

Nappy Heads

Fugees

Yo, Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday?
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind takin'
Saturday, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay
Round up de posse, Fugee comin' around the way
Yo, hey, nappy head
Yo, whashup?
Whatchu got there?
Hah, I got some of that lyrical
Word?
Well, I'm a Libra y'all
Well, I'm a Libra y'all
You wanna battle swing I bring commandin' men like I was king
In all your dreams I write the horror flick of Stephen King
Cling to false also those papers say ock
I got tired of the fat lady so I sing to my own opera
Balang, balang, balang to de man de rock 'cuz I love thee
If you live by the sword you will be die by the gun
'Cuz all guys tell lies and more girls commits it
I was ordered to Code Red, but now I'm chillin' with 'A Few Good Men'
Assassination on the kid from the capitol
I never play the soap opera but now I'm a General Hospital
Condition critical, spirit over who's the physical
So if I die, catch me at the funeral
I'll fly away, ohh, glory with a mic in my hand
To a land where only God knows me
And the Angels write raps on holy paper
I said, I'm lookin' for Jesus, he said take the escalator
One flight up, is guaranteed you'll be there
My sister'd be there, my mother'd be there
So, Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday?
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking
Saturday, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay
Round up de posse, Fugee comin' around de way
I don't puff so I always got my breath
Never had to battle with a bullet proof vest
They call me cock weasel but I, still cave a chest
I don't wear Jheri curls 'cuz I'm nah from the West
No disrespect to the West, true indeed
I rock it to the East, the East is the seed

To see that them days back, yo sheepskins and Hot Tracks
Peace to Mr. Magic, things are gettin' tragic
Now we on some new stuff, I never feared the Ku Kluk
My own clan is actin' up, I blame it on the Phillie blunt
Whatcha gonna do, kids are actin' ooohhh
Hill is gettin' fed up, yo where's the coporate at?
A Mister Three Piece Suit
Check the square roots, Girbauds and Timberland boots
Nah, that's the serpents and know them garment tips
I got a head full of problems and a hand full of nappy roots
I feel a Jones' comin' down, yo I
I got the slang to make the chitty, bang, bang
A, rid, dang, de, dang, the nappy head bang
No I, got hte slang to make the chitty, bang, bang
A, rid, dang, de, dang, the nappy heads bang
Yo, Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking
Saturday, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay
Round up de posse, Fugee comin' round de way
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay
Nappy heads in the zone and we're not goin' home
Hey, yo a battle is a battle but a battle's not a battle
if it's snake doesn't rattle
'Cuz my style's as old as a reptile
As slick as a new Nile, as new as a new child
So come follow me to the land of Abraham
This land's your land, this land's my land
The blacker the black man, the better the next man
Yo, some nappy heads need to check they necks for red
I, feel injection, put the to your skin feel reality's
You maintain to put a negro in pain you used to diss me
"Oh you wanna hang with old Eddie Kane?"
Ain't nuttin' wrong, snap your head to the song
Word is bond, you get wrong, I'll have you sing like Louis Armstrong
And I say to myself, what a wonderful world
But what the hell was so wonderful 'bout cotton in the farm
Mr. Slave Man
The harder they come, the harder they fall, so come one come all
Don't stall or I'ma stick you like a voodoo doll
Doors locked stop drawer for the count who drops
You slept on a kid from the boondocks
Out of Motorville land of the ill kill
Bellsburg Viking so you know I'm top rankin' Phil
Some say who comin' like the yuma but save the rumor
'Cuz I've been rockin' ever since eighty two

When I used to rock my Pumas
Yes, yes, y'all, well I'm a Libra y'all
Yes, yes, yes, well I'm a Libra y'all
Yes, yes, y'all, well I'm a Libra y'all
Oh, co'mon, well I'm a Libra y'all
Yo Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking
Saturday, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay
Round up de posse Fugee comin' around de way
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay
Nappy heads in the zone and we're not goin' home!
Mona Lisa, could I get a date on Friday
And if you're busy, I wouldn't mind taking
Saturday, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay
Round up de posse Fugee comin' around de way
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay
Nappy heads in the zone and we're not goin' home
I wear my sunglasses at night
To spy on my girlfriend, that's right
They dancin', romancin', freakin' at night
Yes, yes, yes, a yes, yes, y'all
I wear my sunglasses at night
To spy on my girlfriend, that's right
They dancin', romancin', freakin' at night
Say, Mona Lisa could I get a date on Friday

Lyrics provided by

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