

A Transylvanian Funeral "Luck Of Lucien"

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Verse 1: q-tip

Brother, brother, brother, lucien, youre like no other.
Listen very close cause I dont like to boast.
Instead, Ill tell the tale of a french who prevailed
Through the mr. crazy rabbits who were always on his
tail.
? on sale, your rumour starts to wail.
Get caught with stolen goods and you will go to jail.
If you go to jail, then who will pay the bail?
Theyll put you back to france on a ship with a sail.
Escargot, lucien, you eat snails.
(hey yo tip, whats wrong with snails?)
From the zulu nation, from a town called paris,
Came to america to find liberty.
Instead of finding pleasure, all you found was misery,
But listen, lucien, you have a friend in me.
Oh, luck luck will drive you butt baddy.
Next time you get some wheels, make it a caddy.
In terms of doing good, I know you wish you really
could,
But listen, brother man, I really think you can.
Succeed with the breed of the brothers on your back.
Its the creme de la creme, and you can bounce with
that.
Itll take a minute, ? rice? , so take my advice.
Trust in us, and thus you trust in your life.
Lucine, lucien, lucien, lucien.
You should know!

Verse 2: q-tip

Are you ready, lu?
This one is for you,
Comin from a true-blue, fits like a shoe.
? or commenet-allez-vous?
Lucien, Ill leave it up to you.
Voulez vous (vous).
Endez vous (vous).
Coo-coo (coo).
Les poo-poo (poo)

Watch that lass, gonna backlash fast.
Can you get a grip on the crackhead dip?
Sold you a paper bag, guess he saw you comin,
Vcr from a neck-bone bummin,
\$10 brother, he was hummin and strummin,
Only had 20, he was livin like ya slummin,
Gave him the money, well, I thought that was somethin,
Lookin like a kid who was lost in crumbin.
Dont worry about a thing, I wont get specific.
This is a song that is long and prolific.
Think of the stuff that I said if you can.
Figure it out, compute, understnad.
No problemo, Ill help you with your demo
If you go to the store for me.
Lucien, Im just kiddin.
You should know!

Verse 3: q-tip

You gotta get a grip on the missions youll be takin,
Not so much the mission, but you got crazy ignition.
Sure, the sugar-babies wanna give you a chance
With the french savoir faire and the sexy dance,
But is she really fly, or is she a guy?
I wont ask why, cause I know that you try.
You try too hard, is that the answer to the riddle?
Instead of doin so much, why dont you do just a little?
Boy, what a cad, I guess we shouldnt treat him bad.
In fact, it would be nice if we understood him like
A case of positionin the feet in the shoes,
Sympathetic reason in the case of the blues.
Lucien is blue, even though hes really brown.
I had to make the sound, his life is too profound.
On the up-and-up, hes somethin like a little pup,
Young and naive, its hard to believe.
As long as youre strong, you can quest with the
questers,
Jolly like a jumping bean or a jester.
Lucien, lucien, lucien, lucien.
You should know!

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