

Black Sunday

Organized Konfusion

Lawd, help me out now
We gotta get together
We gotta Organize
No matter the weather
It's a Black Sunday, hey..

I used to watch my grandmother catch the Holy Ghost in church
For her soul she would search
Five years later now I'm off to work
in a department store, I'm foldin pants and shirts-ah
At the end of the week-ah, lawd
Just enough loot to put some cheap sneakers on my feet
That's when I made a promise to my momma I said
"I betcha you see me at the Apollo one day and I'ma..
be kickin that fat funk shit;
black, mackadocious -- speakers in the back trunk shit"
Cause the boss is boss and need is costing me
to miss classes and I feel he spoke to me
to be a jackass in the future; then, who's gonna shoot ya?
At this point in my life is where I chose to write rhymes..
.. instead of doing crimes

Nineteen eighty-six to nineteen eighty-nine
Organized Konfusion, did not, get, signed
But we will soon one day, until then
I return at twelve at noon on the track, Black Sunday
Chorus:
Lawd, help me out-ah
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Yeah, remember losing a loved one, lawwwd help us to make it over
Delete the pork cigarettes and forty-nine cent soda
We came a long way and I'm still runnin for my freedom
Still have one hundred miles to go, escape from the
crack villlllles, so, you can feed that baby
I used to ride the elevator with the crazy lady
I year later I made demo cassettes with the Monch
and ?Tastik? was on the fader, rhymes ran out quick so I
encouraged Monch to start writing rhymes
And Mrs. J cooked dinner then we came into same hard times
Sour contract shouldn't have been on the plate
Two apes escaped, back to L.A. with our demo tape
The state of mind I was in since Paul Sea died is that
I gotta get mines, representin 40 projects so I'm
all-in, gotta make papes and all that
Close my own record deal cause I can't fall for that
old snake shit, hissin in the grass
for the cash, little cents, intuition listen
If you're missin my money, my fist you will be kissin
Dang... I don't even understand

Lord, help me out now
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No matter the weather

It's a Black Sunday

Check it out

Like to say whassup to my whole herd

Like to say rest in peace to my man ?Dilu?

And rest in peace to my man Juice

Three strikes