

# Luck of Lucien (Featuring Lucien Revolucien)

## A Tribe Called Quest

Brother, brother, brother, Lucien, you're like no other  
Listen very close 'cause I don't like to boast  
Instead, I'll tell the tale of a French who prevailed  
Through the Mr. Crazy Rabbits who were always on his tail  
When it ain't on sale, your rumor 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?  
They'll put you back to France on a ship with a sail  
Escargot, Lucien, you eat snails  
(Hey yo Tip, what's 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  
It's the creme de la creme, and you can bounce with that  
It'll 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! Are you ready, Lu?  
This one is for you,  
Comin' from a true-blue, fits like a shoe  
"Como estas tu" or "Commenet-allez-vous"?  
Lucien, I'll 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'  
Don't worry about a thing, I won't 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, I'll help you with your demo  
If you go to the store for me  
Lucien, I'm just kiddin'  
You should know! You gotta get a grip on the missions you'll be takin'  
Not so much the mission, but you got crazy ignition  
Sure, the sugar-babies want to give you a chance  
With the French "savoir faire" and the sexy dance  
But is she really fly, or is she a guy?  
I won't 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 don't you do just a little?  
Boy, what a cad, I guess we shouldn't treat him bad  
In fact, it would be nice if we understood him like  
A case of positioning the feet in the shoes  
Sympathetic reason in the case of the blues  
Lucien is blue, even though he's really brown  
I had to make the sound, his life is too profound  
On the up-and-up, he's somethin' like a little pup  
Young and naive, it's hard to believe  
As long as you're strong, you can quest with the questers  
Jolly like a jumping bean or a jester  
Lucien, Lucien, Lucien, Lucien  
You should know!

Songwriters

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