# Manifest/Outro

## Fugees

I woke up this morning
I was feeling kind of high
It was me, Jesus Christ and Haile Selassie
Selassie said greetings in the name of the most high,
Jah Rhastafari,
Christ, took a sip of the Amaretto,
Passed it down the table said today I'll be betrayed by one you 12 disciples
Give me a clue who could do this to you?
The kid on the block who makes less money than you.
Crooked cops pulled up, they offered him 20 pieces of silver
All he got to do is deliver the savior
Right on Bergen St. from bad luck to good luck
My cup runneth over, pass it down, guzzle up
The time has arrived, the prophecy will manifest
I saw death, I got scared, butterflies on my chest
Father if possible, pass this cup before me,
But it's too late I chose my destiny in Gethsemane.

You see I loved hard once, but the love wasn't returned
I found out the man I'd die for, he wasn't even concerned
And time it turned,
He tried to burn me like a perm
Though my eyes saw the deception, My heart wouldn't let me learn
From um, some, dumb woman, was I,
And everytime he'd lie, he would cry and inside I'd die.
My heart must have died a thousand deaths
Compared myself to Toni Braxton thought I'd never catch my breath
Nothing left, he stole the heart beating from my chest
I tried to call the cops, that type of thief you can't arrest
Pain suppressed, will lead to cardiac arrest
Diamonds deserve diamonds, but he convinced me I was worth less
when my peoples would protest,
I told them mind their business, cause my s*** was complex
More than just the sex
I was blessed, but couldn't feel it like when I was caressed
I'd spend nights clutching my breasts overwhelmed by God's test
I was God's best contemplating death with a Gillette
But no man is ever worth the paradise MANIFEST

Gun-clap Shell cap,
Got them crawling on they back
Come through with the Fu
They be who the F**k is that
It's unpredictable, when my tongue performs like Jujitsu
Cut you with my lyrics, stab you with my pencil
Lethal injection, witness protection
Refugee camp's under investigation
Gunshot bursts in all directions
For the wack MC's we read your revelations
Discharge through your pores
Get raw and kill Boors
I can Capleton when I'm on a Tour
Some manifest, with slugs in they chest
God bless all the Cowboys in the Wild Wild West
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