Organized Konfusion, Let's Organize

(Q-Tip)
Yeah, check it out, we here with the big O
With the big big O, and you know
What we want y'all to do is just bounce bounce bounce bounce bounce
C'mon bounce, c'mon (c'mon we gotta) bounce
(C'mon, hah) Bounce (We do it like this one time, uhh, sup, sup)

Verse One: Prince Poetry, Pharoahe Monche

Do you wanna hear, the boogie bear
jump up and do the freak funk, throw your hands in the air
Compare me, with none
The son, of the king, triple crown, just to get the job done
I surpass fast dash through a mass of traps fliers
and blow up the spot, and Organize on that ass, I'm hot
black, with no sugar straight coffee
You stalk me, because your girl wanna hawk me
Jock me clock me watch me mutilate the mic
Rip it apart, shatter your brain when I strike
Add a syringe of raps to cleanse you fall apart
Style damage you amateur cause I'm blowin your file
Honey-dips see me and they yellin Organized
And they know -- Pharoahe Monche's got skills for the wise

Ohhhhhh, huh, shit! Look who walked in the door
RYYYYYUUUU-KICK, TIGER TIGER UPPERCUT
Directly to the gut, when I strut on mics
makes my windpipe erupt
Better back off, I jack off of wack MC's in the vicinity
Nigga please, I make em bounce

Chorus: repeat 8X

(Q-Tip) Let's organize, c'mon (we gotta bounce) we gotta bounce

Verse Two: Prince Poetry, O.C.

I make you stomp back and forth like an army brigade
Diode cuts love kid wherever skills is displayed
Raid your block blow your mind like fans
In the summer or like Redman, ready to rock
Expanding my cleverness on wax, to Japan and back
Ask for Prince and hon I hope ya got
just five seconds for black Prince to flex
It's not all about sex
I like ears smooth skin and sensitive necks
Victoria's Secret couldn't keep you from the Prince Poe
so peep it when I funky technique it
For those who slept, wake up, ya better make space
Taste the bread I break off, as I take it to your face! Whew
Can you keep up like skeleton watch Organized Konfusion troop up
li-li-li-li-live with the style that's fly
Prince Poe I, flow smooth like Silk so Freak Me
Cause I ain't Shai!
So, O.C., let em know how we go
Come again my friend with another funk flow

Look who just came in, O.C.'s gamin
Crew's I set you up, to lynch for a hangin
Bangin, bodies up in a tree like a pinata
Many, claim masculine, but sport garters
Whose the artist, not video, more-so to Luke
It's like square dancing on your toes so bounce

Chorus 1/2

Verse Three: Prince Poetry

Well here's a toke one time for you mind
most just can't cope, dope def, booty nope I woke you up
I poke your brain I poke your main artery
Batter me, with your fattery your flattery will never ever shatter me
Prince Poe, the exec with the intellectual concepts
that elevates you like steps
A&R reps, take steps, bounce your ass through the hoods
Here's the goods, an ounce, enough for you to bounce

Chorus

{Q-Tip shouts out various hip-hop boroughs and people}