

# Fu-Gee-La

## Fugees

We used to be number 10  
Now we're permanent one,  
In the battle lost my finger, Mic became my arm  
Pistol nozzle hits your nasal, blood becomes lukewarm  
Tell the woman be easy Naah squeeze the Charmin  
Test Wyclef, see death flesh get scorned.  
Beat you so bad make you feel like you ain't wanna be born  
And tell your friends stay the hell out of my lawn.  
Chicken George became Dead George stealin' chickens from my farm.  
Damn, Another dead pigeon  
If your mafiosos then I'm bringin' on Haitian Sicilians  
Nobody's shootin', my body's made of hand grenade  
Girl bled to death while she was tongue-kissing a razor blade.  
That sounds sick maybe one eday I'll write a horror  
Blackula comes to the ghetto, jacks an ACURA  
Stevie Wonder sees Crack Babies Be-Coming Enemies of their own families.  
What's going on?  
Armageddon come you know we soon done  
Gun by my side just in case I gotta rump  
A boy on the side of Babylon, trying to front like he's down with  
Mount Zion.

Oooh La La La,  
It's the way that we rock when we're doing our thang  
Oooh La La La,  
It's the natural LA that the Refugees Bring  
Oooh La La La La La Lalala La Laaah,  
Sweeeeet Thing

Yeah in saloons we drink Boone's and battle goons till high noon,  
Bust rap toons on flat spoons, take no shorts like poon poon's.  
See hoochies pop coochies, for Gucci's and Lucci  
Find me in my Mitsubishi, eatin' sushi, bumpin' Fugees.  
Hey Hey Hey  
Try to take the crew and we don't play play  
Say say say  
Like Paul McCartney, not hardly,  
ODD-ly enough  
I can see right through your bluff  
\*\*\*\*\*s huff and they puff but they can't handle us, WE BUST  
Cause we fortified, I could never hide, seen "Cooley High",  
Cried when Cochise died.  
I'm twisted, black-listed by some other negroes,  
Don't remove my Polos on the first episode.  
Ha Ha Ha Ha, You shouldn't diss refugees, and  
Ha Ha Ha Ha, You whole sound set's bootie , and  
Ha Ha Ha Ha, You have to respect JERSEY, cause I'm superfly when  
I'm super-high on the Fu-Gee-La.

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I sit 90 degrees underneath palm trees,

Smokin' beadies as I burn my calories,  
Brooklyn roof tops become Brooklyn tee-pees,  
Who that be, enemies, wanna see the death of me.  
From Hawaii to Hawthorne, I run marathons, like  
Buju Banton, I'm a true champion, like,  
Farakkhan reads his Daily Qu'ran it's a phenomenon,  
lyrics fast like Ramadan.

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