

## Organized Konfusion "Decisions"

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Chorus:

The greatest thing in this world is life  
And life is full of pain struggle and strife  
Decisions and moves you make gotta be precise  
Step careful son watch how you roll your dice

The greatest thing in this world is life  
And life is full of pain struggle and strife  
Decisions and moves you make gotta be precise  
Thinkin that you the man and you might see ice  
And that ain't nice

(it's like that and uh  
It's like that and uh)

Verse one: pharoahe monch

Never exceeding my recommended dosage  
When it comes to licking, selecting, chicken  
It's never what it seems when you're picking  
Cause you can't tell from the eyes  
Especially now they seperate the legs from the wings  
and thighs  
Ain't no surprise in it  
You get it, with, cellophane wrapped tight over the  
meat  
They be like disguising it  
I'm sort of sticking to my old ways (true)  
Keeping my order score the chicken dark nowadays  
Even believing in retrieving in my own chicks  
It's, no need to be rude (shit)  
I let the butcher chop it up and key food  
And hit her with the keys if she's on bended knee like  
boyz ii men  
I tell her I don't want to catch some vanilla poisoning  
I'm poised and when... it's the opportune time  
Before I stuff my face  
Kneel my head over my plate, then I say my grace  
Pray up above  
Slip on my rubber glove and dine  
Polish off the meal and enjoy some wine

Relax recline  
Yeah

Chorus  
Verse two: prince poetry

Aiyyo most def, you know I love, gettin it on  
(but not without the stretch)  
Don't need to be making that three letter catch (cool)  
Careful who I choose to make ooohs  
Better believe me love (we living in the paradise of  
fools)

Yo pharoahe (right? ) remember I met yvette in dallas,  
tex  
(that cool queen long blonde chick with mad connects?  
no quest)  
Oh yes, she hooked hooked us to the game 'cause  
strange shit  
Was going down in town  
There was a pretty dear packin pound cakes  
A cocoa butter babe with papes jewels a black ac  
And mad niggaz was liking that  
Players tricking on that chicken and slippin  
And never to go far; cause shante had the scar  
Now everybody knew why motherfuckers started  
droppin  
But nobody knew shante's ex-husband, was needle  
poppin  
And on the other side of town, medical records was  
lost  
Blood samples was crossed and doctor's mix-ups was  
found  
Yvette said, "the six o'clock news covered the scam"  
Three families blew the fuze  
It was a psycho doctor at hand and insanity rules  
Only two to lay five on that man, and he's singin the  
blues  
He sings the blues, he sings the blues

We're living in the world of frus... tration plus  
The lies lust gluttony and mistrust  
Situations we discuss about world domination reflect...  
...guns money greed and sex it all connects like a  
puzzle  
In the game of life, in the game, in the game of life  
In the game, in the game of life

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