

## **Organized Konfusion** **"Organized Konfusion"**

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Capital P to the R to the I to the N to the C to the E  
To the P to the O to the E, try harder, don't bother  
Prince Poetry, the man not a myth  
I'm not the type that you can walk up and eff with

Don't sleep, just peep the whole damn concept  
I'm out to wreck, sucker MC's  
Steppin' to me with garbage  
I'm Goldilocks and I'm taxin' your porridge  
(Yeah)

Ooh, cold but yummy  
I slept in your bed and your girl sucks funny  
I'm out to bash, beats and drop snares  
Crush tables and smash up chairs, yeah

So consider me on a rampage  
I spread out and hit ya like a sawed off twelve gauge  
So back up, don't play me close  
Most boast to be the best, but you can't and will never

Ever in your life, come close to a mic  
Assassinator, I'm playin' you out like beta  
I'm watchin' you front  
Flaunt your puss-head, lookin' just like bark

This is just a verbal whippin'  
For all you who don't fall, but you keep slippin'  
Shootin' the gift for the guh-guh-gab  
I'm gonna dunk on your neck just like Kareem

Abdul, yo, and ain't cool  
So don't let me act like a fool  
'Cause I'm takin' off from the tip-top of the key  
With the rock passed by the Pharoahe M O N C H

The chosen lyrical soldier who backs me up  
When punks verbally and physically try to get over  
With no skills, no competition  
Havin' you reminiscin' about a brother

Who don't give a damn about dissin'

Black and white, clever like a superstition  
'Cause concepts flow with the use of a pen  
A sheet and when brain cells meet

Brain-bustin' MC's try to get hype but  
Smell like doo-doo 'cause they can't even wipe butt  
Stuck-up and quite conceited  
Your one hit song, all year long at shows

Everybody knows it 'cause you're gonna repeat like re-  
runs  
Put your iron away 'cause I got three guns  
Now that we've got things up and out in the open  
And clear, yo, grab a chair

'Cause I swing with a style that's rather ill  
The illiterate can't consider it legitimate  
So I kick simplistic rhymes for the plain  
For the peanuts, I commence to go insane

Shredder of a competitor, makin' it better  
For rap listeners 'cause I'm headed for  
The top of the hill where Jack can't chill  
Just me and Jill 'cause Jack has no skills

Now tell me why everybody wants to be a Prince  
No skills, no sense, nonsense  
I'm steppin' up front and to be quite blunt a radical  
Creator of a poetical hypnotical mathematical

Slang slurs punch that stuns and amazes  
Prince Poetry shoots powerful phrases  
Interrupting your braincells, dilutin' your thoughts  
Causin' side effects, fully disintegratin' body parts

'Cause I stalk when I pray upon in the form of the flesh  
Now weaken when Prince Poetry commence speakin'  
Side by side, I rock with the Pharoahe  
Watch you decomposin' MC's and look there's only a  
shadow

Too late 'cause I'm gone, I explode  
And I drop a hip-hop again, atomic atom bomb  
Releasin' lyrics that you better not be usin'  
Organizin' beats that you find Konfusin'

Yeah, here we go, aiiyo, umm, Prince  
(Yo)  
Brothers try to swing on me  
Nut, I don't think they can hit it  
(Nah)

These styles, MC's they just can't get it  
(These, why?)

The way I articulate my flows  
(My flows)  
Sometimes I think I know some shit  
Some MC's just don't know  
The quicker, I'm kickin' the style

Slippin' and stickin' the words hit quicker  
Better figure, the verbs are thick in you  
While the poetical fanatical rap acrobatical style  
Static, never had any, so I'm packin' a black

Automatic pistol itchy by the C.I.A.  
By the way my display of rhymes that I will lay  
Down on wax distributed from a zodiac  
Digitally with a funky appeal

From the reel to reel, it doesn't matter  
I still got the skill to get ill  
Straight literature when you try to hit 'em with your  
Wack style, the critics are sore to crack smiles

So back up black 'cause you lack the skills  
When I ask your girl, tax your girl  
She said she wanted it from the back so I waxed your  
girl  
So why would you try to swing on a nigga

With a itchy, trigger finger better bring a bigger auto  
hit  
Swing a nigga if you wanna get rid of me  
(Damn)  
Your first mistake was to consider me a new jack black  
When I already knew that

So get back, step back, move back, out of my way  
When I roll offbeat again  
(Offbeat)  
Again, and again, and again, and again, and again  
Blending the style, mending it like this

So that you can check it out when I flow awkwardly  
Awkwardly I flow, yo, let's go, most don't recollect me  
as T R O Y  
'Cause I'ma get fly with a microphone, dope with a  
microphone  
You can't cope with a microphone

'Cause I'ma be illin', buckin' off into your grill

And fillin' your face with knuckles and watchin' the  
blood spill  
In down the sewer, always knew I could do a brother  
With a crew of good MC's or maybe even a few are  
stale MC's

I scatter data that'll catapult a metaphor  
The epitcle epilogue editor  
Trendsetter, letters are formin' together  
In the jaw side of my mouth, I'm alphabetic

Call me a librarian, rhymes are scary when I mix verbs  
and phrases  
And put the vocabulary in places  
Where only the M O N C H can do it  
So don't ever despise

Red is the color when you look in  
To my eyes, you'll see Konfusion  
When I'm usin' a style for abusin' MC's are loosin',  
quick  
The O R G A N I Z E D K O N F U S I N G will transmit

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