

# Organized Konfusion, Black Sunday

Lawd, help me out now  
We gotta get together  
We gotta Organize  
No matter the weather  
It's a Black Sunday, hey..

(Pharoahe Monch)

I used to watch my grandmother catch the Holy Ghost in church  
For her soul she would search  
Five years later now I'm off to work  
in a department store, I'm foldin pants and shirts-ah  
At the end of the week-ah, lawd  
Just enough loot to put some cheap sneakers on my feet  
That's when I made a promise to my momma I said  
"I betcha you see me at the Apollo one day and I'ma..  
be kickin that fat funk shit;  
black, mackadocious -- speakers in the back trunk shit"  
Cause the boss is boss and need is costing me  
to miss classes and I feel he spoke to me  
to be a jackass in the future; then, who's gonna shoot ya?  
At this point in my life is where I chose to write rhymes..  
.. instead of doing crimes  
Nineteen eighty-six to nineteen eighty-nine  
Organized Konfusion, did not, get, signed  
But we will soon one day, until then  
I return at twelve at noon on the track, Black Sunday

Chorus:

Lawd, help me out-ah  
We gotta get together  
We gotta Organize  
No matter the weather  
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(Prince Poetry)

Yeah, remember losing a loved one, lawwwd help us to make it over  
Delete the pork cigarettes and forty-nine cent soda  
We came a long way and I'm still runnin for my freedom  
Still have one hundred miles to go, escape from the  
crack villlles, so, you can feed that baby  
I used to ride the elevator with the crazy lady  
I year later I made demo cassettes with the Monch  
and ?Tastik? was on the fader, rhymes ran out quick so I  
encouraged Monch to start writing rhymes  
And Mrs. J cooked dinner then we came into same hard times  
Sour contract shouldn't have been on the plate  
Two apes escaped, back to L.A. with our demo tape  
The state of mind I was in since Paul Sea died is that  
I gotta get mines, representin 40 projects so I'm  
all-in, gotta make papes and all that  
Close my own record deal cause I can't fall for that  
old snake shit, hiss in the grass  
for the cash, little cents, intuition listen  
If you're missin my money, my fist you will be kissin  
Dang... I don't even understand

Chorus:

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Outro:

Check it out

Like to say whassup to my whole herd

Like to say rest in peace to my man ?Dilu?

And rest in peace to my man Juice

Three strikes