

Organized Konfusion "Numbers"

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Uhh, turn it up
Hah, uhh, yo, check it
Now add it up
Uhh, add it up
Uhh...

[prince poetry]
Check it out, we're like
Three lp's precise from my five deadly venoms
With international plugs like nine organized emblems
Get it? twenty thousand leagues, extra deep
Runnin with the number thirteen with my 40 below's
upon the feet
Now adam 12 got me in this 20/20
So I'm double oh seven about my four one one
Seventy-four catch my eighty-three degrees of heat
We merkin four-twenty eat island three five n2deep
Mack 10 under seat for carjacking passenger 57's
A product 19 who gets the dumpster behind 7 eleven
4-1-0-8-0-9-1-5-9
Same 227 style with one nosy bitch in the blind
Hit, one-five-five for twenty sacks and better
Nothin but love for this nigga, mr. 16th letter
Mr. 16th letter, mr. 16th letter...

[pharoahe monch]
Yo, nine times out of ten, a nigga won't shine
I drop dime on five niggaz who all had nines
On the corner of my block doin crime, now i'm
Walkin around, with the fo'-pound, now lately
Lookin over my shoulder with a six hour three-eighty
Maybe the baby tec woulda been nicer to bring along
Sing along with me if y'all know the song
Mines, gimme, not vinnie but I'm naughty
In forty projects drinkin 40's till I'm forty ?
Truncatin drum loops with pauly
On the sp-1200 and 1212 you feel it
Mission to create, matrimony and reveal it
It's love in the form of life, as you know it
You skatin with the eight and i'ma damn sure show it

Funky four +1, you know makes five

Fantastic, romatic, got live
Furious was cheeriest, the treacherous three
We be the awesome two most definitely
... makes five ... got live
... three, we be the awesome two

[pharoahe monch]

Now I can get get, smart smart
But I'm not not eighty-six in the mind, mind you
I got a girl named ninety-nine, and when I rhyme
She rhymes too, she likes to do the sixty-nine
And so I climb, up through, to the, top of the pile
But see I'm not standing on gomer
I hit a homer, and I got jumped by the simpsons
Not to mention, pharoahe mon-chi-chi, eighty-nine
percent
Of the time I'm sure of my rhyme like shake
redemption
The remaining eleven percent come from seven
percent
Great God pharoahe of heaven ascent
Racin a 5.0, in my 380i
On my way back from florida on four-ninety-five

We just parlayin with the one one one
Check one, now add it up
Now add the two *scratch* two two
Uhh, monch, add it up
Truly with the three three three three
Yo, add it up
We be the awesome two most definitely

[prince poetry]

Now just yesterday I couldn't took my last five
heartbeats
Now I feeling it's for spiritual reasons
No more sweet sixteens and dick teasing
Too many tech-9's behind trees and five-oh keeps a
black brotha bleedin
Fillin em up like unleaded phillips 66
Owin me more than 40 acres and these mule kicks
Gettin the 48 hours, like eddie murphy
Too dark to mix, now triple-six wanna hurt me
Still reachin for more than, ten million sales
In studio 54, waiting to exhale
When in the world 12 disciples, in this life cycle
That's trifle, so my impact's a twenty gauge rifle
Fifty/fifty eight and thirteen inches of weapon
7-1-8 to 2-1-3 on the 747
Three strikes, two tokes, once again for the mass
Furious like the five with grandmaster flash

Yo, funky four +1, you know makes five
Fantastic, romatic, got live
Furious was cheeriest, the treacherous three
We be the awesome two most definitely

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