

## Fu-Gee-La - 1/3

**Interprété par Fugees.**

We used to be  
number ten  
Now when we permanent one  
In the battle lost my finger  
Mic became my arm  
Pistol nozzle hits your nasal  
Blood becomes lukewarm  
Tell the woman be easy  
Mal squeeze the charmin'  
Test Wyclef see death flesh  
Get scorn beat you so bad  
Make you feel like  
You ain't wanna be born  
John and tell your friends  
Stay the hell outta my lawn  
Chicken George became dead  
George stealin' chickens from my farm  
Damn another dead pigeon  
If you're mafiocous  
Then I'm bringin' on Haitian Sicilian  
Nobody's smiling  
My body's made of hand grenades  
Girl bled to death  
While she was tongue-kissing a razor blade  
That sounds sick  
Maybe one day I'll write the horror  
Blackula comes to the ghetto  
(Stick 'em up stick 'em up) Jack's an Acura  
Stevie Wonder sees crack babies  
Becoming enemies of their own families  
Armageddon come you know we soon done  
Gun by my side just in case I got the rum  
A boy on the side of Babylon  
Trying to front like you down with Mount Zion  
Ooh la la

It's the way that we rock when we're doing our thing  
Ooh la la  
It's the natural la that the refugees bring  
Ooh la la la la la la la la la  
Sweet thing (she done me like she never before)  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah (hey)  
In saloons we drink boone's

And battle goons till high noon

## Fu-Gee-La - 2/3

Burst rap tunes on flat spoons  
Take no shorts like pun puns  
See hootchies pop kootchies  
For Guccis and Lootchies  
Find me in my Mitsubishi  
Eatin' sushi bumpin' Fugees  
Hey hey hey try to take my crew  
And we don't play play  
Say say say like Paul McCartney  
Not hardly oddly enough  
I can see right through your bluff  
Huff and they puff but they can't handle us  
We bust 'cause we fortified  
But I could never hide  
Seen Cooley High cried when Cochease died  
I'm twisted black-listed by some other negroes  
Don't remove my polos on the first episode  
Ha ha ha ha you shouldn't dis refugees and  
Ha ha ha ha your whole soundset's booty and  
Ha ha ha ha you hafta respect Jersey  
'Cause I'm superfly when I'm super-high on the Fu-Gee-La  
Ooh la la

It's the way that we rock when we're doing our thing  
Ooh la la  
It's the natural la that the refugees bring  
Ooh la la la la la la la la la  
Sweet thing (she done me like she never before)  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah (hey)  
I sit 90 degrees underneath palm trees

Smoking beadies as I burn my calories  
Brooklyn rooftops become Brooklyn teepees  
Who that be enemies wanna see da death of me  
From Hawaii to Hawthorne I run marathons  
Like Buju Banton I'm a true champion  
Like Farrakan reads his daily Koran  
It's a phenomenon lyrics fast like Ramadan  
What's going on

Armageddon come you know we soon done  
Gun by my side just in case I got the rum  
A boy on the side of Babylon  
Trying to front like you down with Mount Zion  
What's going on  
Armageddon come you know we soon done  
Gun by my side just in case I got the rum

## Fu-Gee-La - 3/3

A boy on the side of Babylon  
Trying to front like you down with Mount Zion  
Ooh la la

It's the way that we rock when we're doing our thing  
Ooh la la  
It's the natural la that the refugees bring  
Ooh la la la la la la la la la la  
Sweet thing (she done me like she never before)  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah (hey)  
Ooh la la

It's the way that we rock when we're doing our thing  
Ooh la la  
It's the natural la that the refugees bring  
Ooh la la la la la la la la la la  
Sweet thing (she done me like she never before)  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah (hey)