

Fugazi

"Fu-Gee-La"

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Fu-Gee-La (Refugee Camp Remix)

{CLEF}

We used to be number 10
But 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 gun-talk 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}

It's the way that we rock when we're doing our ting
It's the natural LA that the refugees bring
Sweet thing
She love me as no other before

{FORTE}

Dig it, 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 Kalahari with a
band of Rhastafari
You shouldn't diss refugees, and
You whole sound set's bootie, and

{LAURYN}

It's the way that we rock when we're doing our ting
It's the remix sound that the refugees bring
Sweet thing
She love me as no other before

{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 señoritas
(They keep telling me this and telling me that)
They smile in my face then they talk behind my back
(You know how they are)
But what they lack is the facts about my stats
My rap impact will kill you softly like Roberta Flack

{CLEF}

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, yo what's going 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, Zion
Oh Mister Martin, tell them to built a coffin
Today is death season
A hundred MCs a get murderin'
Stop it

Call Mister Martin, tell him to built a coffin
Today is death season
A hundred MCs a get murderin'
It's the way that we rock when we're doing our ting
It's the remix sound that the refugees bring
Sweet thing
She love me as no other before

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