

# 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