

Organized Konfusion, Tender Verses

First verse: prince poetry

I be the prince, mastermind of lyrical bomb threats
Green beret just to take it to the next
Lets, observe this worldwide, what's the status?
Lies alibis and racism is bustin at us
So I dive take cover, pull out to bust back
Tight fistid rap type cat with fly shit on the map
One of the most illustrious emcees livin wit' ya
Styles hoping that it'll fit ya
Sit ya down peep my intergalactic type sound
With a little common sense and some soul
While the punding of stress builds it's time to prove
Attica blues from the dept, collect mine's cos I already paid my dues
Uhh, emerging up from teh organized dungeon
Keeping this shit tender, from new york to london
Plunge in mega-knowledge and dept gets swept
For lunging at a ground layer, player, now monche is bringing the drums
In, uhh.

Second verse: pharohahe monch

Who flips in to two dimensions
Turning poison dipped razors
At foes, and crews who choose to not pay dues
Those niggas that act up in my scenery, cinema
Why when I'm a nigga that's eminent
In size like tenement buildings, plus sky scrapers fly
But pharoe does not stick to fly paper
I, aeon fluctuate
Way beyond points of vanishing, vanishing emcees
Managing rhymes that are damaging space time continuums
Continually I collect emcees as ornaments
In remembrance of those once defeated in rap tournaments.

Sample:

<pharoe, I choose to cruise through space
Spattering matter on these new attica blues tapes>

Woman:

"from paper to pen, from pen to...."

(fade)