

Organized Konfusion, Walk Into The Sun (Remix)

[Prince Poetry]

There's a breeze, 34 degrees of heat
Jeeps pumping Organized, kids in the street
Bugging, brothers in the car with brand new pumps
50 bars, oh man
It's kinda sunny so I'm sliding on the down
Low, waiting for Divine to come around
So we can be out, weather of caravan of honeys to the beach
To burn my toes in the sand

[Pharoahe Monch]

Running to motivate, lace up the boots real tight
Pants are sagging, we're hanging all night
But I got to get a bite to eat
Cause I be needing nourishment to move my feet
Now it's about time that we round up the heard
So I can get lifted, word
Who's got the weed and beat, yes I'm ready to get elevated

[Prince Poetry]

Never hesitated, to round up the heard for a night of ex-
Citement, tight to the look of ?lie lighten?
Philly, 40 dogs passed around
Hanging with Han Solo and ??? now we're New York bound
Back to the Southside of town where I flip it
In the summer, I pumps the drummer up so I can kick it
Represent Organized as I walk into the sun
And that's how it went

[Female singing]

[Organized Konfusion]

Everybody, everybody ☐☐ Walk...in...to...the...sun
Walk into the, walk into the sun As I walk into the sun (Repeat 2x)

[Pharoahe Monch]

Put one foot in front of the other
That's how we walk into the sun my brother
Put away your razors, knives, guns
No need for that, black, as we walk into the, sun
Or should I say run?
Chasing girls with the big fat buns
Mmmm, or should I say "bitty?"
I know Smitty's, girls with the big fat (ahhhh!)
Nah, I can't say that
I love when you touch 'em and they say "I don't play that"

[Prince Poetry]

Ooooooh, give me mine as I walk into the sunshine
Cars going "Beep Beep"
Bully-Burger bound to get something to eat
Uptown, ain't no other way, sugar
I'd rather squash the beef, but never hesitate a moment to pull a
Trigger to protect self
Kicking the wicked styles I could possibly kick to my last breath
Deleting the idiot who commences to lollygag
Riding a black doo rag to bed, to work, to play, mmmm, whatever
Mmmmm, word, that's what's happening
So I will say like mmmmm come get it
Collect loot and with the Monch I split it
Money B and Tupac is my West Coast connect
When I'm in the Bay Area on the set
As I walk into the sun I got to give props to the supporters
And the ones who bought us cause the rest get the buttocks

[Pharoahe Monch]

Let the sun shine in, greet it with a grin
Open up your heart and let the sun shine in
I'm having sex on the beach with a black Russian
See we was discussing our fuzzy navel
She used to live on Long Island with Iced Tea
And a sneaky little freak named Bloody Marie
She was Absolut-ly on some other Kamikaze type tip, she
The way she dove on me, held my hand
Walking along the boardwalk, kicking sand
And not to mention the air gets thick
In the summer so I buy pants thin and quick
No we're not cowards, dammit, but life's a beach
So you never catch me in Howard
Chilling together, however, I'm gonna walk into the sun
No matter the weather

[Female singing] [Organized Konfusion]
Everybody, everybody ☐☐ Walk...in...to...the...sun
Walk into the, walk into the sun As I walk into the sun (Repeat 2x)

Everybody, everybody, you gotta walk into the sun
Got to get away, walk into the sun

Walk!