

## The Score

Fugees

Look into the rhyme  
Rum to the ripple  
Sing boo,  
But at times I come in triple.  
Blaow, blaow put the heater to your head  
Now your dead.  
Wyclef don't give a \*beep\* if your dead.  
Raaaaah, raaaaah  
Let me attack just like the black cat  
You in the wrong neighborhood, check the map.  
Hooo, you've got to go for backup  
To do what you gotta do.  
So you'll be back with France CU  
Traitor in your crew is mafo heat  
Put the poison in your tea  
and kill the toad, But I'll be back with the centipede  
I'm on some new technique, drunken bamboo  
Awoo hoo a hoo, I'm taking all crews what.  
Competition, stimulation for the rap man  
Losers check your tooters  
While I'm suckin' on your girls h\*\*\*\*\*.  
Don't play macho, while you got the gun  
Cause if you got to reload . . .

Wyclef the multi-talented  
Average heads can't handle it  
I'll bring it to you live  
Only if you want it.  
Me and my guitar go back like the days of the RMC's  
(C'mon check out my melody)  
The W-Y-C-L-E-F, Wyclef  
Through any contest  
I'm victorious  
Still keep it real, if you will and manifest  
Through your skills, not by how many shells you peel.

I'm a bring down the ruckus  
Play the nutcracker  
Rough-neck rednecks make me no bother  
Time after time, ask Cyndi Lauper,  
Boss, you don't want to f\*\*k with my partners  
Motion, commotion, what's your proposal  
Uphold two-fold, the crew is disposal  
Like utensil, false idental,  
I autograph my lyrics with a number 2 pencil

I'm the L, Won't you pull it  
Straight to the head  
With the speed of a bullet  
Cuttin' jokers off at the meeky-freeky gullet  
Lyrical sedative, keep niggas medative  
Head rushers I give to creative kids and fiends  
Dreams of euphoria,  
Aurora,  
To another galaxy  
Phallic-sy  
Be this microphone, but get lifted

Lyricaly I'm gifted  
Burn on in without the roach clip (it)  
Henders, mind-bender  
Pleasure sender,  
So frequently your nerve endings belong to me  
Wrongfully you put me down not receiving the full capacity of my smoke  
Wack niggas choke  
From the fumes that I emote,  
Or emit s\*\*\*  
See even I feel the mahogany L  
Natural hallucinogen  
Turning boys to men again  
With estrogen dreams  
Release blues, yellows and greens  
From Brownsville to Queens

I creep like a thief, no doubt the man's swift  
I'm more magnificent than Lee Van Cliff  
You stand stiff and got the nerve to let your man riff  
(We know where to run)  
And start flakin' like dandruff.  
C'mon son my steelo's tight  
Cause by far I'm the best producer on the mic  
On the right, analytical conceptions  
With precision and leave lyrical incisions.