

Fugees "Fu-Gee-La"

Visit "[Fu-Gee-La](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[CLEF]

We used to be number 10
Now we're 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 Naah squeeze the Charmin
Test Wyclef, see death flesh get scorned.
Beat you so bad make you feel like you ain't wanna be
born
And tell your friends stay the hell out of my lawn.
Chicken George became Dead George stealin'
chickens from my farm.
Damn, Another dead pigeon
If your mafiosos then I'm bringin' on Haitian Sicilians
Nobody's shootin', my body's made of hand grenade
Girl bled to death while she was tongue-kissing a razor
blade.
That sounds sick maybe one eday I'll write a horror
Blackula comes to the ghetto, jacks an ACURA
Stevie Wonder sees Crack Babies Be-Coming Enemies
of their own families.
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.

[LAURYN]:CHORUS

Ooh La La La,
It's the way that we rock when we're doing our thang
Ooh La La La,
It's the natural LA that the Refugees Bring
Ooh La La La La La Lalala La Laaah,
Sweeeeet Thing

[LAURYN]

Yeah in saloons we drink Boone's and battle goons till
high noon,
Bust rap toons on flat spoons, take no shorts like poon
poon's.
See hoochies pop coochies, for Gucci's and Lucci

Find me in my Mitsubishi, eatin' sushi, bumpin' Fugees.
Hey Hey Hey
Try to take the crew and we don't play play
Say say say
Like Paul McCartney, not hardly,
ODD-ly enough
I can see right through your bluff
Niggas huff and they puff but they can't handle us, WE
BUST
Cause we fortified, I could never hide, seen "Cooley
High",
Cried when Cochise 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 diss refugees, and
Ha Ha Ha Ha, You whole sound set's bootie , and
Ha Ha Ha Ha, You have to respect JERSEY, cause I'm
superfly when
I'm super-high on the Fu-Gee-La.

[LAURYN]:CHORUS

Oooh La La La,
It's the way that we rock when we're doing our thang
Oooh La La La,
It's the natural LA that the Refugees Bring
Oooh La La La La La Lalala La Laaah,
Sweeeeet Thing

[PRAZ]

I sit 90 degrees underneath palm trees,
Smokin' beadies as I burn my calories,
Brooklyn roof tops become Brooklyn tee-pees,
Who that be, enemies, wanna see the death of me.
From Hawaii to Hawthorne, I run marathons, like
Buju Banton, I'm a true champion, like,
Farakkhan reads his Daily Qu'ran it's a phenomenon,
Lyrics fast like Ramadan.

[CLEF] (2X)

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.

[LAURYN]:CHORUS 2X

Oooh La La La,
It's the way that we rock when we're doing our thang
Oooh La La La,
It's the natural LA that the Refugees Bring

Oooh La La La La La Lalala La Laah, Sweeeeet
Thing

Visit [Fugees](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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