

## Organized Konfusion "Tender Verses"

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First verse: prince poetry

I be the prince, mastermind of lyrical bomb threats  
Green beret just to take it to the next  
Lets, observe this worldwide, what's the status?  
Lies alibis and racism is bustin at us  
So I dive take cover, pull out to bust back  
Tight fist'd rap type cat with fly shit on the map  
One of the most illustrious emcees livin wit' ya  
Styles hoping that it'll fit ya  
Sit ya down peep my intergalactic type sound  
With a little common sense and some soul  
While the punding of stress builds it's time to prove  
Attica blues from the dept, collect mine's cos I already  
paid my dues  
Uhh, emerging up from teh organized dungeon  
Keeping this shit tender, from new york to london  
Plunge in mega-knowledge and dept gets swept  
For lunging at a ground layer, player, now monche is  
bringing the drums  
In, uhh.

Second verse: pharoahe monch

Who flips in to two dimensions  
Turning poison dipped razors  
At foes, and crews who choose to not pay dues  
Those niggas that act up in my scenery, cinema  
Why when I'm a nigga that's eminent  
In size like tenement buildings, plus sky scrapers fly  
But pharoe does not stick to fly paper  
I, aeon fluctuate  
Way beyond points of vanishing, vanishing emcees  
Managing rhymes that are damaging space time  
continuums  
Continually I collect emcees as ornaments  
In remembrance of those once defeated in rap  
tournaments.

Sample:

Woman:

"from paper to pen, from pen to...."

(fade)

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