Fugees, Ready Or Not (Salaam's Ready For The

[Wyclef] I'm just about done... Yo, let me finish tuning this guitar... Yo, y'all ready for the show? [Lauryn "L-Boogie" Hill (Chorus)] (Wyclef in parentheses) Ready Or Not! (Yo!) - Wyclef Here we come! (Uh Huh) All the biting M.C.'s and the pirates, I go run! (Come on, come on) (Why?)'Cause they are old! (And...) And we are young! (Uh huh...and) And while we're young, yes we're gonna have some fun! (Yo!) (Here it comes) Here we go! Skippity bop bop, skippity whoa!! Swing! (Yo, Yo, Yo, Yo!) Skippity bop bop, skippity WHOA!!! SWING!! (Yo! Yo! Yo! Yo!) You should've have died before you reach this station, Refugees we run the border! Ay! Ay!...Ay! Ay! You should've have died before you reach this station, Refugees we all go murder! Now!!! [Wyclef] Yo! Now that I escape, selling four million plates My beeper vibrates, like California earthquakes But I keep a balanced head, 'cause you're hot, they're not M.C.'s go Hollywood, then lose their spot on the jukebox Still ichi bang, wack M.C.'s get the gong! Lyrical tongue Wireless mics from Samsung Wyclef, seduced once by an actress Angela Basset wanted the head of Jean Baptiste Meanwhile across town, I steal no money to Carlito Mama always say don't gamble I'm trapped in casino No more money in my bags Nightmares, getting closer I slept on Elm Street, Freddy Kruger

Woke up with a German Luger

Black serial killer, man turns to gorilla

Provoked I change faces like Michael Jackson's Thriller

B-B-B-B-Boo! (Imitating young Michael Jackson)

And you don't stop!!!

[Chorus 1x]

[Wyclef]

Yo, L-Boogie where you at?

[Lauryn]

I'm just adjusting my mic

[Wyclef]

Come on, yo L-Boogie where you at?!

[Lauryn]

I'm just adjusting my mic!

[Wyclef]

Yo, L-Boogie where you at? Come on!

[Lauryn]

I'm just adjusting my mic!

[Wyclef]

Well won't ya, grab the mic and lead the blind to the light?!

[Lauryn]

If I could change the times, make rhymes, raise the babies

Give all the pigs rabies

Send biting niggas to Haiti's

Clothe young ladies

Chase the rainbow, find the pot

Free the third time offender once he learns to makes-a-lot

Lose the fame Take the money Play boys, just like the bunny Find a man with a plan Slap a chicken, If she acts funny Break the bank, on tank Stop niggas from acting stank Take over your vouch free Rovers Teach a man to find Jehovah Own the stores, own the tours Watch the record, pimps and whores Make love, stop the wars Cop the land, like the laws Make the last be the first Make the God respect the Earth Change the murder rate to the birth! (Swing!) [Chorus 1x] [Wyclef] Hey yo, Pras where you at? [Prakazrel "Pras"] I'm just adjusting my mic [Wyclef] Yo! Hey yo, Pras where you at?! [Pras] I'm just adjusting my mic! [Wyclef] C-C-Come on, yo Pras where you at?!! I'm just adjusting my mic! [Wyclef] Well won't ya, grab the mic and make the crowd react! [Prakazrel "Pras"] No more tours, no more scores Por favor senor, I do the soundbite from here to El Salvador Ready to take over, Like that! (Gun cocks) Run your whole crew over, Like that!! (Gunshot) Buffalo soldier! Dreadlock rasta! (Lauryn in background) Rather be slaughtered, than be captured! Three refugees, one usual suspect Trapped in the firm, 'cause he fell to two techs Prospects have thoughts, blood in like outlets I can read your whole flow, just like a pamphlet Thousands and thousands of watts High volt! Body as a Q-Tip, right on the asphalt Tell the truth that you shouldn't sky off This is Mr. Prakazrel, I don't take it as an insult I grab the money, money! Stash the cash-n-dash, peddle on the gas I'm clear like Everlast! (Never seen a refugee movin' so fast!) - Salaam Now catch me in Jamaica Chillin' at the break of sunsplash! [Chorus 1x] [Lauryn] (Ooo-wee!) To Queens (Ooo-wee!) To New Jersey To Brooklyn (Ooo-wee!) (Ooo-wee!) ...and Uptown (Ooo-wee!) ...and Long Island (Ooo-wee!) ...Staten Island (Ooo-wee!) ...U.C. (University of Columbia) (Ooo-wee!) ...Miami! (Ooo-wee!) ...To Jamaica!

[Fades out]