

Organized Konfusion "Thirteen"

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[pharoahe monch]
Comin ahh, comin ahh
I'm comin like a redneck trucker!
Watch your back *screech* you can't steer it
Face the bass; crumb you run when you hear it
It's the most incredible rap individual style
Piles up, like drug cases in queens
Country criminal court, shorty, step back
Nigga you oughta watch it, my whole herd's packin
Fuck rappin, let's take it to the corner of the block
And battle with the (techs) and the (glocks)
But if you would like it to the stage and mic it
C'mon dere, that's how I like it, uhh
Hit me in the face why don't ya
Prince po will hunt ya and puncture your voodoo doll
Pharoahe, I'm no slave to a rhythm I whip it
Then I take it's name and change it's religion
Then I chop the foot off the fuckin beat
For trying to escape the track, now it's obsolete
That's just the state of mind that I'm in when i...

Chorus

I, I used to play beats on the lunchroom table
This it really enables me to stay stable inside of my
mind
Thus allowing me to climb and then shine
This is a process that will occur in due time
Bust, everything I thrust is activated
Styles I file are not decaffeinated, I'm rough
Tougher than tonka, why I even electrify the sky
As if I was blanka
Kids follow me and my phillies like willy wonka
Silly, I assault and conquer, the cult and brainwash
And squash your little minds with rhymes
Rhymes that are rituals
So I say motherfucker, bitch-ass and glock to spark
brain cells
Not to sell units, you know
They say motherfucker, bitch-ass and glock
For the periodical table of contents symbol au
Hey you, you can't deny when I bust caps the whole

block scatters
Scraps of matter shatter mad glass and what not
Crazy medical attention is needed to make a cop stop
bleedin
Then I'm proceedin up the block with prince po,
renegade
Raps shatter shows like grenades
I rip your shit like sinead when i...

Chorus

Pa-pa-pa power power, augh, I got the power
Gimme a pen and a pad I'll be back in an hour
With some more fat shit, I tell your empty mind
Teachin I'm kickin the poor black shit now
La-di-da, I flip it la-di
Live at a mardi gras, or even at a party
Give me bacardi (hah) I smoke blunts
Stunts I wanna hump, chumps I wanna pump em full of
blam
I never ask the crowd to "jump"
I kick a rhyme, that ask-es you to use your mind
Flippin it for the masses, kickin a lot of asses
The m-o-n-c-h-e I drink, forties of brew
With the crew that rolls deeper than the mediterranean
Here comes the rain again!
Flowin on my head like a memory, now I got energy
That's for the enemies, that's in the industry
Who don't wanna be friends with me, I say fuck em
Suck my dick, from the back
With a crazy straw, you lazy whore
Do that shit to make a dick expand but whatcha did
No chief, no heads
Mooley, what am I an asshole?

[prince poetry]

Asshole!

What am i? ... ahh! uhh! mmm, hah!

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