

The Beast

Fugees

Warn the town the beast is loose,
Word 'em up y'all
C'mon

Conflicts with night sticks
Illegal sales districts,
Hand-picked lunatics, keep poli-TRICK-cians rich
Heretics push narcotics amidst its risks and frisks,
Cool cliques throw bricks but seldom hit targets
Private-DIC sell hits, like porno-flicks do chicks.
The 666 cut W.I.C. like Newt Gingrich SUCKS D***

Meanwhile the government brings Star Wars from glocks to glockers
C.O.P. has an APB out on Chewbacca
Mista Mayor, can I say something in yo honor
Yesterday in Central Park they got the Jogger
Okay, okay.
Let's get the confusion straight in ghetto Gotham
The man behind the mask you thought was Batman is Bill Clinton.
Who soon retire, the roof is on fire
Connie Chung brung the bomb as it comes from Oklahoma
Things are getting serious, Kuumbaya,
On a mountain satan offered me, Manhattan help me Jah Jah

You can't search me without probable cause
Or that proper ammunition they call reasonable suspicion
Listen I bring friction to your whole jurisdiction
You planted seeds in my seat when I wasn't lookin.
Now you ask me for my license/registration
"WHAT THE F**K" is my name
"WHAT THE F**K" is my occupation
Well I'm an MC, I'm down with the Fugees
Mother Mary caught a flashback like Rodney now the cops got Lolly.

The subconscious psychology that you use against me,
If I lose control will send me to the penitentiary
Such as Alcatraz, or shot up like al Hajj Malik Shabazz
High class get bypassed while my ass gets harrassed.
And the fuzz treat bruh's like they manhood never was,
And if you too powerful, you get bugged like Peter Tosh and Marley was.
And my word does nothing against the feds,
So my eyes stay red as I chase crazy bald heads, WORD UP.

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The chase is on I feel like the bad guy
Fifth gear 125 like New Jersey drive
Looked in my rear view mirror
Police was getting closer
Heard a roar in the sky,
Looked up and saw the Blue Thunder.
My inner conscious says throw your handkerchief and surrender,
BUT TO WHO???
The star spangled banner ooh.
Say can't you see cops more crooked than we
By the dawn's early night robbin' niggas for kis.

Easy low key crooked military
Pay taxes out my ass but they still harrass me.

The streets of corruption got me bustin and cussin' in the concrete jungle
Thoughts being dribbled like that tall kid Mutumbo
Handled by Hannibal
Soon I'm gonna be a fugitive like Dr. Kimble.

Hey yo should I slow down?

Nah kid go faster,
Just cause they got a badge, they could still be impostors.
Probable cause, got flaws like dirty draws
Meet me at the corner store so we can start the street wars.

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