

Organized Konfusion "Confrontations"

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Yo, grip, you got your eyes fixed
On me like as if a bitch caught me in a glitch
Reachin' at cases, no beef just fish, straight pitch
What the fuck is the problem? You and your man

Yo, move back, y'all rap niggaz take this shit too far
I'm like an ox, brother, my box-cutter leavin' a scar
All my peoples are connected
That shit y'all spit on records is infected and dead

You'll get injected with lead, ain't no need for me to
sweat
No, man, my crew makes stacks
You just be black and, ass nigga, plus your records is
whack
You'll get fucked up
(I'll get fucked up? Nah, I don't think so money)

Violatin' my 360, his niggaz started revolvin'
That problem needed quick solvin' so we started to
brawlin'
(Combinations of haymakers deleted all of the stallin')
Callin' for nobody, determined just to keep these
niggaz fallin'
(To the big man's ribs)
After a left to his jibs, him and his man transform
Into these six rowdy-ass kids

I never went since Prince struck first
Bitches dispersed towards the corner
Too many enemies for me to overpower
I wanna at least take one nigga down with me

If I have to go out, I'm goin' scrappin', no doubt
First nigga up to bat gets bent, pinned
(Bent, pinned)
Immediately up against the wall, him
(Ha, him)
Wig pushed back, thumb to windpipe, reacts
Numb his whole face, contorts when eyeballs contract

When shit comes down to it, no hesitation

Actions speaks louder than words in all situations
Do what we gotta do, set it off, let it loose
Fuck it, we ready for confrontation

When shit comes down to it, no hesitation
Actions speaks louder than words in all situations
Do what we gotta do, set it off, let it loose
Fuck it, self-preservation

I can't believe these whack rap niggaz is swingin' on
me
The dark-skinned kid caught me in the eye, now I'ma
bring it to G
I square him up while Chuck tries to trip him, fuck
He's too fast, over the top, duck, champagne and the
glass struck

Now Moet's all over the floor and I'm slidin' through it
Pharoahe, I got your back, splittin' him, exposin' bodily
fluid
From fraudulent foes with points to prove and no holds
barred
Raw dog like out in the yard

I'm peepin' out how their security maneuvered and
selected
In multiples of 3, random niggaz end the beef to be
ejected
Collected my thoughts, connected with members of
medicine men
Who explained to me that DT's got the block locked,
seized

They wouldn't let us in, sighed, slide
To the midstream plus swallow your pride
(This is the second time, swine, one time, had to spoil
it)
Pull the lids on the commode and drop the glocks
inside the toilet
If we move swiftly, we just might make it
If the opportunity arise to bounce, let's take it

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