

The Fugees, Fu-Gee-La (Refugee Camp Remix,

Can I feel a vibe?

[CLEF]

We used to be number 10, now we're permanent one
Wyclef, Preacher's Son, Ichi bang,
Listen Mrs. Tin Can I'm your candy handy man
Me without you is like American without the Band Stand
Cool fellow, dancehall stay mellow,
All that guntalk who would have thought you died yellow
Damn, another hero wannabe
Now he sleeps with his friends in the mortuary
Dude, I find it rude, when you intrude,
My pistol nozzle hits your nasal, Doo doo comes out your anal
Just because your buff, don't play tuff
Cause I'll reverse the earth and turn your flesh back to dust.

[LAURYN]:CHORUS

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

[FORTE]

I stay high off the Fu-Gee-La Bust when we rush,
Through you must, know ruckus Crew got G's like the refu's
So F who Ever want to test Bring me stress,
West coast back to east, Grab my toast when I reach
Truly curvin', swervin, lifestyle is urban,
Sippin' Bourbon, surviving We real to keep the word when
A boy want fa test this set Then you get wet-up
Just a bit to unprepared to to shoot him fair bet

[LAURYN]

Fake bullets can't scar me I can smell the weak out like safari
Play you out like Atari Sacrifice you Hari Kari
And I'm sorry, To every single rapper, Dick and Harry
Saying they want to spar me Cause how thick my repertoire
And my memoir be Reminding me of eating Calamari
in the Khalahari with a band of Rhastafari, so
Ha Ha Ha Ha, You shouldn't diss refugees, and
Ha Ha Ha Ha, You whole sound set's bootie, and

[LAURYN]:CHORUS

Oooh La La La, It's the way that we rock when we're doing our ting
Oooh La La La, It's the remix sound that the Refugees Bring
Oooh La La La La La Lalala La Laaah, Sweeeeet Ting

[PRAZ]

I sit 90 degrees underneath palm trees,
Sitting in the cool breeze in the West Indies
Flea to sea, Ship my keys
On the Santa Maria, sip Sangria with senioritas
(They keep telling me this and telling me that)
They smile in my face then they talk behind my back
But what they lack is the facts about my stats
My rap impact will kill you softly like Roberta Flack

[CLEF] 2X

Ayo, What's goin' 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