

## Fugees

### "Fu"

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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 guntalk 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]:CHORUS

Ooooh La La La,

It's the way that we rock when we're doing our ting

Oooh La La La, It's the natural LA that the Refugees

Bring

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

[FORTE]

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 testthis 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 Khalahari with  
a band of

Rhastafari.

Ha Ha Ha Ha, You shouldn't diss refugees, and

Ha Ha Ha Ha, You whole sound set's bootie , and

[LAURYN]:CHORUS

Oooh La La La, It's the way that we rock when we're  
doing our ting

Oooh La La La, It's the remix sound that the Refugees  
Bring

Oooh La La La La La Lalala La Laaah, Sweeeeet  
Thing

[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

But what they lack is the facts about my stats

My rap impact will kill you softly like Roberta Flack

[CLEF] 2X

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

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