Organized Konfusion, Bring It On

Bring it on motherfucker bring it on (4X)

Verse One: Pharoahe Monch

MONCH!
I even be gettin more graphic than an Neo Geo
Thirty-two bit computer chip be slipped between my lips
and then I'll spit
Spit it out spit it out go ahead spit out
that itty bitty style you upchuck
Betta believe I buttfuck MC's from the rear it appears you're stuck up
It's my terminology that strike up mind and rips this beat apart
You know the many styles I choose will bruise crews from the start
I flow awkwardly cause awkwardly I flow fast to the rhythm
Incisions are made into the brain and then I begin to give em
a lobotomy, follow me I'm shapin your brain.. like.. pottery
all over the track
Gimme the P-H gimme the A-R gimme the O-A gimme the H-E, Pharoahe
Crazy poison tip arrows are hittin you from all directions
You cannot dodge or manage to dislodge them from the point at
which they are connecting
I am se-se-selecting a ne-ne-ne-new style-style
For pa-pa-pa-pile-piles of MC's who try to get bu-bu-bu-buck-buckwild
Fu-fu-fu-fuck dat, when I'm in a renovative state of mind
I'm innovative, never been afraid of rockin the microphone
I'm prone to be eliminating
Cling when I sing a song of sixpence if it makes sense then sing along
Cling along to my nuts if you got guts then bring it on

Bring it on motherfucker bring it on (8X)

Verse Two: Prince Poetry

There is no equivalent one consider me the epitome of rhymes
Rhythm to techs execution is parallel to them with
an exception of the organisms
My telepathy cannot be dismantled so stop sweatin me
Advanced data now watch your greater updates so raps get trampled
Fe-fi-foe steps up elevations show
That I'm ahead of your time specifically right behind a dope rhyme
Rippin shit up at prime time I'm Optimus Prime/time material
Imperial wizard of vocabularic havoc I eat MC's like cereal
That's soggy, milky skills like Mister Miyagi
When it's foggy I release globby spits
over names of rappers in the lobby as a hobby... I'll!
Rip your nitshit get stick quick get your crew before I do
Something gory to your quite futile styles
Miniature raps get waxed, simonized
Into the fifth dimension of your centifugal never typical stand attention
I'm, mystical rip shit til the power blows
Those chose to compete we delete em -- observe defeat
That's sending down from above to get cha hit cha split cha ditch cha
Picture you, victorious
I'm gory plus your shit's mad boring, bring it on

Bring it on, bring it on, bring it on motherfucker bring it on (2X)