

The Fugees, Zealots

One two, I'm bout to set this up, Like this
Hip hoppers check it,
(Chorus)

Another MC lose his life tonight Lord,
I banged out you brain to Jesus Christ
Why?

Oh Lord, Father don't let him BURY me, whoa
I horn MC's like mephistophales bringin' SWORDS OF DAMOCILES
Secret service keep a close watch as if my name was Kennedy
Abstract rap simple with a street format
Gaze into the sky and measure planets by paralac
Check out the retro great motion killed the notion
of biting and recycling and calling it your own creation
I feel like Rockwell, somebody's watching me
I got no privacy whether on land or at sea
And for your bitin' zealots, your rap's a cacophonous
If a prick predict but deep inside you wish you had a pop hit
It hurts don't it, a refugee come to your turf,
To take over the earth...

(Lauryn)

See my rhymes, are the type of fly rhymes
That can only get down with my crew
And if you try to take lines and buy grines
We'll show how the refugees do,

Behold it's my own manifold on your rhymes
Two MC's can't occupy the same space at the same time
It's against the law of physics
So weep as your sweet dreams break up like Eurythmics rap rejects
My tape deck ejects projectile
Whether Jew or Gentile I rentile percentile
Many styles more powerful than gamma rays
My grandma pays like Carlos Santana plays
Black Magic Woman
So while you fumin' I'm consumin' mango juice under pularis
You just embarrassed cuz it's your last tango IN PARIS
And even after all my logic and my theory,
I ADD a muthafucker so you ignorant niggas hear me
And remember take notes, cuz I SOE MY RAP OATS
For all you bitin' zealots, here's a quote

Aye another MC lose his life tonight, oh
I banged out you brain to Jesus Christ, why,
Oh Lord, Father don't let him bury we, aye.

You can try but you can't divide the tribe,
These cats can't rap mister author I feel no vibe
The magazine said THE GIRL shoulda went solo,
The guy should stop rappin', vanish LIKE MENU DO
Took it to the heart but every actor plays his part
As long as someone was listenin' I knew it was a start
for me to get a chance grab my pen and revamp
Do a CAMEO while everyone do the dance (do the dance)
Quit now cuz you're runnin' out of luck-a
Playin' mister big I'm gonna get you sucka
While you munchin' at your luncheon I'll be plannin'
your assassination and hit you like the dutchman..

I compress sound sets my rap DBX
Then drop vocals on my four five six amtax
Bring terror to the shop of horrors
As she cry mi amour the Phantom dies in the opera
And to the youngin's who carry gadgets,

and kill six days a week and rest on the Sabbath
(hold up hold up) violence ain't necessary
Unless you provoke me then get buried like the great Mussolini
And for you bitin' zealots, your rap stars are relics
No matter who you damage, you still a forced PROFIT.

(Chorus)