

## Yello

### "Zealots"

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[Wyclef Jean]

One two - I'm bout to set this off! Like this  
Hip-hoppers, check it

{\*singing\*}

Another MC lose his life tonight, lawwwwd  
I beg that you pray to Jesus Christ, why  
Ohh laww-WWD, father don't let him bury me,  
whoahhhh

{\*rapping\*}

I haunt MC's like Mephistopheles, bringin swords of  
Damocles  
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 callin 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, a ReFugee come to your turf  
and take over the earth

[Lauryn Hill - \*singing\*]

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 (hehe)  
we'll show you how the ReFugees do

{\*rapping\*}

Yeah, yeah 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 Santana plays, "Black  
Magic Woman"  
So while you fumin I'm consumin mango juice under  
Polaris  
You just embarrassed cause it's your "Last Tango in  
Paris"  
And even after all my logic and my theory  
I add a motherfucker so you ig'nant niggaz hear me  
Crew remember take notes, as I sow my rap oats  
And for you biting zealots, here's a quote

[Wyclef Jean - \*singing\*]

Ay! Another MC lose his life tonight, ohhhhh  
I beg that you pray to Jesus Christ, whyyyy  
Ohh laww-WWD, father don't let him bury we, aiyyyy

{\*rapping\* }

You can try but you can't divide the tribe  
These cats can't rap, Mr. Author I feel no Vibe (whatchu  
readin?)  
The magazine says the girl should have gone solo  
The guys should stop rappin - vanish like Menudo  
Took it to the heart, but every actor plays his part  
As long as someone was listenin, I knew it was a start  
For me to get my chance, grab my pen and revamp  
(bing!)  
Do a cameo while everybody do the dance  
Quick now, cause you runnin out of luck-a  
Playin Mr. Big, "I'm Gonna Get You Sucka"  
While you munchin at your luncheon  
I'll be plannin your assassination, then hit you like the  
Dutchman

[Prazwell]

I compress sound sets with my rap DBX  
Then drop vocals on my 456 Ampex  
Bring terror to the shop of horror  
As she cry, "Mi amor," the Phantom dies in the Opera  
And to the young'uns who carry gadgets  
And kill six days a week, then rest on the Sabbath (hold  
up, hold up!)  
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"

[Wyclef Jean - \*singing\*]

Ay! Another MC lose his life tonight, lawwwwwd  
I beg that you pray to Jesus Christ, whyyyy  
Ohh laww-WWD, father don't let him bury me, yeahhh

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