

Organized Konfusion, Walk Into the Sun

(Prince Poetry)

The sun reflects off of the waves at sea
Rain support roots that implants the tree
There's a breeze - in the park, kites fly high
Under the branches, con-vertibles fly by
The sky..

(Pharoahe Monch)

..blue, fields green
Paints a picture that creates a scene
of the destiny that controls my fate
Reflections of light, creates shapes

(Prince Poetry)

Inside of this particular sphere, I see kids in the street
When I pass, I go Beep! Beep! Beep!

(Pharoahe Monch)

See the black boy over there runnin scared
His old man runs numbers summers
Come in and he'll feel dumb if his son
doesn't have a new pair of sneakers
So he combines people's numbers in sequence
when play straight, but not in the leaders

(Organized Konfusion)

Hip-Hop pumps inside of Jeeps and cars
It's daytime but we still peep stars
Parties every night, we gotta move, we gotta go
We gotta step, let's, jet!

We gotta get away, we gotta do it now
We gotta walk into the sun! Ha hah
We gotta get away, we gotta do it now
We gotta walk into the sun!
We gotta get away, we gotta do it now
We gotta walk into the sun! Ha hah
We gotta get away, we gotta do it now
We gotta walk.. in..to.. the.. sun..

(Pharoahe Monch)

Love and hate, black and white
Right or wrong, who is right?
Some smoke joints to anoint their brain
to the vanishing point, so they won't go insane

(Prince Poetry)

Mother may I? Yes you may
Take some giant steps, to go out, and play
I got next, sorry Duke, I got my five
You better call next, and step to the side

(Pharoahe Monch)

There's no specific topic of speech in this rhyme
I just wanna go on a ride
on a kaleidoscopic tree, visually..

(Prince Poetry)

..individually, we go our separate ways
to get our haircuts and mustaches trimmed
Rockin a t-shirt, shorts with thick socks
with my boots that I nickname Tim-ber
Here comes dayfall
I can remember when we used to chill and hang

with Paul, Sea..

(Organized Konfusion)

We gotta get away, we gotta do it now
We gotta walk into the sun! Ha hah
We gotta get away, we gotta do it now
We gotta walk.. in..to.. the.. sun..

Sittin on a stoop, while the Johnny-pump shoots
water while we eat fruits
The radio pumps, rockin to L.O.N.S. and yes
the girls display flesh by the way they dress

(Prince Poetry)

The Ave surprises, the fulfilling collage
of scratches that strike like sticky matches
Attacking techniques with combining
Constantly motivating highly elevating the light steps

(Pharoahe Monch)

When the air gets thick and you can feel the tension
I bypass Howard, and detour Benson
Cause I don't really feel like fencing today
So I chill in my own dimension and listen to the sax blow..
.. flow, abstract the sax always seems to relax you
But at the same time, it attacks you
In this particular era of darkness
Bust a rhyme that might enlighten the mind and spark this
trail to follow the light that's guiding you from
the evil that you walk into the sun
From what I see it's an addiction
I'll explain to the brain about pain affliction
Grab my hand, hold it tightly
Close your eyes and maybe you might see what I see
Yo, what I said simplistic
But what I see's not materialistic

(Prince Poetry)

My hayfever is actin up, so I took a couple of antihistamines
WHEW! I got struck with relief
Now patiently, I wait for the summer
Cause the spring brings pollen and that can be a bummer
A terrific brother was havin a specific get-together by the beach
Rolling Rock's, plus Peach Schnapps, served on the rocks
The Organisms play the boardwalk, pullin numbers from Pros' Peak
The scenario, where we go pumpin the Alpine stereo
Hop along the turnpike on our way to the merry-go-
-round up the herbs at six flags; we're on a mission
Hittin the streets of New York in zig-zags
Walkin to the park, hark, the herald, named Erald
who creates with charts
Central Park swarms with intellectual dialects
With the potential, of the city's best emergency medical techs
So I dip dip dive
Listen to the musicians in the park play live
The Funky Drummer was drummin even though he was a bum
Some couldn't comprehend, the vibe that blended
With the sum, there were some, who wasn't dumb
I supported with the hum, dropped five bucks, cause he was the one
Yo, I gave a clap, I gave a wink, I gave a shout
I gotta meet the Monch, STRIKE THREE, and I was out!