

Wyclef Jean "Where Fugees At?"

Visit "[Where Fugees At?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh huh, uh huh
Feels good to be back at the essence where it all
started you know
Uh huh, uh huh
What up
Uh huh, uh huh
Turn up my headphones man, uh huh uh huh
I got a few things I wanna tell the people out there
Yo, yo, yo

All I hear is Fugee this, Fugee that
Where Fugee At? I need Fugees to spit up on this track
Lauryn if you're listenin, Pras if you're listenin
Gimme a call I'm in the lab in the Booga Basement
Y'all know my style, I'm still *mini, money, mini, mini
It aint all about the money*

When I was hustla, two dogs by my side plus a black
pistola
Loud MCs, feel the silencer
Y'all still rhymin, y'all cuckoo, I send cycles to Belvue
This aint a sequel son, but I have you "Scream 2" AHHH
Real live cinema of the streets produced a junkie
Put back on your shirt man you lookin like ET
You're cracked out, for dough, some blow on
saxophone
You're rhymin off beat even with help from my
metronomes
See, y'all aint MCs, you a CM
Common Motherfucker rhymin about Lexus and Benz
The same Benz you got jacked in, drunk off of Gin
You woke up in hell gettin sexed by Marilyn Manson
You lie, you deny, pass me the microphone
I guess like Eddie Murphy you was givin 'em a ride
home
Yeah right, 25 mics, material in The Source
While your rap crew's on steroids lookin like Full Force
Your girl she's buffed, puffed, in daytime don't play
rough
The freaks come out at night so that's when I bring out
the cuffs
Grandma yell, CD player number two

Shadae's in my bedroom singin "sweetest taboo"

All I hear is Fugee this, Fugee that
Where Fugee At? I need Fugees to spit up on this track
Lauryn if you're listenin, Pras if you're listenin
Gimme a call I'm in the lab in the Booga Basement
Y'all know my style, I'm still *mini, money, mini, mini
It aint all about the money*

We used to rap, now y'all wanna come and get me with
a bat?

Y'all must be smokin crack, with Pookie from New Jack
How could y'all forget, I'm the reason y'all MC
But y'all flip like Pharisees and charge me for
blasphemy

You know who you are, eight bar superstar
Karate cars, buy up the bars with the credit cards
You wanna impress, I'm young chick, you just met
First thing she say, "I used to run with Wyclef"
Look surprised, see your flesh outside your vest
Yeah you could fight, in the WWF

'Cause in this arena aint nothin but gladiators and
haters

Hopin they kill me and roll and feed me to the tigers
Oh Lord, protect me from the devil

They open the book of life, y'all readin like the anti
christ

Your weak kid, stop lyin to the public
You wanted it so bad that you took all the production
credits

Some MCs in the underground, mad at me 'cause I'm
above ground

Counting English pounds

I tell ya what, success don't come overnight

I was in Noah's Ark for Forty days and Forty nights

Contemplatin what should I write, what should I recite

'Cause aint nobody here but thugs and chicks wit ice

That's when I daydream into the twilight

Girls wit they man, screamin "I hate life"

Baby girl look in the opposite direction

'Cause my class is the *Misedu *

All I hear is Fugee this, Fugee that
Where Fugee At? I need Fugees to spit up on this track
Lauryn if you're listenin, Pras if you're listenin
Gimme a call I'm in the lab in the Booga Basement
Y'all know my style, I'm still *mini, money, mini, mini
It aint all about the money*

