

Organized Konfusion "Move"

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Uhh, check it, uhh, yo

What we came to do today is drop the science
And spread love your ways, peoples, you better move
somethin'

We get the fire started inside of the party
You know how my herd play love, you better move
somethin'

Money grillin', gruntin', playin' the role frontin'
Get off the wall, come have a ball, killer move
somethin'

Shit, muh'fuckers, recognize
It's Organized, bitch, you better move somethin'
(Fuck shit up)

Yeah, yeah, I said, yes, yes, y'all
(Yes, yes, y'all)
To the beat y'all
(To the beat y'all)
When I'm in the club, I rub-a-dub and be like havin' a
ball
Now hey hey hey, hey

We gonna rock a little bit like this, I say
(Ha)
Cops lingerin', singlin' me out for figurin'
Thoughts of stranglin' me up while I'm just single and
minglin'
With my crew, we sing-a-long to shing-a-ling
(True)

Bring along a friend if she don't mind seein' the ding-
a-ling
The ting-a-ling-a-ling, school bell ringin'
Niggaz, back up, when the Monch starts singin'
Mii, mii, mii, now I yearn

Aiyyo, get off the wall and get concerned
We 'bout to move this planet, I'm fo' real, god damn it
Any MC's left standin' without skills get reprimanded
And branded with out logo, Organized for dolo

Without affiliation, the crews, duo teams and solos

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We the employees of the year, yeah, we back again
We took time off to get our business, shit, correct

Select directions so we can all connect
Collect the shack before we start to catch wreck
Most want to be, but dem can't see such
Still makin' moves, kid, I'm mad, quick on the clutch

Prince, rebel of rap, black knight with the Pharoahe
(Poe)

I take flight and ever since day one, niggaz was tight
Now I, shuffle hands, you and your mans never dealt
Organized is on the wax, wax upon felt

Imbicilic MC's get treated like a tuna melt
They gettin' ate, rate us at top speeds of a stealth
Jet fighter in light of a million two-thousand and eight
I'm Jet Screamer, baby, ahh, ahh, I make you bounce,
rock skate

Roll, take 'em off the glass, I'm moldin' new ashes
(What?)

When Southside's finest commence to lace this
Party, now it's bubblin', I'm strugglin'
(Ehh, ehh)

With this Henny and cherries I bury adversaries

And you know this, man, ha
And you ain't got to lie, god damn

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