

## Organized Konfusion

### "3 - 2 - 1"

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[prince poetry]

Yo check it out, we gonna do it like this for the '93 flava  
Know what I'm saying? letting you know this is  
organized  
We got the crew in the house,  
And we definitely representin for the masses  
So my man pharoahe monch gon' step to mic  
Let you know what time it is  
We gon-na do it like this, check it out

[pharoahe monch]

Help me out, to my peeps in queens, clap your hands  
To my peeps in brooklyn, clab your hands  
To my people in the bronx, clap your hands  
To my peeps uptown, clap your hands  
It's three strikes, two tokes, one time for the mind  
Three strikes, two tokes, one time for your mind  
Three strikes, two tokes, and one time for the mind  
Three stickes, two tokes, and one time...

Surprisssssse! huh, open your eyes up, when I rise, huh  
Pharoahe monch I got skills for the wise!  
Dumb, deaf, and blind you know it's time to organize  
I'm flippin and rippin a style for the boys who wanna  
get wild  
For the old and young, the golden child  
I be the man with the gift of gab like santa  
Catchin - stacks of beats, from here to atlanta  
Ruah! what you say little weasel?  
Can't block the foul if the style's cock diesel  
I feel like busting loose  
With the style that I produce to get juice from a troops  
Black kojack, better than beretta  
Any veteran knows the medicine man is better  
Never sweat a girl that's inside of a jetta  
I just let her pass by with a wink to the eye  
It's the m-o-n-c-h, i, g-a-i  
The greatest rapper you ever heard please won't you  
relate my  
Message to my critics, get it when you rewind  
It's three strikes, two tokes, one time for the mind

It's three strikes, two tokes two times for the mind  
(repeat 8x)

[prince poetry]

Check who gets wreck, it's me, prince po  
Old school flowing, rolling thick with the o  
R-g-a-n-i-z-e-d, peace to the pioneers that made a way  
for me  
To mc, and tear the roof off the mother, brother  
So back on the underground because we love you  
smother  
Wack mc's, like gravy on chicken  
Hope some of the homeless say that our jams is kickin  
Stickin flavor, in your grill piece  
Pickin fat loops for troops to bop to, when time is  
ticking  
Winding up, here comes the pitch  
Prince po throws strictly fast flows with no specific type  
of niche  
But sometimes you gotta slow down the flow  
Blow up the spot and let the whole world know  
Here comes the prince po with another funky intro  
Something to parlay with and ease the mental  
Our instrumentals are too much for the average fan  
So I bring the jamaican funk (uh!) that's what it is  
I am too dope, too fat, organized konfusion is back  
That's with a "k" black, get the fly exact stack  
The money, start the party cause organzied don't play  
that!

It's three strikes, two tokes two times for the mind  
(repeat 8x)

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