

Frisco Kid

"Black Sunday"

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Lawd, help me out now
We gotta get together
We gotta Organize
No matter the weather
It's a Black Sunday, hey..

[Pharoahe Monch]

I used to watch my grandmother catch the Holy Ghost
in church
For her soul she would search
Five years later now I'm off to work
in a department store, I'm foldin pants and shirts-ah
At the end of the week-ah, lawd
Just enough loot to put some cheap sneakers on my
feet
That's when I made a promise to my momma I said
"I betcha you see me at the Apollo one day and I'ma..
be kickin that fat funk shit;
black, mackadocious -- speakers in the back trunk shit"
Cause the boss is boss and need is costing me
to miss classes and I feel he spoke to me
to be a jackass in the future; then, who's gonna shoot
ya?
At this point in my life is where I chose to write rhymes..
.. instead of doing crimes
Nineteen eighty-six to nineteen eighty-nine
Organized Konfusion, did not, get, signed
But we will soon one day, until then
I return at twelve at noon on the track, Black Sunday

Chorus:

Lawd, help me out-ah
We gotta get together
We gotta Organize
No matter the weather
It's a Black Sunday

[Prince Poetry]

Yeah, remember losing a loved one, lawwwd help us to
make it over

Delete the pork cigarettes and forty-nine cent soda
We came a long way and I'm still runnin for my
freedom
Still have one hundred miles to go, escape from the
crack villlles, so, you can feed that baby
I used to ride the elevator with the crazy lady
I year later I made demo cassettes with the Monch
and ?Tastik? was on the fader, rhymes ran out quick so
I
encouraged Monch to start writing rhymes
And Mrs. J cooked dinner then we came into same hard
times
Sour contract shouldn't have been on the plate
Two apes escaped, back to L.A. with our demo tape
The state of mind I was in since Paul Sea died is that
I gotta get mines, representin 40 projects so I'm
all-in, gotta make papes and all that
Close my own record deal cause I can't fall for that
old snake shit, hiss in the grass
for the cash, little cents, intuition listen
If you're missin my money, my fist you will be kissin
Dang... I don't even understand

Chorus:

Lord, help me out now
We gotta get together
We gotta Organize
No matter the weather
It's a Black Sunday

Outro:

Check it out
Like to say whassup to my whole herd
Like to say rest in peace to my man ?Dilu?
And rest in peace to my man Juice
Three strikes

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