

## Organized Konfusion "Roosevelt Franklin"

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Don't forget to do that thing for your mother, Roosevelt  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, alright, alright

Running upon the jagged edge, fuck the rough life  
When you have to gain much respect  
As an individual keepin' negativity minimum  
Requires havin' courage, respect him his intellect

So you gotta be on that specific type of set  
Like Roosevelt, especially when your cards are dealt  
You see me, frankly, I don't give a hoot  
About the blanks you shoot out of your mental bank,  
see

I like Roosevelt 'cause he ain't booty  
Moody maybe, baby, you're mad 'cause he smashed  
up your cutie  
Playin' the courts, takin' the loss to wherever  
Some clever college edu-ma-cated individual

With financial status just to mess what the bank stated  
Girls love it and you can't look above it, you hate it  
Peeped his method, you laid, you waited  
You never ever contemplated if I pull a automatic

Will I leave the artillery out or just flight  
Check in the night, you're out to snipe, my man  
You can't stand upon sight of him  
Out to fatally ignite him

Roosevelt felt staticky, he knew things were shady  
Grady had, Bradley's uzi, but he always packed a clip  
or two  
Belongin' to a nickel-plated 380  
Givin' off the impression of a clever nerd

Never was a suspect when a homicide occurred in the  
suburbs  
He was referred to as a respectable intellectual  
Highly acceptable rebel from the ghetto on the level  
Of an intelligent rapper, create him just like Giupetto

The aggressive type and he's not your puppet  
Stickin', quickin' enough to pull a skeezer with  
repetition  
After takin' aim, and buckin' and blowin' the smoke  
away  
Then tuckin' and jettin' home hopin' that no stunts are  
stuck in it

He needs sleep for eight o'clock class  
So as fast as he crash, he might last  
For six hours of bed passed 'cause Roosevelt, it's a  
scholar  
Ivy league material, cully-head kid with brainpower

Six foot two and we wear the same size shoe  
He drinks brew and he runs with my crew  
My herd on a continuous basis in the same places  
Rollin' out five deep, but it's only four faces

So I don't give a two drip-drops about what those have  
felt  
And if I die, and if I die  
(And if he die, and if he die)  
And if I die, it's because of my man, Roosevelt  
Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt Franklin  
Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt Franklin, Roosevelt  
Franklin  
Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt Franklin  
Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt Franklin, Roosevelt  
Franklin

Ooh, I'm so confused, damn, it hurts  
People persist to treat me like dirt  
I don't sleep at night time 'cause dimes I don't drop  
I sling and clockers cease

Commanders in Chiefs, when I pop rocks  
Dig deep within, you might recognize me  
I'm the one with the bloodshot eyes  
Hot rays of sun beat down upon my face as if I'll melt  
bacon

Why the hell my mother named me Roosevelt Franklin?  
I don't know, so I strive to gain  
Only the Lord knows my eyes have seen the pain  
Tears comin' down my cheeks like rain

I was abused, they stripped the mind for amusement  
Now I walk the path of Organized Konfusion  
But it's only a temporary formality  
'Cause my man, Scott, turns illusion into reality

A loaf of bread, a stick of butter  
(A loaf of bread)  
Somebody's mother lies dead in the gutter  
So I move quick fast to get past quickly  
Swiftly, at last cops can't get with me

Can't hit me, nah, never, I'm too nifty, people shittin'  
me  
Products in the projects so I pump fifties  
In soda cans, so dogs won't sniff me  
I'm takin' the proper precautions  
(Yeah)

'Cause once my mother told me she was gonna get an  
abortion  
I can't keep track of the fluctuation of time  
Hallucinogenics keep abusin' my mind  
Gotta pick up, gotta pick up, gotta pick up, gotta pick  
up

More product, gotta move, gotta go, I can't get stuck,  
not here  
Not if I wanna become Roosevelt Franklin, the  
employee of the year  
I wear baseball caps over my eyes so you can't make  
out  
Me at night, when I'm standin' on the corner eatin'  
Chinese takeout  
Damn, I almost forgot, yo, yo, I have to break out

Yo, don't forget your moms told you to get that stuff  
A loaf of bread, a stick of butter, container of milk  
A loaf of bread, a stick of butter  
(A loaf of bread, stick of butter)  
Umm, container of milk  
(Container of milk)

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