Vocab

Fugees

Yo, this is the Fugees, refugees about to take you on a journey
Into the dimensions of The Booga Basement, The Basement, word
Hey yo, one two three, the crew is called ReFugees
And if you come fa tes the rap stylee
Stop the violence and just bring it on, wild
Hey yo I, feel kind of melancholy people think they really know me
I keep a wrap about me while I'm driving daddy's Audi
I pay the toll fighting for my own soul
'Cause the bourgeoisie type of mental sucks like a flat comb
But I be baitin' the rebel base to bass distort the EQ
The devil's wishin' they could send me back to Mogadishu
Cause I've been wild since I was a juvenile
Afro-centric profile, back when righteous rap was your style
Now kids are whylin' so I ask the bad black
Boogie bandit, what's the damage, gimme the estimate then
Pray tell me when's the revolution will begin?
I turn on my TV, I check out Farrakhan on CNN see
I'm like the phantom that's flyin' like the bird do
And things you never heard plus I come from the suburbs
Word to God, I heard you're acting kind of hard
And you got your skin scarred when they was shootin' on the boulevard
(You got the vocab)
I got the vocab
(Underground got the vocab)
You know we got the vocab
(All my peeps got the vocab)
Yeah, we got the vocab
Aiyyo Praz, grab the mic and show you got the gift of gab
Then cast off from here to Mexico
You see my four-five-six a-be my Celo
And when I rest my head is on a pillow
Be-ba-dee-be, be-dee-be, be-dee-be-bo
You see the skills I manifest is very tho-rough
And if you don't believe me ask Freres Jacques
Freres Jacques, Freres Jacques
A dorme vous? A dorme vous?
Watch out now when I choose to speak
I'm forming the cipher fly East to the Five Percenter
Knowledge is born, to all beginners

Cast the first stone, if you feel you ain't a sinner, ah
Say, our Father, who art in Heaven
Forgive the foolish rapper for he not know how Fugee be steppin'
Correct and, stopped and kept in, nuff respect to the
DJ, that be selectin', the type of record ah
(You got the vocab)
I got the vocab
(The click's got the vocab)
You know they got vocab

(Brooklyn got the vocab)
We got the vocab
Aiyyo Clef grab the mic and show you got the gift of gab
Check it out, here we go
Back in Eighty-three, no one wanted to be nappy
I turn on my TV, it's a dreadlock for free
Kill the gimmick it's nonsense, it's no sense or value
A rapper, disaster, nobody ever told me that
"Roxanne, you don't got to work for money no more!" and
Back in the days I used to listen to Kool G Rap
Way back when before guns became gats and
Run-DMC used to ask Mary was she buggin'?
I loved P.E., they kept me conscious of what I was sayin'
Afrika Bambaata, Poor Righteous Teacher
Got within myself so it made me a Five Percenter
Say La-di-da-di, we like to party but
My jam was BDP, with My Philosophy
Say Grandmaster Flash, MC Melle Mel
Then LL Cool J came with Rock the Bells
See I'm the one for the crew, like a Jew is a Jew
Like Apollo got the moon, like the men who got the blue
Like the Fu got the Manchu, Chaka got the Zulu
Hawaii got the Honolulu
I got the rap lieu, so skippedy-de-bop-bop you don't stop
You do the rock-rock from hip-hop through be-bop
From be-bop to bee-bee
(You got the vocab)
I got the vocab
(Boogie Down got the vocab)
You know they got the vocab
(Black people got the vocab)
Word, we got the vocab
Aiyyo peeps, grab the mic and show you got the gift of gab
(You got the vocab)
Yeah, we got the vocab

(Queens got the vocab)
You know y'all got the vocab
(Uptown got the vocab)
Yeah, they got the vocab
Aiyyo, bros grab the mic and show you got the gift of gab
(DC got the vocab)
Word, y'all got the vocab
(Virginia got the vocab)
Aiyy, I know y'all got the vocab
(Oakland got the vocab)
Word, they got the vocab
Aiyyo, sisters grab the mic and show you got the gift of gab

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