

The Fugees, Fu-Gee-La

We used to be number 10, now we permanent on one
In the battle lost my finger, Mic became my arm
Pistol nozzle hits your nasal, blood becomes lukewarm
Tell the woman be easy Naah squeeze the Charmin
Test Wyclef, see death flesh get scorned
Beat you so bad make you feel like you ain't wanna be born, Jon
And tell your friends stay the hell out of my lawn
Chicken George became Dead George stealin' chickens from my farm,
Damn, another dead pigeon
If your mafiosos then I'm bringin' on Haitian Sicilians
Nobody's shootin', my body's made of hand grenade
Girl bled to death while she was tongue-kissing a razor blade
That sounds sick maybe one day I'll write a horror
Blackula comes to the ghetto, jacks an ACURA
Stevie Wonder sees Crack Babies
Be-Coming Enemies Of their own families,
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

(Chorus:)

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

Yeah in saloons we drink Boone's and battle goons till high noon,
Bust rap toons on flat spoons, take no shorts like poon poon's.
See hoochies pop coochies, for Gucci's and Lucci
Find me in my Mitsubishi, eatin' sushi, bumpin' Fugees.
Hey Hey Hey Try to take the crew and we don't play play
Say say say like Paul McCartney, not hardly,
ODD-ly enough I can see right through your bluff
Niggas huff and they puff but they can't handle us, WE BUST
Cause we fortified, I could never hide,
seen "Cooley High", cried when Cochise died.
I'm twisted, black-listed by some other negroes,
Don't remove my Polos on the first episode.
Ha Ha Ha Ha, You shouldn't diss refugees, and
Ha Ha Ha Ha, You whole sound set's bootie , and
Ha Ha Ha Ha, You have to respect JERSEY,
cause I'm superfly when I'm super-high on the Fu-Gee-La.

(Chorus)

I sit 90 degrees underneath palm trees,
Smokin' beadies as I burn my calories,
Brooklyn roof tops become Brooklyn tee-pees,
Who that be, enemy, wanna see the death of me.
From Hawaii to Hawthorne, I run marathons, like
Buju Banton, I'm a true champion, like,
Farakkhan reads his Daily Qu'ran it's a
phenomenon, lyrics fast like Ramadan.

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.
(Repeat)

(Chorus)

