

# The Fugees, Ready Or Not (Clark Kent / Django F

(Lauryn &quot;L-Boogie&quot; Hill)

Ready Or Not (9x)...

(Lauryn Singing)

You can't run away  
From these styles I got oh baby,  
hey baby, 'cause I got alot, oh yeah  
Anywhere you go, my whole crew gonna know, oh baby  
Hey baby, you can't hide from the block oh yeah!

(Wyclef - Verse One)

Yo! Now that I escape, selling five 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 said 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-B-Boo! (Imitating young Michael Jackson)  
And you don't stop!!!

(Lauryn - Chorus)

Sometimes the Refugees gotta take a stand and break!  
If any joker come fe' test another life we take!  
'Cause when we gunning all the dance, we are the specialist!  
So scientist, lyricist, pop your pen intense (?)! ( 2x )

(Lauryn - Verse Two)

If I could change the times, and 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 bounty 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 Moors  
Make the last be the first

Make the God respect the Earth  
Change the murder rate to the birth! Bust it!

(Lauryn Singing)

Ready Or Not  
Here I come  
You can't hide!

Gonna find you! And take it slowly!

Ready Or Not  
Here I come  
You can't hide!

Gonna find you! And make you want me!

(Pras - Verse Three)

No more tours, no more scores  
Por favor senior, I tempt crews, like a bull to a matador  
Run you for your Range Rover, Like that!  
Leave you in a broken Nova, Like that!!  
Buffalo soldier! Dreadlock rasta! (Wyclef in background)  
Rather be slaughtered, than be captured!  
Three refugees, one unusual suspect  
A snitch at the table, how far will your trust get?  
Lust got you busted, unlocking my vault  
Body as a Q-Tip, right on the asphalt  
Tell the youth that you shouldn't skylark  
Or get marked, like a narc, as The Beast in Nu Yok (New York)

(Lauryn - Singing)

You can't run away  
From these styles I got oh baby,  
hey baby, 'cause I got alot, oh yeah  
Anywhere you go, my whole crew gonna know, oh baby  
Hey baby, you can't hide from the block oh no!

(Chorus - 3x)