

# Organized Konfusion, Stress (Remix)

(Pharoahe Monch)

Yo, it's the verbal assault weapon with words uncanny  
You can fool me but I cannot f\*\*k with Rudy Gulliani  
Press the panic button, shit it's the schizophrenic, can it  
I can kill it from the West Coast to the Atlantic  
Nowadays it seems it's hard to maintain  
Can't take the stress, yes God, I'm going insane  
If you can fill my veins say "Yes";  
If you can feel the pain say "Stress";  
Pharoahe, I possess the skills to bring it to yor chest  
With lyrics and manifestation for the entire nation  
With his excellency Prince standing next to me  
And especially Extra P on the SP  
12 zero zero, I stand tall and be a hero  
In times of stress, the Pharoahe won't fess

Crush, kill, destroy, stress (Repeat 16x)

(Large Professor)

Now nothing ain't deeper than having to throw a nigga in the sleeper  
Don't stress, and take that shit from Large Profess  
Cause I be on the train trying to maintain  
Getting lower than the whole while the record man gain  
And it make me want to sting somebody, with the shottie  
Cause I can't relate to living less than great  
So I while I make a fat beat to eat  
Some of my mans from John Ball high school are sleeping in the street  
That stress shit is ill, if you let it, it will  
Having your ass on the staircase smoking a scrill  
Never that for me, nigga my name's Extra P  
I can't afford to be stressed the f\*\*k out in '93  
Or '94, cause everybody knows my solution  
to being stressed is looking at the front door

Crush, kill, destroy, stress (Repeat 8x)

(Prince Poetry)

God knows I can't take this stress  
Working my fingers to the bone, my middle fingers for all you rap singers  
Not representing your hood  
I stroll through the projects giving niggas dap cause my respect's good  
Verbal assassinator, sharp with the tounge, I come  
Out of my pockets to fulfill a wish before another brother  
And another one, that you're looking for  
Mr. Bigot, officer, I'm legit, now can you dig it?  
Hey lady, I don't want your pocketbook, my black ass  
Don't like my ass black? I'd rather cross the street leaving a stupid look  
On your grill, spark a phil, parlay  
?Hosey toe? in the spot, call up ?Concay?  
Extra Large Profess, give the rest of the old funk  
So what I left the rhyme on the dresser  
My man Dy-Lou, he's in this, rest in peace, you're in here  
?Reckapice? you be the daddy, God knows you're in there  
Sincere's the queer cause the East is representing  
Baby doll, Prince is my name, shit's real, so listen