

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