

Where most niggaz would stop, he would JUST be gettin started
Go all out
I seen people stop in mid-stride, reverse, change directions
Go through buildings to avoid passing him
[Organized Konfusion - mostly Prince Poetry]
Nine times out of ten, a nigga want to shine
But nobody shines brighter than the light Organized
Extra-tight, one hundred percent, drama full armor
The persona is to "Crush Kill Destroy" the bad karma that
hums superb, lyrics emerge from the slums
of the latest gun drug runs, fun feds and dumb-dums
Priority and confidential
Organized mission is rippin any instrumental, believe that

Wa-wa-wa-wa-watch me-me-me get-get me-me so-so-in-in-incred-
-di-di-di-dibly-bly-bly ov-bly-bly over your head, head
I shed styles like reptile skins
While nigga rhyme the SAME, rip beginnin to the ends
of they LP's, try to tell me shit
With they pussy-ass poems and they bullshit (bullshit) skits
Shit I'm hitting you harder than Nancy Kerrigan on the shin
FUCK IT if niggaz can't comprehend

Fuck yo, consider me iller than ill, with skill, nigga chill
Still, some sleep, too deep, not to get bitten
when I reveal technique - wherever I speak
I'm goin in for the kill, for real
Future street prodigy follow the model is hollow
Speak your name if your lyrics hold sorrow - ain't that a damn
shame?
Konfusion with the K and whole effects like rain
with acid from tomorrow, Prince Poe Bizarro
maintains the status, apparatus throughout the stratus-phere
Here stands one of the biddest
City crispy rhyme rebels clear like crystal
O.K. be the initials, ghetto dope officials
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