

# 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)