

## Fugees "Nappy Heads"

Visit "[Nappy Heads](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Why am I trapped in a cage? (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)

Barber can I get a fade? (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)

Teacher teacher check my grades (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)

I grab the mic in a RAGE...

You maintain to put a negro in pain you used to diss me  
"You sure you wanna hang with old Eddie Kane?"

(+The Five Heartbeats+)

Ain't nuttin wrong, so snap your head to the song  
Word is bond, you get wrong, I'll have you sing like  
Louis Armstrong

And I say to myself, WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

But what the fuck was so wonderful bout pickin cotton --  
on a farm?

The harder they come, the harder they fall, so come  
one come all

Don't stall or I'ma stick you like a voodoo doll

Doors locked stop draw for the count, who drops?

Ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-four-three-two-one-  
-you-slept-on-a-kid-from-the-boondocks

Out of Hooterville land of the I'll kill

Bellsburg Viking so you know I'm top ranking Phil

Some say newcomer like the yuma but save the rumor

Cause I've been rockin ever since eighty-three

When I used to rock my Pumas

Rap, narcotic psychotic so hear the sentencin

One out of ten, I'm passin the mic next time I'll get

WICKED

Heard the man who went before, got intimidated

You tried to gas me up, too much gas, you got  
intoxicated

You wasn't ready for the real'n, dealin, chillin

Wyclef, no competition when I'm bringin pure death

I'm jumpin like a monkey to get mines off

A-from a caterpillar, to the mic moth

(THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)

Teacher teacher check my grades (THE NAPPY HEADS  
ARE COMIN OUT)

I coulda sworn I had an A (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE  
COMIN OUT)  
I grab the mic in a RAGE...

[Pras]

You put, one and one together now you think you a  
rapper  
Baseball cap backward, forearms swingin like a hip-  
hopper  
You do the rhyme, thinkin no one can stop ya  
I be the followin that chop ya down as I clock ya, hah  
When I say five-oh, I mean fifty not guns or cops  
Now here's the heavyweight knocker, the freedom  
fighter  
Natural rhythm rock a mic I always rhyme I'm never  
drinkin vodka  
Any old style, I throw it in a locker

[Lauryn Hill]

Well I'm a Gucci rocker, I never drank no vodka  
Me got no bag of cheeba cause I never had a knocker  
My cousin's name was Shaka, for short we called him  
'Aka  
I flip it on wack MC's because to me they flow like caca

[Pras]

You boogie move the groove, nothing to prove you lose  
Your style remind of yesterday, old news  
Sad sung blues who's, chose the one to feel the pain  
Or bring the cane, tick-tock I come to pick your lock  
It's not for capital gain  
So watch out for the remain, or cry from bloodstain  
Bustin nuts, bustin style  
Gettin buckwild some think I'm the descendant of a  
wilder child  
Comin on the mic, from a higher level  
Broke is no joke/choke the hell out of the devil

[Wyclef]

(THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)  
What about Martin? (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN  
OUT)  
What about Malcolm? (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN  
OUT)  
Rosa Parks? (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)  
You hung a man after dark (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE  
COMIN OUT)  
Cease the violence! (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN  
OUT)

Yo who got the power, to make a man raise from the

dead?

Some said that it was Jesus, they said he was a notty  
dread

But I don't mean to confuse a world that's confused  
Mind's atomic, so like a bomb, let me drop it  
Can't get too deep, cause some sleep while I wake  
In a dream that's made of wine but let me bring it back  
to grapes

Teacher, explain the parable, it's simple:  
It's easier for the camel to go through the eye of a  
needle

Than for you to enter the kingdom, or battle  
And walk away, with the title when I get, brutal  
Feelings are mutual so sign your life, to Prudential  
Don't even flinch, the other becomin spiritual  
There's six million ways to die but choose four  
Cause I can still be in the desert buttnaked and be  
HARDCORE!

[Lauryn Hill]

When ? checks that means pump your fist  
Remember Moses people, this is Exodus  
Don't try to stop this, the force comes from Genesis  
Them who did us wrong, ask the Lord for forgiveness  
The man got a drum, made the land of the dumb  
We droppin the bass drum, then we ??  
You can't kill the battle with a ?? .. feeling Joshua  
So march to St. Lawrence  
Yo march I got your back, march!

[Wyclef]

Crown Heights (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)  
Cease the violence (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN  
OUT)  
A moment of silence (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN  
OUT)  
For those who died (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN  
OUT)  
Public Enemy (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)  
Number one (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)  
Fredric Douglass (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)  
Harriet Tubman (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)  
?? (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)  
Bob Marley (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)  
Prazwell (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)  
To my man Khalid (THE NAPPY HEADS ARE COMIN OUT)

[Lauryn Hill]

Now, speak of resistance, we're nappy heads  
Rhymes, kinks, braids and dreads  
The mother of creation, epitome of creativity, yeah

And keep your heads nappy

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

---

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