

# Prisoners Of War

## Organized Konfusion

I stand here before the forces of evil with a style  
The poetically God-gifted child  
Bringin forth the story of a lyrical soldier  
Blessed to manifest in the eyes of the beholder  
Words of wisdom never abuse the lines  
they increase, as I release a phrase like a uzi 9  
from the larynx  
Shot in repitition, words never heard before  
but still the rendition of rap will enable me to attack  
from dawn to dusk, for liberation  
Driven I will never give in to interrogation  
The rank, given to me, the Pharoahe  
Cause every bro flows like a crossbow  
Equipped to pierce your soul with a poison-tip arrow  
Any man wearing a blindfold can be misled  
but wise are the ones with the eyes in the backs of the head  
Here's the key to unlock the door:  
Imagine a poet without poetical form  
Rhymes are for sure as an attack  
cause they adapt to combat for the prisoners of war  
I drop smash and causin damage equivalent  
to a hy-drogen bomb, raidin villages like  
a poetical soldier in Vietnam, Poetry  
releasin deadly gasses, bodies deteriorating  
as they stalk past the fatal acid  
As a rebel of rap, I stop, load the Luger  
as I maneuver with the caution as I verbally counterattack  
Striking like a mad sniper cause I'm the type of  
hyperactive viper to wipe away the enemy with no remedy  
cause I'm the epitome so don't try to get rid of me  
You little itty-bitty twenty-five automatic, you're killin me  
cause I'm a glock 9 that will rock your mind  
Distortin it, shorten your brainwaves  
as the rhyme intertwine with the sign of the times  
Don't sleep cause I creep attackin from the side  
that is blind, therefore I gotta be hard to the core  
And I walk, as a prisoner of war  
Wake up to the mathematics of an erratic rap  
Rejuvenator of rhyme, that sort of come automatic  
Poetical medical medicine for the cerebellum  
I divert em and flirt em insert em then I repel em  
a breakdown, poetical shakedown  
Fifty-two pick-up a stick-up so get on the floor facedown  
The ammo to keep the people steppin  
breakin open the vault because I'm like a verbal assault weapon  
I'm mathematical, acrobatical  
Attack the wack take rap to the maximum  
You're strung out you're hung out when you heard the style  
that I brung out of faint air must come out my mouth  
where I stick my tongue out in the at-mos-phere  
Take a good look at what's happening here  
On the microphone, I'm RAPPIN  
Pickin-em-stickin-em up, breakin-em-shakin-em up, and bashin  
the lyric dictator, the aviator of antonym  
All beware to prepare for the guillotine  
Rhymes go express, expert, extreme  
Be up to par with wisdom and intellect

Detatching one's head directly from one's neck  
Still I've been illing and drilling your brain  
like a villain I came in the darkness to spark the literature for sure  
when I rhyme for the prisoners of war  
There is strength in my men-tal-bolism, brains to spare  
upon info, knowledge, data, greater aspects  
affects my future environment  
So in the event I drop science to suit ya, uproot ya  
Hunt ya down  
Verbally attackin from the ground up to intellectually shoot ya  
Lurkin through the shadows of darkness, shots fired  
the spark hits the trees, releasin lyrical ammo  
while I camouflouge in the flash of my stature  
Mentally cease MC's, that be surrounded I capture  
And enemy lines are crushed, bumrushed  
And plus your government officials are corrupted  
cause they're down with us; poetical rebels on a rampage  
of wrecked dialects, blown lyric projects  
Heat is scopin you through my infrared twenty-twenty  
scope lens, steppin upon base that's when the  
Organized Konfusion massacre begins with a blast  
Never will an intruder approach cause they will never ever last  
cause the task is total termination  
Poetry and the Pharoahe starts as the revelation