

Fugees

"Nappy Heads (Remix) *"

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

* the album was reissued with the remix included

(Wyclef) Yo Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday?
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking
Saturday-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay
Round up de posse, Fugee comin around the way

(Wyclef) Yo, hey nappy head
(Lauryn) Yo whashup?
(Wyclef) Whatchu got there?
(Lauryn) Hah, I got some of that lyrical cheeba cheeba
(Wyclef) Worrrrrd?

A cheeba cheeba y'all, well I'm a Libra y'all
A cheeba cheeba y'all, well I'm a Libra y'all

Verse One: Wyclef

You wanna battle swing I bring commanding men like I
was king
In all your dreams I write the horror flick of Stephen
King
Cling to false also those papers say ock
I got tired of the fat lady so I sing to my own opera
Ba-lang-balang-balang-to-de-man-de-rock-cause I love
thee
If you live by the sword you will be die by the gun
Cause all guys tell lies, and more girls commits it
I was ordered to Code Red, but now I'm chillin with A
Few Good Men
Assassination on the kid from the capitol
I never play the soap opera but now I'm a General
Hospital
Condition critical, spirit over who's the physical
So if I die, catch me at the funeral
I'll fly away, ohh glory
With a mic in my hand to a land where only God knows
me
And the angels write raps on holy paper
I said I'm lookin for Jesus, he said take the escalator
One flight up, is guaranteed you'll be there
My sister'd be there, my mother'd be there

So, Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday?
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking
Saturday-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay
Round up de posse, Fugee comin around de way

Verse Two: Lauryn Hill

I don't puff blunts so I always got my breath
Never had to battle with a bullet proof vest
They call me cock-weasel but I, still cave a chest
I don't wear Jheri curls cause I'm nah from the West
No disrespect to the West, true indeed
I rock it to the East, the East is the seed
To see that them days back, yo sheepskins and Hot
Tracks
Peace to Mr. Magic, things are getting tragic
Now we on some new stuff, I never feared the Ku Kluk
My own clan is actin up, I blame it on the Phillie blunt
Whatcha gonna do, kids are acting oooohhhh
Hill is gettin fed up, yo where's the coporate at
A Mister Three Piece Suit
Check the square roots, Girbauds and Timberland
boots
Nahhhh that's the serpents, and know them garment
tips
I got a head full of problems and a hand full of nappy
roots
I feel a Jones' comin down, yo I...
(I got the slang to make the chitty-bang-bang
a-rid-dang-de-dang, the nappy head bang)
No I, got hte slang to make the chitty-bang-bang
A-rid-dang-de-dang, the nappy heads bang

(Yo Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking
Saturday-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay
Round up de posse, Fugee comin round de way
Ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay
Nappy heads in the zone and we're not goin home!)

Verse Three: Prazwell, Wyclef

Hey yo a battle is a battle but a battle's not a battle
If it'sssssssssss snake doesn't rattle
Cause my style's as old as a reptile
As slick as a new Nile, as new as a new child
So come follow me to the land of Abraham
This land's your land, this land's my land
The blacker the black man, the better the next man
(Yo some nappy heads need to check they necks for
red)

Ihhhh, feel injection
Put the needle to your skin feel reality's heroin
You maintain to put a negro in pain you used to diss me
"Oh you wanna hang with old Eddie Kane?" (The Five Heartbeats)
Ain't nuttin wrong, 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 hell was so wonderful bout cotton in the
farm
Mr. Slaaaaaave Maaaaaan!
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 drawer for the count who drops
You slept on a kid from the boondocks
Out of Motorville land of the I'll kill
Bellsburg Viking so you know I'm top ranking Phil
Some say who coming like like the yuma but save the
rumor
Cause I've been rockin ever since eighty-two
When I used to rock my Pumas...

A cheeba cheeba y'all, well I'm a Libra y'all (4X)

Yo Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking

Saturday-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay
Round up de posse Fugee comin around de way
Ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay
Nappy heads in the zone and we're not goin home!
(repeat 2X)

I wear my sunglasses at night
To spy on my girlfriend that's right
They dancin romancin freakin at night!
yes yes yes a yes yes y'all
(repeat 2X)

Mona Lisa...
...nappy heads in the zone and we not goin home!

A cheeba cheeba y'all, well I'm a Libra y'all (4x)
And to the beat y'all, and to the beat y'all, come on
everybody (to fade)

