Zealots

Fugees

One, two, I'm 'bout to set this off, like this
Hip-hoppers, check it
Another MC lose his life tonight, Lord
I beg that you pray to Jesus Christ, why?
Oh Lord, Father don't let him bury me, whoa
I haunt MC's like Mephistopheles, bringin' swords of Damocles
Secret Service keep a close watch as if my name was Kennedy
Abstract raps simple with a street format
Gaze into the sky and measure planets by parallax
Check out the retrograde motion, kill the notion
Of bitin' and recyclin' and callin' it your own creation
I feel like Rockwell, 'Somebody's watching me'
I got no privacy whether on land or at sea
And for you bitin' zealots, your raps are cacophonic
Hypocrite, critic but deep inside you wish you had the pop hit
It hurts don't it, a ReFugee come to your turf
And take over the earth
See my rhymes, are the type of fly rhymes
That can only get down with my crew
And if you try to take lines or bite rhymes
We'll show you how the ReFugees do
Yeah, yeah behold, as my odes, manifold on your rhymes
Two MC's can't occupy the same space at the same time
It's against the laws of physics
So weep as your, 'Sweet Dreams' break up like Eurythmics
Rap rejects my tape deck, ejects projectile
Whether Jew or gentile, I rank top percentile
Many styles, more powerful than gamma rays
My grammar pays, like Carlos Sanatana plays, 'Black Magic Woman'
So while you fumin' I'm consumin' mango juice under Polaris
You just embarrassed 'cause it's your, 'Last Tango in Paris'
And even after all my logic and my theory
I add a motherfucker so you ig'nant niggaz hear me

Crew remember take notes, as I sow my rap oats
And for you bitin' zealots, here's a quote
Ay, another MC lose his life tonight, ohh
I beg that you pray to Jesus Christ, why?
Oh Lord, Father don't let him bury me, aiy

You can try but you can't divide the tribe
These cats can't rap, Mr. Author I feel no Vibe, whatchu readin'?
The magazine says the girl should have went solo
The guys should stop rappin' vanish like Menudo
Took it to the heart but every actor plays his part
As long as someone was listenin', I knew it was a start
For me to get my chance, grab my pen and revamp, bing
Do a cameo while everybody do the dance
Quick now 'cause you runnin' out of luck-a
Playin' Mr. Big, 'I'm Gonna Get You Sucka'
While you munchin' at your luncheon
I'll be plannin' your assassination, bing
Then hit you like The Dutchman
I compress sound sets with my rap DBX
Then drop vocals on my 456 Ampex
Bring terror to the shop of horror
As she cry, "Mi amor," the Phantom dies in the Opera
And to the young'uns who carry gadgets
And kill six days a week, then rest on the Sabbath, hold up, hold up
Violence ain't necessary, unless you provoke me
Then get buried like the great Mussolini
And for you bitin' zealots, your rap styles are relics
No matter who you, 'Damage', you're still a false, 'Prophet'
Ay, another MC lose his life tonight, Lord
I beg that you pray to Jesus Christ, why?
Oh Lord, Father don't let him bury me, yeah

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