

Frisco Kid

"Move"

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Uhh, check it, uhh, yo

[Chorus: Organized Konfusion]

What we came to do today is drop the science
and spread love your ways peoples, you better move
somethin

We get the fire started inside of the party
You know how my herd play love, you better move
somethin

Money grillin gruntin, playin the role frontin
Get off the wall, come have a ball, killer move somethin
Shit muh'fuckers recognize
It's Organized (fuck shit up) bitch you better move
somethin

[Pharoahe Monch]

Yeah yeah, I said yes yes y'all (yes yes y'all)
to the beat y'all (to the beat y'all)
When I'm in the club I rub-a-dub and be like havin a ball
Now hey heY hEY HEYYYYY!
We gonna rock a little bit like this I say (ha!)
Cops lingerin, singlin me out for figurin
thoughts of stranglin me up, while I'm just single and
minglin
with my crew (true) we sing-a-long to shing-a-ling
Bring along a friend if she don't mind seein the ding-a-
ling
The ting-a-ling-a-ling, school bell ringin
Niggaz back up, when the Monch starts singin
Mii mii mii, now I yearn
Aiiyo! Get off the wall and get concerned
We bout to move this planet I'm f'real god damnit!
Any MC's left standin without skills get reprimanded
and branded with out logo, Organized for dolo
Without affiliation the crews duo teams and solos

[Chorus] w/ minor variations

[Pharoahe Monch]

We the employees of the year, yeah we back again
We took time off, to get our business shit correct

[Prince Poetry]

Select, directions so we can all connect
Collect, the shack before we start to catch wreck
Most want to be but dem can't see such
Still makin moves kid I'm mad quick on the clutch
Prince (Poe!) rebel of rap black knight with the
Pharoahe
I take flight and ever since day one, niggaz was tight
Now I, shuffle hands you and your mans never dealt
Organized is on the wax, wax upon felt
Imbicilic MC's get treated like a tuna melt
They gettin ate rate us at top speeds, of a stealth
jet fighter in light of a million two-thousand and eight
I'm Jet Screamer baby, "Ahh ahh" I make you bounce
rock skate
roll take 'em off the glass, I'm moldin new ashes
(what?!)
when Southside's finest commence to lace this
party now it's bubblin (ehh ehh) I'm strugglin
with this Henny and cherries I bury, adversaries
and you know this, maaaaan! Ha
And you ain't got to lie, god damn

[Chorus]

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