

## Introduction

Fugees

THE YEAR

Two-thousand and seventeen master!

THE MAN

Every two-thousand years a prophecy is prophesized

THE MISSION

To carry out the word of the shephard into this cold world  
that just keeps folding

THE GROUP

I don't know...

WHO IS THE GROUP

Tran...Tranzlators!!

(Lauryn Hill)

What can make a mighty man run?

Make him drop his pride and hide?

Too black, too strong... WRONG

Spook Sambo Nigga Jane

You ain't so bad, nor big

White sheets make you sad

Fraid you're gonna hang, ahhh

Now THAT'S a black thang

Boy, you scared of me

BOO! See

Hide nigga hide, flee nigga flee run nigga run

If I got my hood, my cross, my tree my gun

My rope

And it's a long one