

Wyclef Jean, Where Fugees At?

[INTRO:]

Uh huh, uh huh

Feels good to be back at the essence where it all started you know

Uh huh, uh huh

What up

Uh huh, uh huh

Turn up my headphones man, uh huh uh huh

I got a few things I wanna tell the people out there

Yo, yo, yo

[HOOK:]

All I hear is Fugee this, Fugee that

Where Fugee At? I need Fugees to spit up on this track

Lauryn if you're listenin, Pras if you're listenin

Gimme a call I'm in the lab in the Booga Basement

Y'all know my style, I'm still *mini, money, mini, mini,

It aint all about the money*

[Verse 1]

When I was hustla, two dogs by my side plus a black pistola

Loud MCs, feel the silencer

Y'all still rhymin, y'all cuckoo, I send cycles to Belvue

This aint a sequel son, but I have you "Scream 2" [AHHH!]

Real live cinema of the streets produced a junkie

Put back on your shirt man you lookin like ET

You're cracked out, for dough, some blow on saxophone

You're rhymin off beat even with help from my metronomes

See, y'all aint MCs, you a CM

Common Motherfucker rhymin about Lexus and Benz

The same Benz you got jacked in, drunk off of Gin

You woke up in hell gettin sexed by Marilyn Manson

You lie, you deny, pass me the microphone

I guess like Eddie Murphy you was givin 'em a ride home

Yeah right, 25 mics, material in The Source
While your rap crew's on steroids lookin like Full Force
Your girl she's buffed, puffed, in daytime don't play rough
The freaks come out at night so that's when I bring out the cuffs
Grandma yell, CD player number two
Shadae's in my bedroom singin "sweetest taboo";

[HOOK]

[Verse 2]

We used to rap, now y'all wanna come and get me with a bat?
Y'all must be smokin crack, with Pookie from New Jack
How could y'all forget, I'm the reason y'all MC
But y'all flip like Pharisees and charge me for blasphemy
You know who you are, eight bar superstar
Karate cars, buy up the bars with the credit cards
You wanna impress, I'm young chick, you just met
First thing she say, "I used to run with Wyclef";
Look surprised, see your flesh outside your vest
Yeah you could fight, in the WWF
Cuz in this arena aint nothin but gladiators and haters
Hopin they kill me and roll and feed me to the tigers
Oh Lord, protect me from the devil
They open the book of life, y'all readin like the anti christ
Your weak kid, stop lyin to the public
You wanted it so bad that you took all the production credits
Some MCs in the underground, mad at me cuz I'm above ground
Counting English pounds
I tell ya what, success don't come overnight
I was in Noah's Ark for Forty days and Forty nights
Contemplatin what should I write, what should I recite
Cuz aint nobody here but thugs and chicks wit ice
That's when I daydream into the twilight
Girls wit they man, screamin "I hate life";

Baby girl look in the opposite direction

Cuz my class is the *Misedu...*

[HOOK]