

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