

# Organized Konfusion, The Extinction Agenda

...the extinction agenda  
.....the extinction agenda  
...Back is the incredible O-R, G-to-the-A  
N-I, Z-E, D with a K  
O-N-F-U-S-to-the-I-O-N

Verse One: Prince Poetry

Emerging up, to another level, there I stand  
Hand to hand rap combat black  
Back in the land I expand data for the wack  
leaving mutilated bodies lacerated limbs grim sites  
And new jacks, pick up six and grab the ore  
Dig deep into the ghetto (absorb)  
I take you to a new realm  
Levitating above the norm anticipating me to pick up  
seven more new jacks and commencing with this and fading  
(So how dare you question) The original aborigine  
In the vicinity the city's committee consider me  
the trilogy of terror, whatever I do I bring light  
You're blinded by the glare of the trendsetter  
Beware when I strike, blueprints like no other  
The soldier of fortune, the undercover  
Rebel of rap attackin the ones who's attackin blacks  
I'm on a mission of peace, I make tracks  
Elevate with the almighty God in front of me  
Teach seeds in the hood the truth, the wannabe  
competitor will have no other choice but to surrender  
Can't stand the pressure, the extinction agenda

Chorus: repeat 2X

The Extinction Agenda, hah!  
The Extinction Agenda, uhh.  
The Extinction Agenda, uhh  
The Extinction Agenda, uhh

Verse Two: Pharoahe Monche

I'm the poetical poltergeist I heist tracks from the past  
And return 'em to the present time in rhyme form  
What was once dead is now resurrected on the record  
And the physical words are mere residuals for my bidding  
For my disposal to dispose of... who are you kidding  
Nightfall, I stuff the rook, then I'm looking for  
the original book which contains the words of God  
Six hours until dawn, my quest to capture the queen  
without being seen by the pawns  
Call me Bishop, bishop takes rook, rook takes pawn  
pawn takes knight, knight takes queen  
Queen takes the original King James virgin (check)  
I'm surgin up when I'm emergin  
False clergymen you're urgin me to call you a virgin  
when to say the least  
Who can you trust when a priest is now the beast?  
(who? what? why? and when?)  
I'm the assassinator of rap  
Hit rip rhyme rap ritual hit you with my best shot  
Get you sit you down, let you know I never get dropped  
When I flip-flop hip-hop, when I wreck shop (nigga)  
I move, with the finesse and the smoothness  
Even inside of the grooves of a record, check it  
Check it again, check it again, check it again  
Check the metaphors, make sure they're making sense and then

Gimme one-hundred percent credit  
Let it, medi-tate, in your brain, like a seda-tive  
I said it and I bet it dwelve in your bloodstream.... let it live  
The verses of curses that burst in the face of the first time offenders  
In the realm of the extinction agenda

Chorus