Refugees On The Mic

Fugees

Yo', check it out, I want all the refugees out there
To just put up your motherfuckin' hands, you know you're a fuckin' immigrant
Put up your hands youknowhatI'msayin'?
I'ma start this shit off like this, this time around
H to the A to the I to the T to the I
Live or die, it's nothin' but a dark side
Fugees on the mic, yeah, yeah
Yo', refugees on the mic, oh yeah, oh yeah
H to the A to the I to the T to the I
Live or die, it's nothin' but a dark side
Fugees on the mic, yeah, yeah
Yo', refugees on the mic, oh yeah, oh yeah
If you wanna snap, SNAP, if you wanna crack, CRACK
If you wanna shoot, give me a second so I can lay flat
Cause this, some the cemetary's, the reality
Where the tough guys get buried in their property
Word to Sampson, the tone will get you hung
I had a friend, they murdered his father and his three year old son
I heard him cursin' the essence of the, the committed the crime
But ah, murder got no time
The country has no law, it's either rich or poor
I'm out the back door, I got nuttin' to fight for
I'm sailin' on a boat like a goat, I clear my throat
When I got to Brooklyn, I was broke, so I selled coke
I look in through microscope, for my country and the hurt
My eyes bleed, I see Aaron Steed, the Haitian Pope
Figure or Dundee, the riginal Malcom X
Swing like the ki's, so should I put on David Tomerfest
Though I'm humberlicious strugglin' to jump
Let me blow her upper her bubble in your face, that'cha ego
Aiyyo, freeze funk, you got to stay stable
Watch out for the devil, he comes after you after the revival
When will he come, what will he do, what will he say?
That's all a mystery, but have your hand grenade
So you can blow the motherfucker away
Beep, beep, I gotta make a sale so I can eat
So Praswell, grab the mic and be complete
Huh, lovin' the wreck in effect, will be all in checkmate
Another style for Praswell to translate

For those who can't relate to stay down my, no man wait
No mistake, when I tell you, your prophet is a fake
You said a contract on a Haitian, three hundred g's
Your sharpshooters are lousy, we mend to high be high hoodies
So show your face a when you waste, I know who's smokin'
The bigger that you try to put out yours just makes me Mr. Nobody
Take high wit'cha just right, it'll be like Michael get ordered, a viper you know
Yeah, a viper cause you might lose a life to the side by like
What did I have to in the line of the barkin' of the bright side
You tried to scare me but I won't mover a
The bully of the block becomes the hour of the glock
So cuckooThe sounds I run are rollin' with the bodyguard

But don't forget the day it's sunny but it'll be foggy
And in the funeral, you'll be singin' a new tune
May your soul rest on the moon, Jack in wood spoon
In Channel Seven, you said Death before Cut
You killed so many that your conscience ended up, whattup? WHAT
Aiyyo black men, you're dyin' by a dozen cousin
So all I do is walk away yo' Prince as if nothin' happened
You call me a punk, I gotta step cause all you did was flex
But don't get closer cause the kid still gotta keep his rep
See I'm known for the crew like the jewel was the jewel
Like the follow got the boo, like the miller got the boo
Let the fool cop the man jewel, suck up, up the ?cool-lew?
Oh why you got the ha ha lew lew?
I got the rap loose, so sci bi dee bob bob, you don't stop
You do the rap rap, from hip hop to be bop, from be bop
To beep beep, the Haitian kid, beeper's goin' off beep beep
I gotta make a sale so I can eat, beep, beep
The Haitian kid, beeper's goin' off, you know I got no time to sleep, so beep beep
H to the A to the I to the T to the I
Live or die, it's nothin' but a dark side
Fugees on the mic, YEAH
Yo', refugees on the mic, oh yeah, oh yeah
Man, I went to cops the other day to plead for my innocence
They brought me in another charges of a legal residents
And L, E, N, on a foreign land
Watch me go back to my land and then there will be a thing
Gorillas in the mist, where everything, and the light becomes a priest
They put up they guard, they pump up they fists
Now I'm number one on they motherfuckin' hit list
Goin' down for first degree of manslaughter
Makin' change out of emcee's makin' them outta quarters
That's they value, that's what they worth

Cause the first shall be last and the last shall be first, yeah
What we learned was to burn, now cause you c came
With that machette, it's your turn
It's not funny, but twenty a month is what you earn baby
We on to the Yankee, pass the mic to the, Yankee
Well I'm as cool to ya the mic I'm checkin' comin' from my temple
With a message, to deliver, but the back is very simple
I'm the girl, Yankee, rollin' wit' the kids from Haiti
Coolin' as a mighty grab who gets the last laugh hahaha
You bite size with my Haitian from they stinks as my, Yankee
Wonderin' who was the first to pull over girl as soon as it came out son
My history, a hypocrite, so what we gonna do?
The dope is dope is only get the man since that is true
So hip hip with my lip as I rip with a felt tip
With a righteous situation, interpretation, a graduation
Your ventilation, and education, segregation, emancipation
A capitalization, it's agration, not separation, ya breath the Haitians
H to the A to the I to the T to the I

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