

Organized Konfusion, Shugah Shorty

Prince Poetry:

Aww man you like the best thing I've seen all day
I'm saying, give me a moment
One minute, one minute
Aww, come on sis

Chorus:

Shugah Shorty why you backin up, got a nigga out here iggy actin up
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You kept walking shugah, yo I started catchin up
Peeping game now I'm the nigga that you smashin up

Prince Poetry:

Damn sis, you lookin kinda, extra
Diggin your cat strut and your beautiful cocoa caribbean texture
Savin all the small talk lecture, for chump light
You know deep inside I wanna sex you like no other
Chasin you down Jamaica Ave
A ghetto dope Cleopatra, nigga shorty was bad
First she was iggin me son, sliding up in strawberries
Suckin down a sugar cone with nuts, sprinkles and cherries
Excuse me miss, but-uhh pecan
Can I get a lick?
I be the Prince Po, the rebirth of slick
So its cool like that
Me and you can make it all that, four flat
Into this elevator exotic world with the tall black
Ghetto dope Don Juan ready to see reflections in Amazon rivers with ya blue
watters
Matchin straw hat, see the picture
Love it but it ain't perfect
We can exchange this data and later respectfully work it
Wheew!
I'm nothin but a space aged freak who wanna beam you up later this week
So baby whats the word

Shugah Shorty why you backin up, got a nigga out here iggy actin up

Pharoahe Monch:

Damn, it's like
uhh,uhh, a feeling that I get inside
Hard to explain it , I'm getting tongue tied like
I hate when I wheez, stublin over the words
mumblin, fumblin over my opening line
Jumblin rhymes together, you know my palms get all sweaty
And I uhh, ahh, uhh, ahh, uhh, ahh, uhh!
Misses, I can't explain how much I want to be up in it
And I know you ain't had no dick in a minute
Oh, you smoke beedies, see you go
Couldn't you see me and you stressed out in bikini's on the beach in Tahiti?
See me I'm very selective even though I could be greedy
My main objective is to write our names together in graffiti
And are be (?) so y'all can see me, speedy
(naw see)
You can be my centipede like we-be-fore-play
Cause I gourmet my food up like eatie and Maxwell
Similar to that smooth kid's C-D
Monch, easily the most measily unmistakable
Believe me

Chorus

Pharoahe Monch:

This one little chick she pissed me off
Comin out the store, now I'm holdin the door
To the Bodega, she got a little man with her
Figuring if I kicks it to the kid then I could get her right
Say listen
I see you around every night around seven o'clock
You walkin up the block (?) with the rocks on the side of the crib
With your kid on ya hip and ya close top notch,
You know the thirst baby
First we can deal with the math if you search through your purse for a pen
We can blast off
Like Hubble Space Craft material
I'm aware of you and your concern about vanirial diseases
If it pleases you, shit, Jesus
I pack profolactics that stretch to my knees
She squinted, with a demented look behind a tented glass of a girlfriend
Rented, Benz E-Class vented hate
But still hinted like I was self centered
She said speak to the hand
Y'all know that shit that girls invented
Aww, see it didn't have to be be like that wit you fiberglass
Backboard ass that's mad flat bitch

Shugah Shorty why you backin up, got a nigga out here iggy actin up

Hurricane G:

Who that big flat piece of chocolate
Sparkin it, rockin it, "uhh, uhh-uhh," rockin it

Prince Poetry:

My name is Prince, boo
Now few who speak don't be true
But you, you got this lovely but rugged stiggy
How you do?
Get out the car, lemmie see you
Now what's your name?

Hurricane G: "Star";

Prince Poetry:

Body was bizarre, yo Star, where you live?

Hurricane G:

Far
Rockaway Beach out in the boons
My niggas put five on it and stack all I like the Loons
Packin twos
So Pappi what you say?

Prince Poetry:

When I'm grown I don't hump, I bone
I ain't playin
I'm a man who likes a treat
Message feet of the independent Queen
To throw up some heat

Shit girl I can fix you something to eat
Prepare a five course meal while I'm makin the beat
Already got two things in this beautiful universal common
That's lovin a tight ass fuck, and some tight ass rymin
So what
We into somethin or your frontin, pilgrum
I ain't askin a protif be for make children
I'm skilled in body messages and sexual healin
I'm gentle, but I'm runnin wild just to make a million
We buildin baby
So here's enough for you to handle
That'll light you up and blow you out like candles

Chorus