

# T-Bone, Organized Rhyme

[Mayhem]

I snatch the mic and rock and spit rhymes that make the world stop  
And wanna-be MCs shed tears like Tupac  
stabbin my soldier in the back, but you sittin on the bench  
shut yo mouth about my man, cause i'll come to his defense  
I gotta drop thang upon your feel  
so in this next line Mayhem bout to get for real  
half a y'all is wack, no lyrical talent, you pretenders  
you're wrong about the Organized Rhyme representers  
the other half approach if you wish to persist in my rage  
you cease to exist when I enter the stage  
I'm invincible, you invisible, break you down to pure minibles  
now you miserable, destroy you with no intervals  
in my mind I see a lyrical beam on your head  
when its time to go to the battle zone all I see is red  
cause you in danger, when I come through whos stoppin me ?  
A kamikaze Mobb a Deep-er, than Havoc or Prodigy, uh

[Chorus]

I represent the Organized Rhyme c-a-Crew  
no one can do what we do, thats why there's just a few  
(Organized Rhyme) ORC  
droppin lyrics led by the Spirit on the M I C

[Maximillian]

Maximillian sees the problems in the Christian industry  
so I'm breakin off all these hooble-type rappers  
cause they don't feast on dope beats, they're just snackers  
meanwhile our crew explodes like fire crackers  
backwards mentality  
you disrespect the pioneers who paved the way for you and your crew  
we be the deacons of this industry  
dis and Mayhem and T and the E - D O G  
when actually your lyrics straight be glorifyin the enemy  
I hate to hit you with a blast from the past LP  
without the LORD, man it wouldnt sell 3  
most brothas be like, "man don't I know you ?" and its true  
91, 92, where were you ?, I'm bangin with the Organized Rhyme Crew

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]

check it out  
well it be my turn to bust, so watch out, you know the deal  
I cut MCs like Zorro, leavin faces scarred up like Seal  
really tho, so peep the voice, I be the B O N E  
wit the crew who hold more championships than Wayne Gretzky  
(cause we be) the Organized Rhyme bambinos  
bustin more rhymes than tech 9s held by Al Pachino  
so watch out, we comin full force with dope production  
And these lyrics so phat, sometimes I need lyposuctions  
huh, I'm in the house like a kitchen, flippin lyrics sweet like honey  
And I got mo raps than the mummy  
steady killin the demons everyday like Chunghatti  
until the day God gone beam me up like Scotty  
(oh yeah) did I forget to mention  
that I be keepin MCs locked up like Shawshank Redemption  
huh, its just a gift, now I be passin the microphone  
back to my cousin who used to sling more keys than a lock smith, ahh

[Chorus]

[E-Dog]

pose a threat, my rhymes be organized like my crew

It's the few, but not the proud like some groups around fool  
It's the E to the D O G  
lyrically assassinatin demons everyday like my cousin T  
see, we be, the notorious Organized Rhyme clique  
equipped with the Word of God like a pistol grip  
And when I'm thumpin gets to pumpin more and more of what you lookin for  
aura in your town, now we takin over  
so put away your nursery rhymes, chimes, and nickel and dime hooks  
you ain't got no verse in this rap book  
dear God, I got up in the ride because its scary  
for T-Bo capped 'em writin out a dictionary  
I don't associate myself with playa haters, can't trust 'em  
they say we ain't dope, but we still can't pass through customs  
(dust 'em) like finger prints (you can't touch his mind)  
my crew be more United than the Airlines

[Chorus] - 3X