

## Fugees

# "Vocab (Salaam's Remix)"

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[Wyclef]

Uh-Huh, Uh-Huh...

[(Wyclef - Singing) {Wyclef in brackets} Lauryn Singing in parentheses]

Vocab, on your mind! {We used to rock the mics in the park!} (Vocab)

Vocab, in your mind! {We used to rock the mic after dark} (Vocab)

The Vocab we bring is Blunted On Reality! {We used to rock the mics in the

Park!}

(Vocab)

So kick back, relax, with a crew called Refugees {We used to rock the mic

After dark} (Vocab)

[Wyclef - Verse One]

Uh to my, people who pass

I pass gas, to light my incense

I do a sundance, for those who died in the ambulance

A simple stick-up, 'cause affects on the wrong lad

Wrong vocab, he fell into the gap, no coming back

Your hurry is he gets buried, the streets are empty

Mom cry "misery"

Little Bill waits for the adversary

'Cause if it's my brother, I gotta get revenge

Action brings reaction, provoked by the street gem

That's when, oh help me, please Zsa Zsa

My niggas come to the dance, gun salute, with the revolver! (BLAOW!!)

Out of respect, you catch wreck, they blast the tech!

If your shit is wack, don't turn your back, you'll get pussy-smacked!

I don't matter the year, tears for fears, I rule the world

And in my vision, the world is science fiction

Roxanne!!! You don't have to work for money no more!!!!

And...I'm not smiling at no fake M.C.'s

'Cause is it me, or do you work for the K.G.B. ?

A-Schiscka Bob, he drives a Dodge, he's a nobody

Nobody's a somebody

This nobody's a spy, kid  
He's the rap trader, I'm the battle fulfiller  
And if I was Magilla Gorilla, the mic's my Ban-ana  
So Coca-Cabana, who Anna on my scanner?  
My Grandma slam-a-any crews  
Ban, or surrender, Anna!  
Refugee Camp, grab him! Bag him!  
Throw him in the swamp, and let the swamp monsters  
have him!

[Chorus 1x] add "Vocab baby, vocab!" -Lauryn

[Prakazrel "Pras"]

Then cast off from here to Mexico!  
You see my 4-5-6-a-be my cee-lo!  
And when I rest my head it's on a peee-low!  
B-D-B-D-B-D-B-B-D-B-BO!  
You see the skills I manifest, is very thorough!  
And if you don't believe me ask Freres Jacques, hunhh!  
A-Freres Jacques! A-Freres Jacques! A dorme vous? A  
dorme vous?  
Say our father, who art in Heaven  
Forgive the foolish rapper  
For he not know how which he be steppin'  
Correctin'  
Stopped and kept and, nuff respect to the D.J.  
That be selecting, that type of record  
Watch out now!!! When I choose to speak  
I'm forming the cipher fly east to the five percenter  
Knowledge is born, to all beginners  
Cast the first stone if you feel you ain't a sinner  
After eight stays, we resorted to rebell  
I'm packin' up my Nine  
To remedy my stale (?)  
Ask your local mechanic, he'll tell you my esophagus is  
very profane!  
I'm even locking Stephen King in his own ending!  
God damn it! You got static?! Drop your automatic!!!  
Niggas fabricating lyrics with cheap fabrics!  
All originale damn man is originale, oh! Bah-Ah-Ah-Ah-  
Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah!

[Wyclef]

Ahh, look at the youths, sick of the violence

[Chorus 1x]

[Lauryn "L-Boogie" Hill]

The gorey got you hot 'cause you coop what you are!  
But I've been rockin' mic's since the days of Babylon!  
My pen was eucalyptus, and my rappin' was the scroll

I walked for many moons, and let the sandels jist to my  
control  
You're swole 'cause you couldn't cross the burnin'  
sands  
You never had no mercy when my people was in  
Egypt's land  
Say, "Yes I can!" With the force of Elijah  
Steppin' to you, they get irrigated like the Niger  
So hide the cattle  
Fugees come to battle  
We'll take all your bounty, then we'll eat your vittles  
I'm used to the type of poetics that mesmerize  
I caught you checkin' with them Bette Davis eyes!  
Surprise, surprise! You never knew a girl could stylize!  
It's from the soul! I ain't freakin' with white lies  
Yo, hey guys! Remember the summer of '92?  
Battle after battle! Crew after crew!  
So, hachoo! Fugees coming with a brand new style!  
I'm rollin' with them hoodies from the H-A-!  
It takes awhile for them average niggas to get it  
But once they understand they won't want to freak with  
this, see...  
I'm like the phantom  
That's flying like the bird  
Doin' shit you never heard  
Plus I come from the suburbs  
Word to God!  
I heard ya had it kinda hard  
And you got your skin scarred when they was shootin'  
on the boulevard!

[Chorus 2x]

"Vocab, baby" 14x (Lauryn)

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