

# Organized Konfusion, Numbers

Uhh, turn it up  
Hah, uhh, yo, check it  
Now add it up  
Uhh, add it up  
Uhh...

[Prince Poetry]

Check it out, we're like  
Three LP's precise from my Five Deadly Venoms  
With international plugs like nine Organized emblems  
Get it? Twenty Thousand Leagues, extra deep  
Runnin with the number thirteen with my 40 Below's upon the feet  
Now Adam 12 got me in this 20/20  
so I'm double oh seven about my four one one  
Seventy-four catch my eighty-three degrees of heat  
We merkin four-twenty eat island three five N2Deep  
Mack 10 under seat for carjacking Passenger 57's  
A Product 19 who gets the dumpster behind 7 Eleven  
4-1-0-8-0-9-1-5-9  
Same 227 style with one nosy bitch in the blind  
Hit, one-five-five for twenty sacks and better  
Nothin but love for this nigga, Mr. 16th Letter  
Mr. 16th Letter, Mr. 16th Letter...

[Pharoahe Monch]

Yo, nine times out of ten, a nigga won't shine  
I drop dime on five niggaz who all had nines  
on the corner of my block doin crime, now I'm  
walkin around, with the fo'-pound, now lately  
Lookin over my shoulder with a six hour three-eighty  
Maybe the baby Tec woulda been nicer to bring along  
Sing along with me if y'all know the song  
Mines, gimme, not Vinnie but I'm Naughty  
In forty projects drinkin 40's till I'm forty ?  
Truncatin drum loops with Pauly  
On the SP-1200 and 1212 you feel it  
Mission to create, matrimony and reveal it  
It's love in the form of life, as you know it  
You skatin with the eight and I'ma damn sure show it

Funky Four +1, you know makes Five  
Fantastic, romatic, got live  
Furious was cheeriest, the Treacherous Three  
We be the Awesome Two most definitely  
... makes Five ... got live  
... Three, we be the Awesome Two

[Pharoahe Monch]

Now I can get Get, Smart smart  
But I'm not not Eighty-Six in the mind, mind you  
I got a girl named Ninety-Nine, and when I rhyme  
she rhymes too, she likes to do the sixty-nine  
and so I climb, up through, to the, top of the pile  
But see I'm not standing on Gomer  
I hit a homer, and I got jumped by The Simpsons  
Not to mention, Pharoahe Mon-Chi-Chi, eighty-nine percent  
of the time I'm sure of my rhyme like shake redemption  
The remaining eleven percent come from seven percent  
Great God Pharoahe of heaven ascent  
Racin a 5.0, in my 380i  
On my way back from Florida on four-ninety-five

We just parlayin with the one one one  
Check one, now add it up

now add the two \*scratch\* two two  
Uhh, Monch, add it up  
Truly with the three three three three  
Yo, add it up  
We be the Awesome Two most definitely

[Prince Poetry]

Now just yesterday I couldn't took my last Five Heartbeats  
Now I feeling it's for spiritual reasons  
No more sweet sixteens and dick teasing  
Too many Tech-9's behind trees and five-oh keeps a black brotha bleedin  
Fillin em up like Unleaded Phillips 66  
Owin me more than 40 Acres and these Mule kicks  
Gettin the 48 Hours, like Eddie Murphy  
Too dark to mix, now triple-six wanna hurt me  
Still reachin for more than, ten million sales  
In Studio 54, Waiting to Exhale  
When in the world 12 disciples, in this life cycle  
that's trifle, so my impact's a twenty gauge rifle  
Fifty/fifty eight and thirteen inches of weapon  
7-1-8 to 2-1-3 on the 747  
Three strikes, two tokes, once again for the mass  
Furious like the Five with Grandmaster Flash

Yo, Funky Four +1, you know makes Five  
Fantastic, romatic, got live  
Furious was cheeriest, the Treacherous Three  
We be the Awesome Two most definitely