

Wyclef f Busta Rhymes John Forte Lauryn Hill Prazwell Q "ip Rumble In The Jungle"

Visit "[ip Rumble In The Jungle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Wyclef]
(Come on)
Root to the fruit
More bass than Bootsy Collins
You verses me
Thats like Ali verses Foreman (a-ha)
God's act, stand back and watch
Devil's time out
Can't be timed with no swatch watch
Who I am, the black Abraham
Zunga zunga zang, yellow man, Vietnam
Add an extra bar as I spar with literature
Taking kingdoms from tsars
Winning more wars than the Moors

[Forte]
Hey, what's the deal?
I seen the Devil spar with Allah
Mathematics was the key to set my whole race free
You might debate we, a refugee
No harm hurt me
Dying, thirsty from the struggle
To my own hustle bubble
On the low, woe is me
To show the Free Bob right
The righteous Asiatic thinker
While Satan rob light
Civilised like the Molly
Burgundy, wildy rocking
Seen the fifth when Ali clocked him
John Forte will keep you locked in

[Q-Tip]
People all around
You got to recognise and witness
The Mister who swift enough to knock you out with Mic
fitness
Hands blistered from holding the mics tight
Some say it's fright night
Well throw the R after the F 'Cause I'm gonna take away
your breath

The bell rings and now it's just a daily operation
Yo, you saw my lubrication
You can see this occupation (The winner)
Eh, you know we're from Q-Borough
L-Booie and Clef the trainers, Prazwell promote the
throw

[Lauryn Hill]

We used to bite bullets with the pig-skin casing
Now we perfect slang like a gang of street masons (uh)
Scribe check make connects
True pyramid architects (yeah)
Replace the last name with the X (X)
The man's got a God complex
But take the text and change the picture
Watch Muhammad play the messenger like Holy
Muslim scriptures
Take orders from only God
Only war when it's Jihad
See Ali appears in Zaire to reconnect 400 years
But we the people dark but equal give love to such
things
To the man who made the fam' remember when we
were kings

Blocks on fire (Block's on fire tonight)
Fiends getting higher (uh-huh)
Robbing blue collar
(Hey yo we rob them blue collars)
Killing for a dollar (Stick 'em up)
Youths get tired (Ali ah yeah)
We're dealing with them liars (Ali ah yeah)
(We're dealing with too many liars)
From Brooklyn to Zaire (uh-huh ah yeah)
We need a ghetto Messiah (ah yeah come on)

Send me an angel in the morning, baby
Send me an angel in the morning, darling
Send me Muhammad in the morning, baby
Send me an angel in the morning, darling

[Ali Shaheed Muhammad]

Once the pen hits the pad it's danger
To this I be no stranger
Step inside the ring and I'll derange you (Come on)
I'm hearing no comments
Everyone looks dispondent
Dejected, rejected similiar to Liston
Catching lists
Beat it, sonny
My man is still the greatest in this

To hell with Frazier yappin' about that negative shit
Now listen, you can try and escape if you want to
But ask yourself, who the hell you gonna run to
Like Sade Abu you got a punch that I can sleep to
Fugees, Tribe, Busta Rhymes forever coming through

[Prazwell]

We sing Amazing Grace over two dollar plate
One roll snake eyes like Jake The Snake
Many lies put up for stakes
Wash our sins at the Great Lakes
You and I cannot see eye to eye
So therefore we cannot relate
I'm here when I make myself crystal clear
You fled to Cape Fear when I laced you in Zaire
Tussle with a lasso in the Royal Rumble
Seperate boys from men in the concrete jungle

[Busta Rhymes]

I remember when Cassius Clay flipped the script
Taking trips to Zimbabwe
Africans started calling the God Ali Bumbaye (so bwoy)
It be the God stricken, God nutrition, lightly stricken
(ha)
Blow that make you feel like you was poison bitten
Ha yo I'm 'bout to blister you and your sister
Predicting every ass whipping before my fights my
nigga
This be your last warning once you walk past the
doorman
Ali and Foreman gonna lock ass until the morning
Marvellous finances provided by Joseph Mobutu
Special guests of honour like the Archbishop Desmond
Tutu
We watched the Rumble In The Jungle
To see who be the targeted uncle to be the first to fall
and fumble
Nuff blows they gettong thrown, like solid milestones
Internally shaking up niggas, imbalance your
chromosones
With the force of a thousnad warriors
When I bust your ass identify me as the lord victorious

Blocks on fire (You're a star)
(Blocks on fire)
Fiends getting higher (You're a star)
Robbing blue collar (You're a star)
(Yeah rob them blue collars)
Killing for a dollar (You're a star)
Youths get tired (You're a star)
(Youths getting tired)

We're dealing with them liars (You're a star)
(We're dealing with too many liars)
From Brooklyn to Zaire (You're a star)
We need a ghetto Messiah

Visit [Wyclef f Busta Rhymes John Forte Lauryn Hill Prazwell Q](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.