

Organized Konfusion "Soundman"

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Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes

Yo, Mr. Soundman, we would very much appreciate it

(Yes indeed)

If you add a tad bit more mids

And a little more lows to the mic

(Word up)

I'm on mic number one, Prince is on mic number two

(Yes, yes, yes)

A little bit more but right, right, right there, yeah

One more, c'mon, uhh

(Recognize)

C'mon, right, yes, yes, right here, uhh, c'mon, down

Sorta similar to the way I remember to be the

Wordsmith

Pharoahe, God's gift to vocabulary

My personal soliloquies be killin' me softly

Still I be packin' artillery, y'all feelin' me yet?

Props don't stop here, nigga

I knock MC's out of a six-sided figure

My strategies be tragedy to MC's

Who receive certificates from rap academies

I'm terrific with wordplay

(Wordplay)

Specific with verbs, say we step it up to the next level

See if I represent God

Then all my competition is exclusively Lucifer

See y'all used to the niggaz who would say devil right?

(Right)

But I ain't them, they ain't me

(Nah, uh, huh)

With some bullshit college-ass rappin' degree

But let me show you how we do it, duh, duh, duh

Done with the disco fluid, duh, duh

But if it ain't loud enough

We tell the soundman, turn that shit up, up, up

C'mon, c'mon

Yo, Pharoahe, hold up, hold up, check it
Let me introduce myself
I'm Senor El Chocolate, creme de la creme, a la cheddy
Prince Poe, God's gift to vocabulary

Very visual, every lyrical slide
Is spiritually projected, forever inside
Never to hide but to shine like diamonds inside mines
Let that ass marinate and Poe free flows over basslines

I'm takin' elevatin' to next
Plateaus, rippin' shows with this cosmic sex
Love on CD's and cassettes and DAT's
(Now all rise)
Now who masters the Funk when it's time to Flex?
(Organized)

From the Southside, spar chump MC's
Thinkin' they comp, but soon to get smoked like trees
I eat MC's of all kinds, spit out the rhyme
Regurgitate their mindstate 'cause I don't eat swine

Set it straight, online, internet programmed to climb
You might catch me in The Grind
Straight bumpin' a dime
Now let me tell you how we do it
(Yeah, yeah)

With that old disco fluid
(Uh, huh)
And if it ain't loud enough
Tell the soundman to turn that shit up
Up, up, up
(Up, up)

If it, uh, check it

(Turn me up now, ooh, ohh, yeah)
(Ooh, ooh, ooh, ohh, ooh, ooh)

Tinted V8, buck and a half on the dash
All weather Pirellis, the exterior color is cash
Black Italian leather, Nakamichi system to blast
Full metal to the pedal when we Organize on that ass

I last, amongst the mass, gettin' the cash
But in the stash fast before the stock market crash
Splash, five quarts of straight water fortified
First place to get this partyin' on

In any club or on the corner in the box with pops
In barbershops, ladies got with it in hoopties, some in
drop-tops
Look at love-love, fuckin' with this top-notch
Boombastic, ghetto dope now, fly gymnastics of
passion

With verbal toxic, rock shit
(Daily, mmm)
The soul controller up in the cockpit
Lock shit with my robotic optic
You ain't fuckin' with this proper, who's too tropic?
Stop it

(Hey, Mr. Soundman
Can you boost me, juice me up?)

I'm sendin' them in yo face, spinnin' them quick wit'
Synonym blendin' them in wit', homonyms entered in
And by embalmin' them wit', shit, whenever I spit
No need for me to go, get old hit, records to go gold
wit'

Yo shit with absolutely no innovation whatsoever
You and all your mens not clever
Y'all need to be told that shit
You ain't bold black plans of promotional schemes

And scams are so wack
Tracks are trash to me, nigga actually
Your platinum plaque should even go back to the
factory
People wanna be like Michael and when

Recyclin' when the fans wanna hear Fresh Material
From imperial rap pros who Organize
Gettin' very intolerant at rap shows like lactose
In fact those niggaz that act up get smacked

Backwards for bein' so anti-climac, tic
Watch any mack get, put on his back with
Lyrical tactics utilized without practice

This is how we do it, duh, duh, duh
(Yeah, yeah)
Done with the disco fluid, duh, duh
(Uh, huh)

But if it ain't loud enough
Say if it ain't loud enough
Say if it ain't loud enough

We tell the soundman turn that motherfuckin' volume
up, nigga

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