

Where Fugees At?

Wyclef Jean

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 want to tell the people out there
Yo, yo, yo

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 ain't all about the money

When I was hustler, 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 ain't a sequel son, but I have you "Scream 2" (Ah!)

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 ain't 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"

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We used to rap, now y'all want to 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 want to 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
'Cause in this arena ain't 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 MC's in the underground, mad at me 'Cause 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
'Cause ain't 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
'Cause my class is the Misedu'

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