

Organized Konfusion "Bring It On"

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Bring it on motherfucker bring it on (4x)

Verse one: pharoahe monch

Mind chip

I even be gettin more graphic than an neo geo

Thirty-two bit computer chip be slipped between my lips

And then I'll spit

Spit it out spit it out go ahead spit out

That itty bitty style you upchuck

Betta believe I buttfuck mc's from the rear it appears
you're stuck up

It's my terminology that strike up mind and rips this
beat apart

You know the many styles I choose will bruise crews
from the start

I flow awkwardly cause awkwardly I flow that's to the
rhythm

Incisions are made into the brain and then I begin to
give em

A lobotomy, follow me I'm shapin your brain.. like..
pottery

All over the track

Gimme the p-h gimme the a-r gimme the o-a gimme
the h-e, pharoahe

Crazy poison tip arrows are hittin you from all
directions

You cannot dodge or manage to dislodge them from
the point at

Which they are connecting

I am se-se-selecting a ne-ne-ne-new style

Live for pa-pa-pa-pile-piles of mc's who try to get bu-
bu-bu-buck-buckwild

Fu-fu-fu-fuck dat, when I'm in a renovative state of
mind

I'm innovative, never been afraid of rockin the
microphone

I'm prone to be eliminating

Cling when I sing a song of sixpence if it makes sense
then sing along

Cling along to my nuts if you got guts then bring it on

Bring it on motherfucker bring it on (8x)

Verse two: prince poetry

There is no equivalent one consider me the epitome of
rhymes
Rhythm to techs execution is parallel to them with
An exception of the organisms
My telepathy cannot be dismantled so stop sweatin me
Advanced data now watch your greater updates so
raps get trampled
Fe-fi-foe steps up elevations show
That I'm ahead of your time specifically right behind a
dope rhyme
Rippin shit up at prime time I'm optimus prime/time
material
Imperial wizard of vocabularic havoc I eat mc's like
cereal
That's soggy, milky skills like mister miyagi
When it's foggy I release globby spits
Over names of rappers in the lobby as a hobby... i'll!
Rip your nitshit get stick quick get your crew before I do
Something gory to your quite futile styles
Miniature raps get waxed, simonized
Into the fifth dimension of your centrifugal never typical
stand attention
I'm, mystical rip shit til the power blows
Those chose to compete we delete em -- observe
defeat
That's sending down from above to get cha hit cha split
cha ditch cha
Picture you, victorious
I'm gory plus your shit's mad boring, bring it on

Bring it on, bring it on, bring it on motherfucker bring it
on (2x)

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