

# Nappy Heads (remix)

## Fugees

Yo, Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday?  
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind takin'  
Saturday, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay  
Round up de posse, Fugee comin' around the way  
Yo, hey, nappy head  
Yo, whashup?  
Whatchu got there?  
Hah, I got some of that lyrical  
Word?  
Well, I'm a Libra y'all  
Well, I'm a Libra y'all  
You wanna battle swing I bring commandin' men like I was king  
In all your dreams I write the horror flick of Stephen King  
Cling to false also those papers say ock  
I got tired of the fat lady so I sing to my own opera  
Balang, balang, balang to de man de rock 'cuz I love thee  
If you live by the sword you will be die by the gun  
'Cuz all guys tell lies and more girls commits it  
I was ordered to Code Red, but now I'm chillin' with 'A Few Good Men'  
Assassination on the kid from the capitol  
I never play the soap opera but now I'm a General Hospital  
Condition critical, spirit over who's the physical  
So if I die, catch me at the funeral  
I'll fly away, ohh, glory with a mic in my hand  
To a land where only God knows me  
And the Angels write raps on holy paper  
I said, I'm lookin' for Jesus, he said take the escalator  
One flight up, is guaranteed you'll be there  
My sister'd be there, my mother'd be there  
So, Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday?  
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking  
Saturday, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay  
Round up de posse, Fugee comin' around de way  
I don't puff so I always got my breath  
Never had to battle with a bullet proof vest  
They call me cock weasel but I, still cave a chest  
I don't wear Jheri curls 'cuz I'm nah from the West  
No disrespect to the West, true indeed  
I rock it to the East, the East is the seed

To see that them days back, yo sheepskins and Hot Tracks  
Peace to Mr. Magic, things are gettin' tragic  
Now we on some new stuff, I never feared the Ku Kluk  
My own clan is actin' up, I blame it on the Phillie blunt  
Whatcha gonna do, kids are actin' ooohhh  
Hill is gettin' fed up, yo where's the coporate at?  
A Mister Three Piece Suit  
Check the square roots, Girbauds and Timberland boots  
Nah, that's the serpents and know them garment tips  
I got a head full of problems and a hand full of nappy roots  
I feel a Jones' comin' down, yo I  
I got the slang to make the chitty, bang, bang  
A, rid, dang, de, dang, the nappy head bang  
No I, got hte slang to make the chitty, bang, bang  
A, rid, dang, de, dang, the nappy heads bang

Yo, Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday  
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking  
Saturday, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay  
Round up de posse, Fugee comin' round de way  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay  
Nappy heads in the zone and we're not goin' home  
Hey, yo a battle is a battle but a battle's not a battle  
if it's snake doesn't rattle  
'Cuz my style's as old as a reptile  
As slick as a new Nile, as new as a new child  
So come follow me to the land of Abraham  
This land's your land, this land's my land  
The blacker the black man, the better the next man  
Yo, some nappy heads need to check they necks for red  
I, feel injection, put the to your skin feel reality's  
You maintain to put a negro in pain you used to diss me  
"Oh you wanna hang with old Eddie Kane?"  
Ain't nuttin' wrong, snap your head to the song  
Word is bond, you get wrong, I'll have you sing like Louis Armstrong  
And I say to myself, what a wonderful world  
But what the hell was so wonderful 'bout cotton in the farm  
Mr. Slave Man  
The harder they come, the harder they fall, so come one come all  
Don't stall or I'ma stick you like a voodoo doll  
Doors locked stop drawer for the count who drops  
You slept on a kid from the boondocks  
Out of Motorville land of the ill kill  
Bellsburg Viking so you know I'm top rankin' Phil  
Some say who comin' like the yuma but save the rumor

'Cuz I've been rockin' ever since eighty two  
When I used to rock my Pumas  
Yes, yes, y'all, well I'm a Libra y'all  
Yes, yes, yes, well I'm a Libra y'all  
Yes, yes, y'all, well I'm a Libra y'all  
Oh, co'mon, well I'm a Libra y'all  
Yo Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday  
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking  
Saturday, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay  
Round up de posse Fugee comin' around de way  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay  
Nappy heads in the zone and we're not goin' home!  
Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday  
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking  
Saturday, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay  
Round up de posse Fugee comin' around de way  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay  
Nappy heads in the zone and we're not goin' home  
I wear my sunglasses at night  
To spy on my girlfriend, that's right  
They dancin', romancin', freakin' at night  
Yes, yes, yes, a yes, yes, y'all  
I wear my sunglasses at night  
To spy on my girlfriend, that's right  
They dancin', romancin', freakin' at night  
Say, Mona Lisa could I get a date on Friday

Lyrics provided by

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