

# Refugees on the Mic

## Fugees

Yo', check it out, I want all the refugees out there  
to just put up your motherfuckin' hands, you know you're a fuckin' immigrant  
Put up your hands youknowwhatI'msayin'?  
I'ma start this shit off like this, this time around

H-to-the-A-to-the-I-to-the-T-to-the-I  
Live or die, it's nothin' but a dark side  
Fugees on the mic, yeah, yeah  
Yo', refugees on the mic, oh yeah, oh yeah  
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If you wanna snap (SNAP), if you wanna crack (CRACK)  
If you wanna shoot, give me a second so I can lay flat  
Cause this, some the cemetary's, the reality  
Where the tough guys get buried in their property  
Word to Sampson, the tone will get you hung  
I had a friend, they murdered his father and his three-year-old son  
I heard him cursin' the essence of the, the (PAUSE) committed the crime  
But ah, murder got no time  
The country has no law, it's either rich or poor  
I'm out the back door, I got nuttin' to fight for  
I'm sailin' on a boat like a goat - I clear my throat  
When I got to Brooklyn, I was broke, so I solded coke  
I look in through microscope, for my country and the hurt  
My eyes bleed, I see Aaron Steed, the Haitian Pope  
Figure or Dundee, the-riginal Malcom X  
Swing like the ki's, so should I put on David Tomerfest  
Though I'm humberlicious strugglin' to jump  
let me blow her upper-her bubble in your face - that'cha ego!  
Aiyyo, freeze-funk, you got to stay stable  
Watch out for the devil, he comes after you after the revival  
When will he come, what will he do, what will he say?  
That's all a mystery, but have your hand grenade  
so you can blow the motherfucker away  
Beep, beep, I gotta make a sale so I can eat  
So Praswell, grab the mic and be complete

Huh, lovin' the wreck in effect, will be all in checkmate  
Another style for Praswell to translate  
For those who can't relate to stay down my - no-man wait  
No mistake, when I tell you, your prophet is a fake

You said a contract on a Haitian, three-hundred g's  
Your sharpshooters are lousy, we mend to-high-be-high hoodies  
So show your face-a when you waste, I know who's smokin'  
The bigger that you try to put out yours just makes me Mr. Nobody  
Take high wit'cha just right, it'll be like Michael get ordered, a viper you  
know!!  
Yeah, a viper cause you might lose a life to the side by like  
what did I have to in the line of the barkin' of the bright side  
You tried to scare me but I won't mover-a  
The bully of the block becomes the hour of the glock  
So cuckoo!! The sounds I run are rollin' with the bodyguard  
But don't forget the day it's sunny but it'll be foggy

And in the funeral, you'll be singin' a new tune  
May your soul rest on the moon (?Jack in wood spoon!?)  
In Channel Seven, you said: "Death before Cut"  
You killed so many that your conscience ended up - whattup? (WHAT!!)  
Aiyyo black men, you're dyin' by a dozen cousin  
So all I do is walk away yo' Prince as if nothin' happened  
You call me a punk, I gotta step cause all you did was flex  
But don't get closer cause the kid still gotta keep his rep  
See I'm known for the crew like the jewel was the jewel  
Like the follow got the boo, like the miller got the boo  
Let the fool cop the man-jewel, suck up, up the ?cool-lew?  
Oh why you got the ha-ha-lew-lew?  
I got the rap loose, so sci-bi-dee-bob-bob, you don't stop  
You do the rap-rap, from hip-hop to be-bop, from be-bop  
to beep-beep, the Haitian kid, beeper's goin' off beep-beep  
I gotta make a sale so I can eat, beep, beep  
The Haitian kid, beeper's goin' off, you know I got no time to sleep, so bee  
p-beep

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Fugees on the mic, YEAH!!  
Yo', refugees on the mic, oh yeah, oh yeah

Man, I went to cops the other day to plead for my innocence  
They brought me in another charges of a legal residents  
And L-E-N, on a foreign land, a  
Watch me go back to my land and then there will be a thing  
Gorillas in the mist, where everything, and the light becomes a priest  
They put up they guard, they pump up they fists  
Now I'm number one on they motherfuckin' hit-list...  
Goin' down for first degree of manslaughter  
Makin' change out of emcee's makin' them outta quarters  
That's they value, that's what they worth  
Cause the first shall be last and the last shall be first, yeah  
What we learned was to burn, now cause you c-came  
with that machette, it's your turn  
It's not funny, but twenty a month is what you earn baby  
(We on to the Yankee, pass the mic to the "Yankee")

Well I'm as cool to ya the mic I'm checkin' comin' from my temple  
With a message, to deliver, but the back is very simple  
I'm the girl "Yankee" rollin' wit' the kids from Haiti  
coolin' as a mighty grab who gets the last laugh hahaha...  
You bite size with my Haitian from they stinks as my "Yankee"  
wonderin' who was the first to pull over girl as soon as it came out son  
My history - a hypocrite, so what we gonna do?  
The dope is dope is only get the man since that is true  
So hip-hip with my lip as I rip with a felt tip  
with a righteous situation, interpretation, a graduation  
Your ventilation, and education, segregation, emancipation  
a capitalization, it's agration, not separation, ya breath the Haitians...

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