

Let's Organize

Organized Konfusion

Yeah, check it out, we here with the big O
With the big, big O and you know
What we want y'all to do is just bounce bounce, bounce
Bounce bounce, c'mon, bounce, c'mon, bounce, bounce
(C'mon, we gotta, c'mon, hah)
(We do it like this one time, uhh, sup, sup)

Do you wanna hear the boogie bear?
Jump up and do the freak funk, throw your hands in the air
Compare me with none
The son of the king, triple crown, just to get the job done

I surpass, fast dash through a mass of traps fliers
And blow up the spot and Organize on that ass
I'm hot, black with no sugar, straight coffee
You stalk me because your girl wanna hawk me

Jock me, clock me, watch me mutilate the mic
Rip it apart, shatter your brain when I strike
Add a syringe of raps to cleanse, you fall apart
Style, damage you, amateur 'cause I'm blowin' your file

Honey-dips, see me and they yellin' Organized
And they know, Pharoahe Monche's got skills for the wise

Ohh, huh, shit, look who walked in the door
Ryu, kick, Tiger, Tiger Uppercut
Directly to the gut when I strut on mics
Makes my windpipe erupt

Better back off, I jack off of wack MC's in the vicinity
Nigga, please, I make 'em bounce

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I make you stomp back and forth like an army brigade
Diode cuts love, kid, wherever skills is displayed
Raid your block, blow your mind like fans
In the summer or like Redman, ready to rock

Expanding my cleverness on wax to Japan and back
Ask for Prince and hon I hope ya got
Just five seconds for black Prince to flex
It's not all about sex

I like ears, smooth skin and sensitive necks
Victoria's Secret couldn't keep you from the Prince Poe
So peep it when I funky technique it
For those who slept, wake up, ya better make space

Taste the bread, I break off as I take it to your face, whew
Can you keep up like skeleton, watch Organized Konfusion troop up
Li-li-live with the style that's fly
Prince Poe, I flow smooth like silk, so 'Freak Me'

'Cause I ain't Shai, so, O.C., let 'em know how we go
Come again, my friend, with another funk flow

Look, who just came in, O.C.'s gamin'
Crew's, I set you up to lynch for a hangin'
Bangin' bodies up in a tree like a pinata
Many claim masculine, but sport garters

Whose the artist, not video, more-so to Luke
It's like square dancing on your toes, so bounce

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Well, here's a toke, one time for you mind
Most just can't cope, dope def, booty, nope, I woke you up
I poke your brain, I poke your main artery
Batter me with your fattery, your flattery will never ever shatter me

Prince Poe, the exec with the intellectual concepts
That elevates you like steps
A&R reps, take steps, bounce your ass through the hoods
Here's the goods, an ounce enough for you to bounce?

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