

Organized Konfusion, Fudge Pudge

Verse One: Prince Poetry

Here we go again with the funky intro
People approach me knowin I'm the Prince Po
e-t, r-y, and I'm the first batter
The Pharoah usually go first, but it don't matter
Funky slices of beats like this
Comes once in a blue, but it's not hard for me to chew
So kick off your shoes and don't forget your socks
I wash and wash them emcess like Clorox
Skills I have, good and plenty
If you want dope lyrics but still gimmicks gimme
Beats, equivalent to just something that I can
Flow (flow) flow (flow) FLOAT ONnnnnn
It's gettin heavy so heavy and keep ya coat on
When I, proceed to, light the party
In the summer, somethin like a Mardi, Gras
Bikinis, panties, bras
Juicin em and I'm suckin the girls up like straws
OOPS upside ya dome
I don't answer the phone when I'm home not alone
on the bone
Leave your name and your number and a brief message at the end of the tone
BOOP!
Ooooooh, and I like it
Cause I'm Poetry the psychic
Intellectual level would rather
nah, nah I don't like that
{talking} one more time
Rollin lyrics, off the tip of my tongue (swing)
I swing (swing), I swang (swang), I swung (swung)
Bringin you the news like Kaity Chung
But I'm not a pretty oriental specimen from
'Hong Kong Fooey, numba one supa guy'
I love the women but I don't try to see em
I'd rather make the money bein on the cover of E.M.
Get MCs mad make em flare up nostrils
I'm Poetry the rap fanatic I get hostile

Verse Two: Pharoah Monch

Pressure presssure pressure pressure pressure pressure cooker
I leave the party when I mass a lot of hookers
Slip and slide, I slid the sludge
(fudge) fudge (pudge) pudge, but I never hold a grudge
Up against the wall, I caught you with the drugs
(The organism's on the jury) guess who's the judge
I hit the hook HEAVY
Ready no chitter-chatter I figure since I'm bigger why pitter-patter
Props in no particular poetry persists to pertricate ?
You're just a pussy (MEOW)
Cat when I'm deckin you
Disrespectin you
Clever whenever I select a new dialogue
One plus one get it together
Girls don't despair cause I'll be your 'Fair Weather Friend'
No I don't have a Benz and no I don't have an Infiniti
I figure the eight inches of ME, will be the remedy
Cause when I pull up to the bumper
Cause I'll be down to thump a girl like Heather Hunter
I tell you now you never hated
The triple X when it comes to sex is what I'm rated
I tell you know that I can give good love
Yes I'm the one you should love

So don't try to diss fudge pudge
'Cause it's al-right, with, me'
Kick slick rhymes out of a mouth
Tricky in a joust, plus I'm down with Mickey Mouse
C'mon everyone, lets flow to the rhy