We used to be number ten

Now we permanent one

In the battle lost my finger, mic became my arm

Pistol nozzle hits your nasal, blood becomes lukewarm

Tell the woman be easy naah squeeze the charmin'

Test Wyclef, see death flesh get scorned

Beat you so bad make you feel like you ain't wanna be born

And tell your friends stay the hell out of my lawn

Chicken George became dead George stealin' chickens from my farm

Damn, another dead pigeon

If you're mafiosos, then I'm bringin' on Haitian Sicilians

Nobody's shootin', my body's made of hand grenade

Girl bled to death while she was tongue kissing a razor blade

That sounds sick maybe one day I'll write the horror

Blackula comes to the ghetto, jacks an Acura

Stevie Wonder sees crack babies becoming enemies of their own families

Armageddon come you know we soon done

Gun by my side just in case I gotta run

A boy on the side of Babylon, trying to front like he's down with

Mount Zion (yeah)

Ooh la la la

It's the way that we rock when we're doing our thing

Ooh la la la

It's the natural law that the refugees bring

Ooh la la la la la la lalala la lah

Sweet thing (yeah)

She love me like she never before, ayy

Yeah in saloons we drink Boone's and battle goons till high noon

Bust rap toons on flat spoons, take no shorts like poon poon's

See hoochies pop coochies, for Gucci's and Lucci

Find me in my Mitsubishi, eatin' sushi, bumpin' fugees

Hey hey hey

Try to take the crew and we don't play play

Say say say

Like Paul McCartney, not hardly

Oddly enough

I can see right through your bluff

They huff and they puff but they can't handle us, we bust

'Cause we fortified, I could never hide, seen "Cooley high"

Cried when Cochise died

I'm twisted, black listed by some others

Don't remove my Polos on the first episode

Ha ha you shouldn't diss refugees, and

Ha ha ha ha, you whole sound set's bootie, and

Ha ha ha ha, you have to respect Jersey, 'cause I'm superfly when

I'm super-high on the fu-gee-la

Ooh la la la

It's the way that we rock when we're doing our thing

Ooh la la la

It's the natural law that the refugees bring

Ooh la la la la la la lalala la lah

Sweet thing

Yeah, Yeah (yeah, yeah)

She love me like she never before, ayy

I sit ninety degrees underneath palm trees

Smokin' beadies as I burn my calories

Brooklyn roof tops become Brooklyn teepee

Who that be, enemies, wanna see the death of me

From Hawaii to Hawthorne, I run marathons, like

Buju Banton, I'm a true champion, like

Farakkhan reads his daily Qu'ran it's a phenomenon

Lyrics fast like Ramadan

What's goin' on

Armageddon come you know we soon done

Gun by my side just in case I gotta run

A boy on the side of Babylon, trying to front like he's down with

Mount Zion

What's goin' on

Armageddon come you know we soon done

Gun by my side just in case I gotta run

A boy on the side of babylon, trying to front like he's down with

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Ooh la la la

It's the way that we rock when we're doing our thing

Ooh la la la

It's the natural Law that the Refugees bring

Ooh la la la la la la lalala la lah, sweet thing

She love me like she never before, ayy

Ooh la la la

It's the way that we rock when we're doing our thing

Ooh la la la

It's the natural law that the refugees bring

Ooh la la la la la la lalala la lah, sweet thing

Yeah, yeah (yeah, yeah)

She love me like she never before, ayy