The Beast

Fugees

Warn the town the beast is loose
Word 'em up y'all
Warn the town the beast is loose
C'mon
Conflicts with night sticks, illegal sales districts
Hand-picked lunatics, keep poli-trick-cians rich
Heretics push narcotics amidst its risks and frisks
Cool cliques throw bricks but seldom get targets
Private-DIC sell hits, like porno-flicks do chicks
The 666 cut W.I.C. like Newt Gingrich sucks dicks
Meanwhile, the government brings Star Wars
From glocks to glockers
C.O.P. has an APB out on Chewbacca
Mista Mayor, can I say somethin' in yo honor?
Yesterday in Central Park they got the Jogger
Okay, okay
Let's get the confusion straight in ghetto Gotham
The man behind the mask you thought
Was Batman is Bill Clinton
Who soon retire, the roof is on fire
Connie Chung brung the bomb
As it comes from Oklahoma
Things are gettin' serious, Kuumbaya
On a mountain Satan offered me, Manhattan help me Jah Jah
Word 'em up
I can't sleep at night
You can't search me without probable cause
Or that proper ammunition they call reasonable suspicion
Listen, I bring friction to your whole jurisdiction
You planted seeds in my seat when I wasn't lookin'
Now, you ask me for my license registration
Where the fuck do I work? What the fuck is my occupation?
Well, I'm an MC, I'm down with the Fugees
Mother Mary caught a flashback like Rodney now the cops got Lolly
The subconscious psychology that you use against me
If I lose control will send me to the penetentiary
Such as Alcatraz or shot up like Al Hajj Malik Shabazz
High class get bypassed while my ass gets harrassed
And the fuzz treat bruh's like they manhood never was

And if you too powerful, you get bugged like Peter Tosh and Marley was
And my word does nothin' against the feds
So my eyes stay red as I chase crazy bald heads, word up
Warn the town the beast is loose
Word 'em up y'all
Warn the town the beast is loose
The chase is on I feel like the bad guy
Fifth gear 125 like New Jersey drive
Looked in my rear view mirror, police was gettin' closer
Heard a roar in the sky, looked up and saw The Blue Thunder
My inner conscious says throw your handkerchief
And surrender but to who?
The Star Spangled Banner, oh
Say, can't you see cops more crooked than we?
By the dawn's early night robbin' niggas for kis
Easy low key crooked military
Pay taxes out my ass
But they still harrass me
The streets of corruption got me bustin' and cussin'
In the concrete jungle, thoughts bein' dribbled like
That tall kid Mutumbo, handled by Hannibal
Soon, I'm gonna be a fugitive like Dr. Kimble
Hey yo, should I slow down? Nah kid go faster
Just ,cause they got a badge, they could still be impostors
Probable ,cause, got flaws like dirty draws
Meet me at the corner store so we can start the street wars
Word 'em up y'all
Warn the town the beast is loose
I can't sleep at night
Warn the town, warn the town

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