

## Organized Konfusion "Fudge Pudge"

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Here we go again with the funky intro  
People approach me knowin' I'm the Prince Po E T R  
Y, yes, and I'm the first batter  
The Pharoahe usually go first, but it don't matter  
(Nah it don't matter)

Funky slices of beats like this comes once in a blue  
But it's not hard for me to chew  
So kick off your shoes and don't forget your socks  
I wash and wash them emcees like Clorox

Skills I have, good and plenty  
If you want dope lyrics, but still gimmicks gimme  
Beats, equivalent to just something that I can  
Flow, flow, flow, flow, float on

It's gettin' breezy so kiddies'll keep ya coat on  
When I proceed to light the party  
In the summer, somethin' like a Mardi Gras  
Bikinis, panties, bras

Juicin' 'em and I'm suckin' the girls up like straws  
Oops, upside ya dome, I don't answer the phone  
When I'm home not alone on the bone  
Leave your name and your number

And a brief message at the end of the tone, boop  
Ooh, and I like it 'cause I'm Poetry, the psychic  
Intellectual level would rather, nah, nah, I don't like that  
Yo, scratch that one more time  
(You can do better than that)

Rollin' lyrics off the tip of my tongue, swing  
I swing, swing, I swang, swang, I swung, swung  
Bringin' you the news like Kaity Chung  
But I'm not a pretty oriental specimen from 'Hong Kong  
Foey'

Numba one supa guy, I love the women but I don't try to  
see 'em  
I'd rather make the money bein' on the cover of E.M.  
Get emcees mad, make them flare up nostrils

I'm Poetry, the rap fanatic, I get hostile

Yeah, can I, can I get a beat?

(Hostile, hostile, hostile)

Yo, Pharoahe's up next, yo, yo Monch

Kick it, Monch

Pressure, pressure, pressure, pressure, pressure,  
pressure cooker

I leave the party when I mass a lot of hookers

Slip and slide, I sling the sludge

Fudge, fudge, pudge, pudge, but never hold a grudge

Up against the wall, I caught you with the drugs

The organism's on the jury, guess who's the judge

I hit the hook heavy, ready no chitter-chatter

I figure since I'm bigger, why pitter-patter

Prouncin' on particular poets who persist to portray  
professional punks

You're just a pussy, meow, cat when I'm deckin' you

Disrespectin' you, clever whenever I select a new  
dialogue

One plus one, get it together

Girls don't despair 'cause I'll be your 'Fair Weather  
Friend', friend

No, I don't have a Benz and no, I don't have an Infiniti

I figure the eight inches of meat, will be the remedy

When I pull up to the bumper

'Cause I'll be down to thump a girl like Heather Hunter

I tell you now you never hated

(Hated)

The triple X when it comes to sex is what I'm rated

I tell you, know that I can give good love

Yes, I'm the one you should love

(Tell us about it)

So don't try to diss 'Fudge Pudge'

'Cause it's alright with me

Kick, slick rhymes out of a mouth

Tricky in a joust, plus I'm down with Mickey Mouse

C'mon, everyone, lets flow to the rhythm of my tongue

To the rhythm of a drum, emcees wanna battle

But they can't get with the capital M O N C H on the mic

I get swifter than the rest of them, maybe even the best

Scorin' one, oh, one on a poetical test

So O.C. if you know who you are

(C)

Get on the mic become a superstar

The form I signify is cultivated, why spread it  
Many, many lyrics memorized, inbedded  
In my think, tank sharp as a shank knife  
I strike the mic just as quick as a snake bite

Suck out the poison, yeah, go 'head, try it  
Skills of an assassin', watch as I'll fly  
Thorough, doesn't matter the borough, I'm swingin'  
Clear to the end, keep the party people clingin'

Treatin' emcees like government cheese  
Shred 'em like cheddar, cut 'em up 'cause P's  
Laid out on the bed while we write to the tracks  
He's so funny when it comes to the snaps

Write a hardcore rhyme, that's what the boy said  
I could whip up a rhyme that could slice a boar's head  
No, that's ham and we don't digest that  
Organism, that's when a dog ate a rat

So fee-fi-fum everybody's 'Funky Drummin' it  
When you hear the bassline, you'll be hummin' it  
I'm keepin' it simple 'cause I can swing many ways  
Rappers get Met, 'cause Met it pays

It's a mad, mad, mad, mad world and it's best to never  
wild out  
Go against me and I'm quick to pull out  
The driveway by the way, hey  
Picked up your girl 'cause she was goin' my way

Hand on the stick, foot on the clutch  
Flowin' over eighty miles per hour, I'll pull it on outta  
Skid marks left on the ground like tattoos  
The rubber smells badder than the doodoo on your  
shoes

You stink, better think wise, is what I advise  
'Cause O.C. has skills to kill a whole tribe  
Off, awkward, spaghetti, I'll sauce it  
Lyrics flow like fluid out of a faucet, yeah

[Unverified]

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