

Organized Konfusion, Organized Konfusion

(Prince Poetry)

Capital P-to-the-R-to-the, I-to-the-N-to-the-C-to
the-E-to-the-P-to-the-O-to-the-E.. TRY harder, don't bother
Prince Poetry, the man, not a myth
I'm not the type that you can walk up and EFF with
Don't sleep, just peep the whole damn connnnn-cept
I'M OUT TO WRECK!! Sucker MC's steppin to me with garbage
I'm Goldilocks and I'm, taxin your porridge (yeah!)
Ooooooh, cold but yummy
I slept in your bed, and your girl sucks funny
I'm out to bash, beats and, drop snares
Crush tables and smash up chairs, YEAH
So consider me on a rampage
I spread out and hit ya like a sawed off twelve gauge
So back up, don't play me close
Most boast to be the best, but you can't, and will never
ever in your life, come close to a mic, assassinator
I'm playin you out like Beta
I'm, watchin you, front
Flaunt your puss-head lookin just like bark
This is just a verbal whippin
for all you who don't fall, but you keep slippin
Shootin the gift for the GUH-GUH-GAB
I'm gonna dunk on your neck just like Kareem
Ab-dul, yo and ain't cool
So don't let me act like a fool
Cause I'm takin off from the tip-top of the key
with the rock passed by the Pharoahe M-O-N, C-H
the chosen lyrical soldier who backs me up
when punks verbally and, physically try to get over
with no skills, no comp..petition
havin you reminiscin about a brother
who don't give a DAMN about dissin
Black and white, clever like a superstition
Cause concepts flow, with the use of a
pen, a sheet, and when braincells meet
Brain-bustin MC's try to get hype but
smell like doo-doo cause they can't even wipe butt
Stuck-up and quite conceited
Your one hit song, all year long, at shows
everybody knows it cause you're gonna repeat, like reruns
Put your iron away, cause I got three guns
Now that we've got things up and out in the open
and clear yo, grab a chair
Cause I swing with a style that's rather ill
The illiterate can't consider it legitimate so I
kick simplistic rhymes for the plain
For the peanuts, I commence to go insane
Shredder of a competitor, makin it better for
rap listeners, cause I'm headed for
the top of the hill where Jack can't chill
Just me and Jill cause Jack has no skills
Now tell me why everybody wants to be a Prince
No skills, no sense, NONSENSE
I'm steppin up front, and to be quite,
blunt a radical creator of a poetical hypnotical mathematical
slang slurs punch, that stuns and amazes
PRINCE POETRY SHOOTS POWERFUL PHRASES
Interrupting your braincells, dilutin your thoughts
Causin side effects fully disintegratin body parts
Cause I stalk when I pray upon in the form of the flesh
Now weaken when Prince Poetry commence speakin
Side by side I rock with the Pharoahe
Watch you decomposin MC's, and look there's only a shadow

Too late, cause I'm gone, I explode
and I drop a hip-hop again, atomic, atom bomb
Releasin lyrics that you better not be usin
Organizin beats that you find Konfusin

(Pharoahe Monch)

Yeah.. here we go..

Aiyyo umm Prince (yo!) Brothers try to swing on me
nut I don't think they can hit it (nah)
These (these) styles, MC'S they, JUST CAN'T GET IT (why?)
The way I ar-ti-cu-late my flows (my flows!)
Sometimes I think I know some shit
some MC's just don't know; THE
quicker I'm kickin the style
slippin and stickin the words hit quicker
better figure the verbs are thick in you
while the poetical fanatical rap acrobatical style
static never had any so I'm packin a black
automatic pistol itchy by the C.I.A.
By the way, my display of rhymes that I will lay
down on wax, distributed from a zodiac
Digitally, with a funky appeal
From the reel to reel, it doesn't matter
I still got the skill to get ill
Straight literature when you try to hit em with your
WACK STYLE, the critics are sore to crack smiles
So back up black cause you lack the skills
when I ask your girl, tax your girl
She said she wanted it from the back so I WAXED your girl
So why would you try to swing, on a nigga
with a itchy trigger finger better bring a bigger auto
hit, swing a nigga if you wanna get rid of me (damn)
Your first mistake, was to consider me
a new jack black when I ahhhh-lready knew that
So get back, step back, move back, out of my way
when I roll offbeat (offbeat) again
Again and again and again and again and again
Blending the style, mending it like this
so that you can check it out when I flow awkwardly
Awkwardly I flow, yo, let's go
Most don't recollect me as T-R-O, Y
cause I'ma get fly, with a microphone
dope with a microphone, you can't cope with a microphone
cause I'ma be illin, buckin off into your grill and
fillin your face with knuckles and watchin the blood spill in
down the sewer, always knew I could do a brother
with a crew of, good MC's
Or maybe even a few are stale MC's
I scatter data that'll catapult a metaphor
The epitcle epilogue editor
Trendsetter, letters are formin together
in the jaw side of my mouth, I'm alphabetic
Call me a librarian, rhymes are scary when
I mix verbs and phrases and put the vocabulary in places
where, only the M-O-N-C-H can do it
So don't ever despise
Red is the color when you look in to my Organized/eyes
you'll see Konfusion
When I'm usin a style for abusin MC's are loosin.. quick
The O-R-G-A-N-I-Z-E-D-K-O-N-F-U-S-I-N-G will TRANSMIT!