

## Poor Old Lu

### "Allies"

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Featuring The Fugees

WJ: Yo this mic is on?  
The wickedest combination in the world!

WI: No doubt Poor Righteous Teachers Refugees you  
know what I'm saying?

[Pras]  
Walk around in the record industry  
I'm looking at all the Pharasees  
Asking me where I'm going  
All I know is one day that Babylon will be fallen  
They welcome me into Jerusalem  
Eighty niggas highly crucial by Ham  
I got my .45 by my side  
Just in case another nigga tests me someone's gonna  
die

[Wyclef Jean]  
Bo bo so bo I leave the boat for the pope  
Smoke mad weed but not touch Bayley Coke  
Primary purpose of the set  
Is to present techniques and guided practice  
And forced access to forfeit  
Emcees lose focus  
Wyclef to accomplish throwing crumbs in the hell pit  
Vocabulary, comprehension, steady reading and  
critical analyzing  
Techniques to enable DJ's to interact with my material  
Play it on your turntable scratch it if you're able  
Characteristics, circumstances  
Will determine how long you live Mr. actor, Mrs. actress

[Pras]  
I act will snatch gats from kids with packed back black  
raps  
In an Ac to get with that

LH: Ah ah ah ah

WI: Easy!

[Wise Intelligent]

Black people say I represent when I get my chance  
But when I'm rippin' to this beat, yo it's my nubian  
dance  
That I be doing  
Around these suckers' titles that I ruin  
Although you do not like the flow you should not have  
been booing  
Now you and your crew had better get your act  
together  
Before I have to cut the fool release the stormy weather  
Whatever you say, but nigga pop your shit my way  
And you'll be screaming "Mercy me" like if your name  
was Marvin Gaye  
Now put it away and stay the fuck up out my face  
I smack you in the mouth homeboy and you'll be  
missing taste  
What a waste to everything existing up till now  
So many claiming butter but just don't be knowing how

LH: Ah ah ah

WI: So my selector, come with the rhythm!

[Pras]

For sure I'm law to be the poor righteous conscious  
You might just feel thrust when I touch like Midas  
My tongue is gigantic, lyrics are tremendous  
Wyclef and Pras they drop hits wherever they goes like  
Gladys  
Catch the midnight train to Georgia  
As my tongue does a dropkick like Sgt. Slaughter  
New world order, you lions who are trying to roar  
I'll silence you lambs like Jodie Foster  
There's no need to feel sentimental  
Parental guidance is advised for those who despise  
The Wise and Intelligent, Refugees, immigrants

LH: Ah ah ah ah

WI: My selector, Culture Freedom lay the wickedest  
basslines

[Wise Intelligent]

May...I... kick a little something for the G-O-D's in the J-E-  
R-S-E-Y  
Because you niggas know me I'm the da gan ya dee  
Sixteen five four three five coincide freak wise  
Time you recognize who run up in the nine

Rush like water raw cuts in your guts  
Trails from Rozelle oh hell we rock bells  
Live as Stuyvesant, Wise and them, rise again  
The Gods A.V.G. they'll bomb Washin-  
No man 'em trouble they jet something  
Don't make me have to kick you on your God damned  
chin  
I'll frappe you in your head with bottle of Heinekein  
La  
Mister Wise

[Lauryn Hill]

OK, ha  
My intellect will protect what you threaten  
Captain to Lieutenant, even take cadets in  
I take them all rich and to the powerful  
Don't fear no other force I be defining your hardcore  
The folklore you spread down over tracks  
Got you gassed off some shit may I suggest Ex-Lax  
Relax! Your whole perception seems to be distorted  
In my dimensions fake refugees get deported  
Jokers be biting each other's styles so much it's eerie  
So many deja vu's but can't no other crews come near  
me  
It's weary, my brothers couldn't hold this if they  
grasped it  
Confession to Jesus are even tried to master  
I passed it off the levels of your mere mathematics  
I'm on some astrophysics Quantum Leaping on your  
tactics  
Triple bypasses, your crew's slow as molasses  
While I amass cream like Jackie Kennedy Onassis

Ah ah ah ah  
Refugee P.R.T. connect  
New Jersey, this is how we do it

WI: If hip hop was a thing that money could not buy  
The righteous would never live and the righteous would  
never die  
Poor Righteous teachers and Refugees come to testify  
We world sexy style  
Yo

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