

# Rumble in the Jungle

## Fugees

From When We Were Kings Soundtrack  
[Wyclef](Come on)  
Root to the fruit  
More bass than Bootsy Collins  
You verses me  
Thats like Ali verses Foreman (a-ha)  
God's act, stand back and watch  
Devil's time out  
Can't be timed with no swatch watch  
Who I am, the black Abraham  
Zunga zunga zang, yellow man, Vietnam  
Add an extra bar as I spar with literature  
Taking kingdoms from tsars  
Winning more wars than the Moors  
[Forte]Hey, what's the deal?  
I seen the Devil spar with Allah  
Mathematics was the key to set my whole race free  
You might debate we, a refugee  
No harm hurt me  
Dying, thirsty from the struggle  
To my own hustle bubble  
On the low, woe is me  
To show the Free Bob right  
The righteous Asiatic thinker  
While Satan rob light  
Civilised like the Molly  
Burgundy, wildy rocking  
Seen the fifth when Ali clocked him  
John Forte will keep you locked in  
[Q-Tip]People all around  
You got to recognise and witness  
The Mister who swift enough to knock you out with Mic fitness  
Hands blistered from holding the mics tight  
Some say it's fright night  
Well throw the R after the F 'Cause I'm gonna take away your breath  
The bell rings and now it's just a daily operation  
Yo, you saw my lubrication  
You can see this occupation (The winner)  
Eh, you know we're from Q-Borough

L-Booie and Clef the trainers, Prazwell promote the throw  
[Lauryn Hill]We used to bite bullets with the pig-skin casing  
Now we perfect slang like a gang of street masons (uh)  
Scribe check make connects  
True pyramid architects (yeah)  
Replace the last name with the X (X)  
The man's got a God complex  
But take the text and change the picture  
Watch Muhammad play the messenger like Holy Muslim scriptures  
Take orders from only God  
Only war when it's Jihad  
See Ali appears in Zaire to reconnect 400 years  
But we the people dark but equal give love to such things  
To the man who made the fam' remember when we were kings  
Blocks on fire (Block's on fire tonight)  
Fiends getting higher (uh-huh)  
Robbing blue collar  
(Hey yo we rob them blue collars)  
Killing for a dollar (Stick 'em up)  
Youths get tired (Ali ah yeah)  
We're dealing with them liars (Ali ah yeah)

(We're dealing with too many liars)  
From Brooklyn to Zaire (uh-huh ah yeah)  
We need a ghetto Messiah (ah yeah come on)  
Send me an angel in the morning, baby  
Send me an angel in the morning, darling  
Send me Muhammad in the morning, baby  
Send me an angel in the morning, darling  
[Ali Shaheed Muhammad]Once the pen hits the pad it's danger  
To this I be no stranger  
Step inside the ring and I'll derange you (Come on)  
I'm hearing no comments  
Everyone looks dispondent  
Dejected, rejected similiar to Liston  
Catching lists  
Beat it, sonny  
My man is still the greatest in this  
To hell with Frazier yappin' about that negative shit  
Now listen, you can try and escape if you want to  
But ask yourself, who the hell you gonna run to  
Like Sade Abu you got a punch that I can sleep to  
Fugees, Tribe, Busta Rhymes forever coming through  
[Prazwell]We sing Amazing Grace over two dollar plate  
One roll snake eyes like Jake The Snake

Many lies put up for stakes  
Wash our sins at the Great Lakes  
You and I cannot see eye to eye  
So therefore we cannot relate  
I'm here when I make myself crystal clear  
You fled to Cape Fear when I laced you in Zaire  
Tussle with a lasso in the Royal Rumble  
Seperate boys from men in the concrete jungle  
[Busta Rhymes]I remember when Cassius Clay flipped the script  
Taking trips to Zimbabwe  
Africans started calling the God Ali Bumbaye (so bwoy)  
It be the God stricken, God nutrition, lightly stricken (ha)  
Blow that make you feel like you was poison bitten  
Ha yo I'm 'bout to blister you and your sister  
Predicting every ass whipping before my fights my nigga  
This be your last warning once you walk past the doorman  
Ali and Foreman gonna lock ass until the morning  
Marvellous finances provided by Joseph Mobutu  
Special guests of honour like the Archbishop Desmond Tutu  
We watched the Rumble In The Jungle  
To see who be the targeted uncle to be the first to fall and fumble  
Nuff blows they gettong thrown, like solid milestones  
Internally shaking up niggas, imbalance your chromosones  
With the force of a thousnad warriors  
When I bust your ass identify me as the lord victorious  
Blocks on fire (You're a star)  
(Blocks on fire)  
Fiends getting higher (You're a star)  
Robbing blue collar (You're a star)  
(Yeah rob them blue collars)  
Killing for a dollar (You're a star)  
Youths get tired (You're a star)  
(Youths getting tired)  
We're dealing with them liars (You're a star)  
(We're dealing with too many liars)  
From Brooklyn to Zaire (You're a star)  
We need a ghetto Messiah

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