

## Fugees

# "Blunted On Reality"

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Blunted On Reality Lyrics  
Fugees

(Intro)

(\*inhales, then coughs\*)

Ay, nigga pass me the blunt

(Go get the fuck outta here, oh shit)

(\*inhales and coughing continues\*)

Ay, pass this over here man, so we can just cipher  
youknowl'msayin'?

(Cip, yo, this is for dolo son (\*inhales\*))

Yo, man, c'mon pass the blunt man (Yo champ, champ,  
champ)

Yo, pass the blunt man (hold it man)

Whassup man? (Yo, hold it up, aight, take the fuckin'  
blunt)

Yeah, whassup? (Damn) (\*inhales continue\*)

I ain't even get charged yet

(C'mon man, let's cip man about the good ol' days man  
youknowl'msayin'? (yeah)

See man, white man tryin' to keep this away from us  
man youknowl'msayin'? (Uh-hmm)

Cause they know when you grab this man

You just be cipin' knowledge man, knowledge as we  
buildin' up man

That's why they want no brothers to be out here man,  
youknowl'msayin'?

That's why they try to make it illegal man (...you far, you  
far from reality...)

Yo, check this out man, this is, a natural herb man  
youknowl'msayin'?

It makes your body just and your mind just go to  
another...

(Yo, but hold - money you is talkin' too, much)

Yo, yo, yo man, yo we just cipin' man (...talkin' that,  
pass the motherfuckin' blunt)

I know you Latin shit, burn the fuck out (I hate when  
motherfuckers do that shit)...

(Wyclef Jean)

Y'all know there's a lot of emcees but just give my  
CHANCE ON THE MIC!!

Open the, open the, open the, open the, open the, open the

AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!

Open the safe with no key, it's easier than battlin' me

Cause uh-uh, I'll make you walk like a doggy

Some say on and on, but they mean ON-ON!!

I got tired of that new style - BREAKDOWN!!

I have to take it back to the break of dawn

When Melle Mel was Melle Mel and Al Capone was Al

Capone

Bootleg is sellin' now it's rap that's sellin' in the village

But I'm just privileged to makin' my home from my

spirit

So when you hear me it's the man with the deeper thoughts

At night I can't sleep my brain keep movin' like a body on a horse

I don't stand, don't stand, don't wife me I construct on bricks

Some thoughts it wasn't until he said: "He sunk my battleship"

So hip-hip, load the clip, hip, I miss - DAMN!!

I pay my taxes so I won't mess with Sam

Ya hear the rhyme you stand still, some ask for refill

We move your thoughts so I can see if you for fake or real

Cause Buffalo Bill bit battle inside from my rap meal

And left me on a hill-hill, so when I battle no will

So mama should I kill a man like Cypress Hill, chill

I got no lawyer so I pleadin' my own appeal

How does it feel - when a monkey is your I'll

In a J-A-I-L? I have no time to make bail

Saw someone to be macho like fritchies that got the lyro

So they had it at bein' a heroes, where did their bodies go, only God knows

You got caught, between the fire and the hoses

You wanna battle? Bring your Moses

Forget what fun-what time Moses

And someone goin' down and it ain't Gator Douglass

Cause the roughest with the guy, becomes a pussy

So all the bad boy talk, come on cause I'm the nice dog, yeah hawk

Throw many fights in fought courts boss

Never lost, so toss a nickel and change your course

Say mama say mama say mama say what?

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean and Lauryn Hill)

Some thought we were blunted when we wrote this

Cause we were far, from reality

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(Lauryn Hill)

Aiyyo, huh-huh, ho with the badder that run the  
(TENT!!)

Who walks really for lack of listenin' to the drum-set  
You silly nimble bad as to my car don't put the bass  
Oh on the table test the super lantra  
You got caught all that toe with twenty-thousand legs  
I'm laughin' arrogantly as your nostril bleeds  
hehehehehe...

Relax and max and drink a Gin on the Tech  
Well their gatin' for another pirate to lose his neck,  
check

I got a call from Captain Hook in so quick  
We used to be partners 'fore the clip stole my rapper  
I had to be right cause you fight like it was a bitch  
I had to change the rhythmic pattern and make sure it  
fit

So now when I go and see with she  
I thought the pirates through a telescope  
And bomb 'em like it's make-believe  
Blow me my sword I out for my protection  
Cause I might ship on landin' side and start an  
insurrection

A pirate had disguised himself as one of my crew  
But I saw true and had to shake a him before he got  
through  
Hey, hey guy the loot the booty, I formed like a ram  
I gave an ultimatum and told him he could do time  
But he argued and fought me, he tried to bust right  
And so I took it upon myself to make the brother walk  
the plank

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean & Lauryn Hill)

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(Pras)

Fo'-to-the-fo'-to-the-fi-fe-come  
I smell the blood of an Englishman run son  
Ya see the man cannot understand  
The hammer and the barrel hum  
So when I get them someone will know where the hell  
I'm from  
Cause I'm sprayin' emcees with my mack ten machine  
gun  
The hand that rocks will be the hand of the gun bum  
Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum is the drop of my snare drum

Freak-k-k-k-kin' is the beat of my tum-tum  
Makin' emcees walk like a doggy, hah-hah, I'll make  
them walk like a doggy  
It's like the blunt to the phillie, the ganja to the sessy  
You can't write a rhyme without the roots men-mentality  
Cause ain't no milli-vanilli but the kiddy with the skilly  
To rhyme so dope I made up my own vocabulab-skilly  
Missed it from a bomber-tacky lackin' all the bum  
That get her to a to and fro, I guess they made me boy  
So can I get the cheers, not the chant from cheers  
But the chant from my peers that I know are really  
down with me (CHEERS!!)  
Now that I mean those that been since the beginnin'  
(cause some of y'all cut out when it started rainin')  
Now check me at the movies I'm rollin' like Black Man  
I didn't need Batman, he teamed up with the favourite -  
EH!!  
Tell all your friend-friend, watch all your friend-friend  
Cause some say are your friend before wanna dem  
bring you poison  
So I roll by myself and that I carry my (BIT!!)  
You wished you stayed around, you know my clip got  
the (LIP!!)  
So empty your hooray, your hooray to your hip  
And if your hip's a book you know you got to get off  
bricks man

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean & Lauryn Hill)

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