

# Where Fugees At?

## Wyclef Jean

Uh huh, uh huh  
Feels good to be back at the essence where it all started you know  
Uh huh, uh huh  
What up  
Uh huh, uh huh  
Turn up my headphones man, uh huh uh huh  
I got a few things I want to tell the people out there  
Yo, yo, yo All I hear is Fugee this, Fugee that  
Where Fugee At? I need Fugees to spit up on this track  
Lauryn if you're listenin', Pras if you're listenin'  
Gimme a call I'm in the lab in the Booga Basement  
Y'all know my style, I'm still mini, money, mini, mini  
It ain't all about the money When I was hustler, two dogs by my side plus a black pistola  
Loud MCs, feel the silencer  
Y'all still rhyming, y'all cuckoo, I send cycles to Belvue  
This ain't a sequel son, but I have you "Scream 2" (Ah!)  
Real live cinema of the streets produced a junkie  
Put back on your shirt man you lookin' like ET  
You're cracked out, for dough, some blow on saxophone  
You're rhyming off beat even with help from my metronomes  
See, y'all ain't MCs, you a CM  
Common Motherfucker rhyming about Lexus and Benz  
The same Benz you got jacked in, drunk off of Gin  
You woke up in hell gettin' sexed by Marilyn Manson  
You lie, you deny, pass me the microphone  
I guess like Eddie Murphy you was givin' 'em a ride home  
Yeah right, 25 mics, material in The Source  
While your rap crew's on steroids lookin' like Full Force  
Your girl she's buffed, puffed, in daytime don't play rough  
The freaks come out at night so that's when I bring out the cuffs  
Grand Marnier, CD player number two  
Sade's in my bedroom singin' "sweetest taboo" All I hear is Fugee this, Fugee that  
Where Fugee At? I need Fugees to spit up on this track  
Lauryn if you're listenin', Pras if you're listenin'  
Gimme a call I'm in the lab in the Booga Basement  
Y'all know my style, I'm still mini, money, mini, mini  
It ain't all about the money We used to rap, now y'all want to come and get me with a bat?  
Y'all must be smokin' crack, with Pookie from New Jack  
How could y'all forget, I'm the reason y'all MC

But y'all flip like Pharisees and charge me for blasphemy  
You know who you are, eight bar superstar  
Karate cars, buy up the bars with the credit cards  
You want to impress some young chick you just met  
First thing she say, "Ain't you used to roll with Wyclef"  
Look surprised, see your flesh outside your vest  
Yeah you could fight, in the WWF  
'Cause in this arena ain't nothin' but gladiators and haters  
Hopin' they kill me and roll and feed me to the tigers  
Oh Lord, protect me from the devil  
They open the book of life, y'all readin' like the anti Christ  
Your weak kid, stop lyin' to the public  
You wanted it so bad that you took all the production credits  
Some MC's in the underground, mad at me 'Cause I'm above ground  
Counting English pounds  
I tell ya what, success don't come overnight  
I was in Noah's Ark for Forty days and Forty nights  
Contemplatin' what should I write, what should I recite  
'Cause ain't nobody here but thugs and chicks wit' ice  
That's when I daydream into the twilight  
Girls wit' they man, screamin' "I hate life"  
Baby girl look in the opposite direction  
'Cause my class is the Misedu'All I hear is Fugee this, Fugee that  
Where Fugee At? I need Fugees to spit up on this track  
Lauryn if you're listenin', Pras if you're listenin'  
Gimme a call I'm in the lab in the Booga Basement  
Y'all know my style, I'm still mini, money, mini, mini  
It ain't all about the money

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