

3-2-1

Organized Konfusion

Yo check it out, we gonna do it like this for the '93 flava
Know what I'm saying? Letting you know this is Organized
We got the crew in the house,
and we definitely representin for the masses
So my man Pharoahe Monch gon' step to mic
Let you know what time it is
We gon-na do it like this, check it out
Help me out, to my peeps in Queens, clap your hands
To my peeps in Brooklyn, clab your hands
To my people in the Bronx, clap your hands
To my peeps uptown, clap your hands
It's three strikes, two tokes, one time for the mind
Three strikes, two tokes, one time for your mind
Three strikes, two tokes, and one time for the mind
Three stickes, two tokes, and one time...
Surprisssssse! Huh, open your eyes up, when I rise, huh
Pharoahe Monch I got skills for the wise!
Dumb, deaf, and blind you know it's time to organize
I'm flippin and rippin a style for the boys who want to get wild
For the old and young, the Golden Child
I be the man with the gift of gab like Santa
Catchin - stacks of beats, from here to Atlanta
Ruah! What you say little weasel?
Can't block the foul if the style's cock diesel
I feel like busting loose
With the style that I produce to get juice from a troops
Black Kojack, better than Beretta
Any veteran knows the Medicine Man is better
Never sweat a girl that's inside of a Jetta
I just let her pass by with a wink to the eye
It's the M-O-N-see-H, I, G-A-I
The greatest rapper you ever heard please won't you relate my
message to my critics, get it when you rewind
It's three strikes, two tokes, one time for the mind
It's three strikes, two tokes two times for the mind (Repeat 8x)
Check who gets wreck, it's me, Prince Po
Old school flowing, rolling thick with the O
are-G-A-N-I-Z-E-D, peace to the pioneers that made a way for me
To MC, and tear the roof off the mother, brother
So back on the underground because we love you smother
Wack MC's, like gravy on chicken
Hope some of the homeless say that our jams is kickin
Stickin flavor, in your grill piece
Pickin fat loops for troops to bop to, when time is ticking
Winding up, here comes the pitch
Prince Po throws strictly fast flows with no specific type of niche
But sometimes you gotta slow down the flow
Blow up the spot and let the whole world know
Here comes the Prince Po with another funky intro
Something to parlay with and ease the mental
Our instrumentals are too much for the average fan
So I bring the Jamacian funk (Uh!) That's what it is
I am too dope, too fat, Organized Konfusion is back
That's with a "K" black, get the fly exact stack
the money, start the party cause Organzied don't play that!
It's three strikes, two tokes two times for the mind (Repeat 8x)