

Luck Of Lucien (ft. Lucien Revolucien)

A Tribe Called Quest

Brother, brother, brother, Lucien, you're like no other
Listen very close 'cause I don't like to boast
Instead, I'll tell the tale of a French who prevailed
Through the Mr. Crazy Rabbits who were always on his tail
When it ain't on sale, your rumor starts to wail
Get caught with stolen goods and you will go to jail
If you go to jail, then who will pay the bail?
They'll put you back to France on a ship with a sail
Escargot, Lucien, you eat snails
(Hey yo Tip, what's wrong with snails?)
From the Zulu nation, from a town called Paris
Came to America to find liberty
Instead of finding pleasure, all you found was misery
But listen, Lucien, you have a friend in me
Oh, luck luck will drive you butt baddy
Next time you get some wheels, make it a Caddy
In terms of doing good, I know you wish you really could
But listen, brother man, I really think you can
Succeed with the breed of the brothers on your back
It's the creme de la creme, and you can bounce with that
It'll take a minute, rice, so take my advice
Trust in us, and thus you trust in your life
Lucine, Lucien, Lucien, Lucien
You should know! Are you ready, Lu?
This one is for you,
Comin' from a true-blue, fits like a shoe
"Como estas tu" or "Commenet-allez-vous"?
Lucien, I'll leave it up to you
Voulez vous (vous)
Endez vous (vous)
Coo-coo (coo)
Les poo-poo (poo)
Watch that lass, gonna backlash fast
Can you get a grip on the crackhead dip?
Sold you a paper bag, guess he saw you comin'
VCR from a neck-bone bummin'
\$10 brother, he was hummin' and strummin'
Only had 20, he was livin' like ya slummin'
Gave him the money, well, I thought that was somethin'

Lookin' like a kid who was lost in crumbin'
Don't worry about a thing, I won't get specific
This is a song that is long and prolific
Think of the stuff that I said if you can
Figure it out, compute, understnad
No problemo, I'll help you with your demo
If you go to the store for me
Lucien, I'm just kiddin'
You should know! You gotta get a grip on the missions you'll be takin'
Not so much the mission, but you got crazy ignition
Sure, the sugar-babies want to give you a chance
With the French "savoir faire" and the sexy dance
But is she really fly, or is she a guy?
I won't ask why, 'cause I know that you try
You try too hard, is that the answer to the riddle?
Instead of doin' so much, why don't you do just a little?
Boy, what a cad, I guess we shouldn't treat him bad
In fact, it would be nice if we understood him like
A case of positioning the feet in the shoes
Sympathetic reason in the case of the blues
Lucien is blue, even though he's really brown
I had to make the sound, his life is too profound
On the up-and-up, he's somethin' like a little pup
Young and naive, it's hard to believe
As long as you're strong, you can quest with the questers
Jolly like a jumping bean or a jester
Lucien, Lucien, Lucien, Lucien
You should know!

Songwriters

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