

## **Organized Konfusion "Keep It Koming"**

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We keep it koming  
We keep it koming, huh  
We keep it koming  
We keep it koming, uhh

And when it's time to Organize  
We stick together through the times  
With the attitude like Miles  
We keep it koming

We keep it koming  
We keep it koming, huh  
We keep it koming  
We keep it koming, uhh

And when it's time to Organize  
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I be flipping the scripts, ripping through hoods coming  
equipped  
Lifts out of my lyrics, sippin' forties in a whip  
Organized, rise, raise up the level, surprise  
Niggaz, watch Prince open your eyes when I deliver

Give a honeydip a wink, thick chocolate bitch  
Switch up the pace, kick me, the digits later you can  
taste  
The bass thumps for months, entrapped in the lab  
With mad blunts creating formulas that you can grab

I escape the clutches of wackness, I'm like a mattress  
Lay it down for the South Side, Sounds of Blackness  
Uh, ohh, I keep it koming stunning, you're running  
Through states to make pace, gunning you down with  
the drumming

That rakes in the dough  
Oh, my God, times are hard so I gotta flow  
Spark up the L, I excel over the stress  
Crushing the competition that I stomp from east to west

Rest assured, we will deliver the goods to the hoods  
For the youth, this is proof we should  
Well, Organize got the bomb hard to stay calm  
Forming like Voltron and then attacking at dawn

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When I'm fed up, I hold my head instead of me teasing  
Yo, ooh, ooh, child, things are gonna get easier  
In my mind and in my soul  
I can take control of a beat whenever I roll

Stroll up the block, 40-dog cocked back  
In my knapsack is a uzi-wop, black whassup  
Spreading like malaria, but much scarier  
Migrating in the whole tri-state area

Without a doubt, my niggaz never go out  
They rock, braids, and fades, and baldies  
And blow up and blew out throughout  
The entire night I'm peepin' you and

Your entire crew out, what's that all about?  
I suppose I be steppin' to hoes when  
I'm masking overconfidence 'cause I know my new shit  
Is gonna go platinum, I'm mathin' 'em

Light skin ones inside of a Maxima  
On a passenger side, this is what I'm asking her  
Hey, baby, you look so good  
Why you driving through our neighborhood?

If raps I wrote were cookies, I bet you'd bite a chip  
Rookie, fetch a product 'cause it took a long time to  
ignite  
A fucking style from the end, back to the beginning  
Niggaz is winning, Prince, niggaz is winning

Keep the fat drumming, running up your back  
Black with stacks of facts for the tracks that you can  
react to

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We be the bread and butter making, breaking crown  
facts  
Around back, cracking gunner sound, heart starts  
To stutter when the bass pounds butter like this  
Rumbling CD crispy, no hiss

Rush you like Russell, make you flip like Knipsie  
Wilson negative but can't see, but maybe one  
Organized, take the favor rated is my tip  
To keep my peers motivated with funk, only we rip see

For years tears shed it, but never let it  
Mislead a nigga figure that I'd be runnin' dogs, you  
know

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Nigga, yeah, uhh, check it out  
Extreme phat with the Pharoahe Monch  
Cheeba, cheeba, Mr. Prince Po will flow

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