

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

(Lauryn "L-Boogie" 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)