

# Fugees, Nappy Heads (Remix)

(Wyclef) Yo Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday?

And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking

Saturday-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay

Round up de posse, Fugee comin around the way

(Wyclef) Yo, hey nappy head

(Lauryn) Yo whashup?

(Wyclef) Whatchu got there?

(Lauryn) Hah, I got some of that lyrical cheeba cheeba

(Wyclef) Worrrrrd?

A cheeba cheeba y'all, well I'm a Libra y'all

A cheeba cheeba y'all, well I'm a Libra y'all

Verse One: Wyclef

You wanna battle swing I bring commanding men like I was king

In all your dreams I write the horror flick of Stephen King

Cling to false also those papers say ock

I got tired of the fat lady so I sing to my own opera

Ba-lang-balang-balang-to-de-man-de-rock-cause I love thee

If you live by the sword you will be die by the gun

Cause all guys tell lies, and more girls commits it

I was ordered to Code Red, but now I'm chillin with A Few Good Men

Assassination on the kid from the capitol

I never play the soap opera but now I'm a General Hospital

Condition critical, spirit over who's the physical

So if I die, catch me at the funeral

I'll fly away, ohh glory

With a mic in my hand to a land where only God knows me

And the angels write raps on holy paper

I said I'm lookin for Jesus, he said take the escalator

One flight up, is guaranteed you'll be there

My sister'd be there, my mother'd be there

So, Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday?

And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking

Saturday-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay

Round up de posse, Fugee comin around de way

Verse Two: Lauryn Hill

I don't puff blunts so I always got my breath

Never had to battle with a bullet proof vest

They call me cock-weasel but I, still cave a chest

I don't wear Jheri curls cause I'm nah from the West

No disrespect to the West, true indeed

I rock it to the East, the East is the seed

To see that them days back, yo sheepskins and Hot Tracks

Peace to Mr. Magic, things are getting tragic

Now we on some new stuff, I never feared the Ku Kluk

My own clan is actin up, I blame it on the Phillie blunt

Whatcha gonna do, kids are acting oooohhhh

Hill is gettin fed up, yo where's the coporate at

A Mister Three Piece Suit

Check the square roots, Girbauds and Timberland boots

Nahhhh that's the serpents, and know them garment tips

I got a head full of problems and a hand full of nappy roots

I feel a Jones' comin down, yo I...

(I got the slang to make the chitty-bang-bang

a-rid-dang-de-dang, the nappy head bang)

No I, got hte slang to make the chitty-bang-bang

a-rid-dang-de-dang, the nappy heads bang

(Yo Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday

And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking

Saturday-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay

Round up de posse, Fugee comin round de way

Ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay

Nappy heads in the zone and we're not goin home!)

Verse Three: Prazwell, Wyclef

Hey yo a battle is a battle but a battle's not a battle

if it'sssssssssss snake doesn't rattle  
Cause my style's as old as a reptile  
As slick as a new Nile, as new as a new child  
So come follow me to the land of Abraham  
This land's your land, this land's my land  
The blacker the black man, the better the next man  
(Yo some nappy heads need to check they necks for red)  
Ihhhh, feel injection  
Put the needle to your skin feel reality's heroin  
You maintain to put a negro in pain you used to diss me  
Oh you wanna hang with old Eddie Kane? (The Five Heartbeats)  
Ain't nuttin wrong, snap your head to the song  
Word is bond, you get wrong, I'll have you sing like Louis Armstrong  
And I say to myself, what a wonderful world  
But what the hell was so wonderful bout cotton in the farm  
Mr. Slaaaaaave Maaaaan!  
The harder they come, the harder they fall, so come one come all  
Don't stall or I'ma stick you like a voodoo doll  
Doors locked stop drawer for the count who drops  
You slept on a kid from the boondocks  
Out of Motorville land of the ill kill  
Bellsburg Viking so you know I'm top ranking Phil  
Some say who coming like like the yuma but save the rumor  
Cause I've been rockin ever since eighty-two  
when I used to rock my Pumas...  
A cheeba cheeba y'all, well I'm a Libra y'all (4X)  
Yo Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday  
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking  
Saturday-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay  
Round up de posse Fugee comin around de way  
Ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay  
Nappy heads in the zone and we're not goin home!  
(repeat 2X)  
I wear my sunglasses at night  
To spy on my girlfriend that's right  
They dancin romancin freakin at night!  
yes yes yes a yes yes y'all  
(repeat 2X)  
Mona Lisa...  
...nappy heads in the zone and we not goin home!  
A cheeba cheeba y'all, well I'm a Libra y'all (4x)  
and to the beat y'all, and to the beat y'all, come on everybody (to fade)