

Organized Konfusion, Prisoners of War

(Pharoahe Monch)

I stand here before the forces of evil with a style
The poetically God-gifted child
Bringin forth the story of a lyrical soldier
Blessed to manifest in the eyes of the beholder
Words of wisdom never abuse the lines
they increase, as I release a phrase like a uzi 9
from the larynx
Shot in repetition, words never heard before
but still the rendition of rap will enable me to attack
from dawn to dusk, for liberation
Driven I will never give in to interrogation
The rank, given to me, the Pharoahe
Cause every bro flows like a crossbow
Equipped to pierce your soul with a poison-tip arrow
Any man wearing a blindfold can be misled
but wise are the ones with the eyes in the backs of the head
Here's the key to unlock the door:
Imagine a poet without poetical form
Rhymes are for sure as an attack
cause they adapt to combat for the prisoners of war

(Prince Poetry)

I drop smash and causin damage equivalent
to a hy-drogen bomb, raidin villages like
a poetical soldier in Vietnam, Poetry
releasin deadly gasses, bodies deteriorating
as they stalk past the fatal acid
As a rebel of rap, I stop, load the Luger
as I manuever with the caution as I verbally counterattack
Striking like a mad sniper cause I'm the type of
hyperactive viper to wipe away the enemy with no remedy
cause I'm the epitome so don't try to get rid of me
You little itty-bitty twenty-five automatic, you're killin me
cause I'm a glock 9 that will rock your mind
Distortin it, shorten your brainwaves
as the rhyme intertwine with the sign of the times
Don't sleep cause I creep attackin from the side
that is blind, therefore I gotta be hard to the core
And I walk, as a prisoner of war

(Pharoahe Monch)

Wake up to the mathematics of an erratic rap
Rejuvenator of rhyme, that sort of come automatic
Poetical medical medicine for the cerebellum
I divert em and flirt em insert em then I repel em
a breakdown, poetical shakedown
Fifty-two pick-up a stick-up so get on the floor facedown
The ammo to keep the people steppin
breakin open the vault because I'm like a verbal assault weapon
I'm mathematical, acrobatical
Attack the wack take rap to the maximum
You're strung out you're hung out when you heard the style
that I brung out of faint air must come out my mouth
where I stick my tongue out in the at-mos-phere
Take a good look at what's happening here
On the microphone, I'm RAPPIN
Pickin-em-stickin-em up, breakin-em-shakin-em up, and bashin
the lyric dictator, the aviator of antonym
All beware to prepare for the guillotine
Rhymes go express, expert, extreme
Be up to par with wisdom and intellect
Detatching one's head directly from one's neck
Still I've been illing and drilling your brain

like a villain I came in the darkness to spark the literature for sure
when I rhyme for the prisoners of war

(Prince Poetry)

There is strength in my men-tal-bolism, brains to spare
upon info, knowledge, data, greater aspects
affects my future environment
So in the event I drop science to suit ya, uproot ya
Hunt ya down
Verbally attackin from the ground up to intellectually shoot ya
Lurkin through the shadows of darkness, shots fired
the spark hits the trees, releasin lyrical ammo
while I camouflouge in the flash of my stature
Mentally cease MC's, that be surrouned I capture
And enemy lines are crushed, bumrushed
And plus your government officials are corrupted
cause they're down with us; poetical rebels on a rampage
of wrecked dialects, blown lyric projects
Heat is scopin you through my infrared twenty-twenty
scope lens, steppin upon base that's when the
Organized Konfusion massacre begins with a blast
Never will an intruder approach cause they will never ever last
cause the task is total termination
Poetry and the Pharoahe starts as the revelation