

Organized Konfusion, Roosevelt Franklin

Don't forget to do that thing for your mother Roosevelt!
Yeah yeah yeah, alright, alright

(Prince Poetry)

Running upon the jagged edge, FUCK, THE ROUGH LIFE
when you have to gain much respect
As an individual keepin negativity minimum
requires havin courage respect him his intellect
so you gotta be on THAT specific type of SET
Like Roosevelt, especially when your cards are dealt
You see me, frankly, I don't give a hoot
about the blanks you shoot out of your mental bank see
I like Roosevelt, cause he ain't booty
Moody maybe, baby you're mad cause he smashed up your cutie
Playin the courts, takin the loss, to wherever
some clever college edu-ma-cated individual
With financial status JUST to mess what the BANK stated
Girls love it, and you can't look above it you hate it
Peeped his method, you laid, you waited
You never ever contemplated if I pull a automatic
will I leave the artillery out or just flight
Check in the night, you're out to snipe, my man
you can't stand upon sight of him
Out to fatally ignite him
Roosevelt felt staticky, he knew things were shady
Grady had, Bradley's uzi, but he always packed a clip or two
belongin to a nickel-plated .380
Givin off the impression of a clever nerd
Never was a suspect when a homicide occurred, in the suburbs
He was referred, to as a respectable intellectual
Highly acceptable rebel from the ghetto on the level
of an intelligent rapper, create him just like Giupetto
The aggressive type, and he's not your puppet
Stickin quickin enough to pull a skeezer with repetition
after takin aim and buckin and blowin the smoke away
then tuckin and jettin home, hopin that no stunts are stuck in it
He needs sleep, for eight o'clock class
so as fast as he crash, he might last
for six hours of bed passed, cause Roosevelt's a scholar
Ivy league material, cully-head kid with BRAINPOWER
Six foot two, and we wear the same size shoe
He drinks brew, and he runs with my crew, my herd
on a continuous basis, in the same, places
Rollin out five deep, but it's only four faces
So I don't, give a two, drip-drops about, what those have felt
And if I die (and if he die) and if I die (and if he DIEEEEEEEEE)
And if I die it's because of my man Roosevelt