

# Zealots

## Fugees

Another MC lose his life tonight, lord  
I beg that you pray to Jesus Christ, why  
O lord, father don't let him bury me, whoa

I haunt MC's like Mephistophales  
Bringin swords and Damacles  
Secret service keep a close watch as if my name was Kennedy  
Abstract raps simple with a street format  
Gaze into the sky and measure planets by parallax.  
Check out the retrograde motion, kill the notion  
Of biting and recycling and calling it your own creation.  
I Feel like Rockwell, "Somebody's watching me"  
I got no privacy whether on land or at sea.  
And for you biting zealots, your raps are cacophonic  
Hypocrite, critic, but deep inside you wish you had the pop hit.  
It hurts don't it, the refugees come to your turf and take over the earth.

See my rhymes are the type of fly rhymes  
That can only get down with my crew  
And if you try to take lines or bite rhymes  
We'll show you how the refugees do.

Behold, as my odes, manifold on your rhymes  
Two MC's can't occupy the same space at the same time.  
It's against the laws of Physics.  
So weep as your sweet dreams break up like Eurythmics  
Rap rejects my tape deck, ejects projectile  
Whether jew or gentile  
I rank top percentile,  
Many styles,  
More powerful than gamma rays  
My grammar pays,  
Like Carlos Santana plays  
Black Magic Woman  
So while you fuming, I'm consuming  
Mango juice under Polaris,  
You're just embarrassed  
Cause it's your "Last Tango in Paris"  
And even after all my logic and my theory,

I add a muthaf\*\*ker so you ignint niggas hear me.

And you remember take notes,

As I sow my rap otas

And for you biting zealots, here's a quote.

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You can try but you can't divide the tribe

These cats can't rap, Mr. Author I feel no Vibe

The magazine says the girl should have gone solo,

The guys should stop rapping, vanish like Menudo.

Took it to the heart, but every actor plays his part

As long as someone was listening, I knew it was a start,

For me to get a chance, grab my pen and revamp

Do a cameo while everybody do the dance.

Quick now, cause you runnin' out of lucka

Playin' Mr. Big, I'm gonna get you sucka.

While you munchin at your luncheon, I'll be planning your assassination

Then hit you like the Dutchmen

I compress sound sets with my rap DBX

Then drop vocals on my 456 AMPEX

Bring terror to the shop of horror,

As she cries "Mi amor"

The phantom dies in the opera

And to the youngin's who carry gadgets

And kill 6 days a week then on a sabbath.

Violence ain't necessary, unless you provoke me

Then get buried like the great Mussolini

And for you bitin' Zealots

Your rap styles are relics

No matter who you damage

You're still a false prophet.

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