

Organized Konfusion, Sin

Sounds of a baby crying

Pharaohe Monch whining

Pharaohe:

God why is it so difficult to get it through these niggas heads
They can't fuck with me, I try to explain to the name won't misses
Please Lord, help me make them see
I scatter data that I catapult to metaphor
The epiticle epilogue editor
Hey, hey, hey
Eaaase back, Whoooo is that, Getting up in your aaaaaass crack
Ooohhhhhh Shit
Say now, who you listen to
Park your ass like municipal, invisible lyrics
Not difficult to understand man
Spiritual, hit what you go, back-a-van
Lyricals aren't impossible
All opticals are not inside the plan
Let me see your hand
And if it does not have triple six's in the palm
Do not be alarmed, I am the Sandman
My oracle waveband expand from the wasteland
Jumbled wordplay

You can not oppose me
God has choose me to battle against evil and win
You can not oppose me
God has choose me to do battle against all who sin
And even when I'm gone
My energy returns to it's original form
Thus must warn

(All humans who do not meet the required specifications
for salvation will perish)

I piss into the face of the crowd
Lyrically I squash shit
Toss mic stands and fans
Before leaping into the mosh pit
Harshness isn't it? Ha, ha, ha, ha
Exquisite with the style that I be using
Choose to compete, you will lose
Poetical implants placed in my ears
Make me cause a catastrophe to the
Kick, drum, I'm the sinister of
Snail Peak Creek (?)
Never sleep, be aware
Who will escape unscaved
From a bombardment of scattered fragments
Released from hidden compartments
My Termi-ni-ni-ni-ni-ni-nology
Is equivalent to Trig-ni-ni-ni-ni-ni-nometry
I leave no optical footprint
Within sight of the stands of time
So it's impossible to follow me
You swallow leave and digest
No nutritional value
Never learn how to bow to the ones
Who allow you to wallow in the mist
Peacefully co-exist
With the men of medicine,
The lyrical antagonistic

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