the Refugees Bring  
Oooh La La La La La Lalala La Laaah, Sweeeeet Ting

[FORTE]

I stay high off the Fu-Gee-La Bust when we rush,  
Through you must, know ruckus Crew got G's like the refu's  
So F who Ever want to test Bring me stress,  
West coast back to east, Grab my toast when I reach  
Truly curvin', swervin', lifestyle is urban,  
Sippin' Bourbon, surviving We real to keep the word when  
A boy want fa test this set Then you get wet-up  
Just a bit to unprepared to to shoot him fair bet

[LAURYN]

Fake bullets can't scar me I can smell the weak out like safari  
Play you out like Atari Sacrifice you Hari Kari  
And I'm sorry, To every single rapper, Dick and Harry  
Saying they want to spar me Cause how thick my repertoire  
And my memoir be Reminding me of eating Calamari  
in the Khalahari with a band of Rhastafari, so  
Ha Ha Ha Ha, You shouldn't diss refugees, and  
Ha Ha Ha Ha, You whole sound set's bootie, and

[LAURYN]:CHORUS

Oooh La La La, It's the way that we rock when we're doing our ting  
Oooh La La La, It's the remix sound that the Refugees Bring  
Oooh La La La La La Lalala La Laaah, Sweeeeet Ting

[PRAZ]

I sit 90 degrees underneath palm trees,  
Sitting in the cool breeze in the West Indies  
Flea to sea, Ship my keys  
On the Santa Maria, sip Sangria with señoritas  
(They keep telling me this and telling me that)  
They smile in my face then they talk behind my back  
But what they lack is the facts about my stats  
My rap impact will kill you softly like Roberta Flack

[CLEF] 2X

Ayo, What's goin' on  
Armageddon come you know we soon done  
Gun by my side just in case I gotta rump  
A boy on the side of Babylon,  
Trying to front like he's down with Mount Zion