

# Introduction

## Fugees

The year  
Two thousand and seventeen, master  
The man  
Every two thousand years a prophecy is prophesized  
The mission  
To carry out the word of the shephard into this cold world  
That just keeps folding  
The group  
I don't know  
Who is the group?  
Tran-Tranzlators  
What can make a mighty man run?  
Make him drop his pride and hide?  
Too black, too strong, wrong  
Spook Sambo Nigga Jane  
You ain't so bad nor big  
White sheets make you sad  
'Fraid you're gonna hang, ahh  
Now that's a black thang  
Boy, you scared of me  
Boo! See  
Hide nigga hide, flee nigga flee, run nigga run  
If I got my hood, my cross, my tree, my gun  
My rope and it's a long one

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