

Zealots

Fugees

Another MC lose his life tonight, lord
I beg that you pray to Jesus Christ, why
O lord, father don't let him bury me, whoa

I haunt MC's like Mephistophales
Bringin swords and Damacles
Secret service keep a close watch as if my name was Kennedy
Abstract raps simple with a street format
Gaze into the sky and measure planets by parallax.
Check out the retrograde motion, kill the notion
Of biting and recycling and calling it your own creation.
I Feel like Rockwell, "Somebody's watching me"
I got no privacy whether on land or at sea.
And for you biting zealots, your raps are cacophonous
Hypocrite, critic, but deep inside you wish you had the pop hit.
It hurts don't it, the refugees come to your turf and take over the earth.

See my rhymes are the type of fly rhymes
That can only get down with my crew
And if you try to take lines or bite rhymes
We'll show you how the refugees do.

Behold, as my odes, manifold on your rhymes
Two MC's can't occupy the same space at the same time.
It's against the laws of Physics.
So weep as your sweet dreams break up like Eurythmics
Rap rejects my tape deck, ejects projectile
Whether jew or gentile
I rank top percentile,
Many styles,
More powerful than gamma rays
My grammar pays,
Like Carlos Sanatana plays
Black Magic Woman
So while you fuming, I'm consuming
Mango juice under Polaris,
You're just embarrassed
Cause it's your "Last Tango in Paris"
And even after all my logic and my theory,
I add a muthaf**ker so you ignint niggas hear me.
And you remember take notes,
As I sow my rap otas
And for you biting zealots, here's a quote.

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You can try but you can't divide the tribe
These cats can't rap, Mr. Author I feel no Vibe
The magazine says the girl should have gone solo,
The guys should stop rapping, vanish like Menudo.
Took it to the heart, but every actor plays his part
As long as someone was listening, I knew it was a start,
For me to get a chance, grab my pen and revamp
Do a cameo while everybody do the dance.
Quick now, cause you runnin' out of lucka

Playin' Mr. Big, I'm gonna get you sucka.
While you munchin at your luncheon, I'll be planning your assassination
Then hit you like the Dutchmen

I compress sound sets with my rap DBX
Then drop vocals on my 456 AMPEX
Bring terror to the shop of horror,
As she cries "Mi amor"
The phantom dies in the opera
And to the youngin's who carry gadgets
And kill 6 days a week then on a sabbath.
Violence ain't necessary, unless you provoke me
Then get buried like the great Mussolini
And for you bitin' Zealots
Your rap styles are relics
No matter who you damage
You're still a false prophet.

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