

Family Business

Fugees

Where I was born, nothing is promised
My life is filled with less hope than the prophecies of Nostradamus
Omega marks the ending of predictability, birth of agility
Who will it be to test me and expose their futility.
Iron like a lion from Zion stop tryin' so hard,
I think I smell your brain cells fryin'.
The family's behind you if you're worthy
Philosophies developed deep in the back streets of dirty Jersey
Troops with scully hats and Timberland boots
No more break-dancing for loot.
Niggas hustle and shoot
In the Garden State, it grows stink weeds and criminals
Government funds are minimal
Oppression's subliminal

These days it's hard for we to find peace of mind
Between insanity and sanity there lies a thin line.
Some dwell in hotels with Jezebels
A stone age and fall a victim to the Plague
Unclean bad dreams of Wyclef being a fiend, one last kiss from my sweet serpentine
Eliminate then break, navigate to rejuvenate thoughts of suicide with my nickel plate.
Reconciliation came from my enemy-friend
Who said family don't bend
We stay silent till the end.
Now who would think that your best friend
Would be your worst enemy and your enemy your best friend.
Stare into the air inspiration from the atmosphere
I think of old ghosts, that ain't even here.
Like Alex Haley take notes on this Biography
My family tree consists of street refugees.
A ghetto land, where we talk slang
Stolen cars bang, like my chitty bang-bang sh-bang
For the heads, we ain't sellin' cocaine today
So refrain and let my family reign okay

Just walkin' the streets death can take you away
It's never guaranteed that you'll see the next day
of Shaton don't play
At night the evil armies So defend the family that's the code to obey

But if I fall asleep and death takes me away
Don't be surprised son, I wasn't put here to stay
At night the evil armies of Shaton don't play
So the family sticks together and we never betray.

Nah F**k that
Fifty-two pick up, no cops around
Fifty-two thousand in cash, I don't want no savings bonds
Have the money ready, I smell something fishy
Your wife's in my custody
One false move and you'll find her body in the sea.
That's the voice of the kid, that's the kidnapper
I do my work and then I catch my ticket to Jamaica.
Meet me in the alley, make sure you bring the money
This ain't the seventies I'm far from a jive turkey

My circle it can't be broken
Open, cut-throatin', provokin'
Record promotin, tokens chokin' on they words like smoke and.
Cause we soft spoken, doesn't mean that we've forgotten
Your bootie smells rotten and one day you will be gotten
See joker's is scatter-brained, their focus is unrestrained
My army is trained, you never find us beefin' in vain.
Cause I've seen fire and I've seen rain
You claim fame, while modest niggas remain.
I can judge a character like Ito judge a verdict
And if you bringin' threats I give you sex if I ain't heard it.
See poppin' s***'s about your attitude and how you word it
I've seen the biggest niggas on the block get murdered
And they deserverd it
Or so the beast said when they served it ???
That s*** is nervous
So what's my purpose?
Family, we must preserve it.
Your number's retired
I hope you like the hell fires
You'll be screamin' Murder she Wrote like Chaka Demus and Pliars.

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We used to jump rope,
But now we gun hope
Bustin' shots off of project roof tops
Sending signals with the blunt smoke.
Ock, don't talk a lot if you can't hold it in lock
If you think lips sink ships,
Imagine full glock clips.
I hold a glass of Remy Martin
Gettin' milks by the carton
Extortin' the light weights for thinkin' they important
The night pays and heavenly ways
Ain't nothin' free ah
Knowledge of your family and steppin' to your B.I.
You see I, stay on top of s*** like a fly
My niggas reach when they got beef
Then jet down to South Beach
Yo mouthpiece is yappin'
I hear it in your rap and
My family is thick so that bulls*** could never happen.

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