

Organized Konfusion "Questions"

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Yo, yo, yo, yo, Pharoahe
Right, right
Brother, why don't you explain
How did hip-hop get caught up in this ill rap game?

Yo, I got a question, in hip-hop who they followin'?
(Uhh)
The niggaz with skills or them niggaz who be hollerin'?

Them niggaz that be hollerin' is substitute, modelin'
Niggaz with skills always and forever keeps a followin'

Swallowin' pride
Never we be imperialistic
Who rips shit without bein' materialistic
Statistics show

Ask miss, she know
Just 'cause the niggaz got dough don't mean they got
that flow
Right
Just 'cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got
that flow

What? Nigga, you can consider it the bomb if I spit on
it, get on it
Ride for a little bit, feel how your inner get
From internet, intellect, vibes that I'm sendin' it
Now your soul bubblin' brown sugar so you'll remember
it

Legitimate, imminent, crash course for illiterate
From August to September, Prince is heavenly given it
From center split, train of thoughts that's mad booty
'Cause you twisted and rudey don't mean everything's

Groovy when you hear it, the world's gonna feel it
before I say it
Now some pop some shit, but the labels get the big G's
from sales
(Whoo)
Nobody sayin' shit it just smells

Here's some Southside Saturday love like Shanelle's

My syndicate is tight, quite right for these times
Contradictin' all the hype, the berry-more-black shines
All mine, fine wines to dine rhymes
For forty projects, keepin' it naughty like Treach

Ahh, yo, Prince
Yes, sir
My brother, why don't you explain
How did hip-hop get caught up in this ill rap game?

Yo, I got a question, in hip-hop who they followin'?
(Right)
The niggaz with skills or them niggaz who be hollerin'?

Them niggaz that be hollerin' be substitute, modelin'
The niggaz with the skills forever keeps a followin'

Swallowin' pride
Never we be imperialistic
Who rips shit without bein' materialistic
Statistics show

Ask Duke, he knows
'Cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got
that flow
Hah
'Cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got
that flow

Please, man, I done burned some of the most fattest
MC's
Like chromium percolinate, it's not even tangible for
them
To understand the holy weight, it takes soul to make a
crowd animated
Prince stated, hey, wait 'til we get off that label

And I waited twelve months for the perfect opportunity
(Twelve months)
To thump, bump somethin' loved by my community
(Thump, bump, c'mon)
I'm movin' on all you punk, Bambino bastards
Your style's depleted like muscles without amino acids

I blast kids with mass times matter
Forever clingin' to endeavors defined, clever words
Thus waiting never, frustrating verbs to rip
My rap ratings eradicate
(Eradicate shit)

For me to take rhythms and mate 'em with rhymes in
mating season
Creating shit never before made it
I'm makin' hybrids, created potent enough to open
eyelids
And leave pupils dilated, stress is alleviated

Now it's easier plus economically feasible
For me to leave rap listeners queasy and inebriated
We made it, we came, dedicated, we rated supreme
Even with or without the cream

Yo, yo, Pharoahe
Yes, sit
Brother, why don't you explain
How did hip-hop get caught up in this ill rap game?

Nah, I got a question, in hip-hop who they followin'?
(Uhh)
The niggaz with skills or them niggaz who be hollerin'?

The niggaz that be hollerin' is substitute, modelin'
Niggaz with skills always and forever keeps a followin'

Swallowin' pride
Never we be imperialistic
Who rips shit without bein' materialistic
Statistics show

Ask miss, she know
Just 'cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got
that flow
That's right
Just 'cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got
that flow

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