

Late Night Action

Organized Konfusion

No question we doin this shit once more, once more

Intro/Chorus: all together

The mic strikes, the main event, there's no dull moment
They frail cause their shell lack one component
That's the motive of locs, big payback shit
Organizin, for your Late Night Action

(repeat 2X, substitute fourth line in first repeat with "Organizin")

I'm comin through to administer sinister, effects
Funky ghetto intellects, infrareds and the tecs
Cause foes envy, look for the Remi I had it in me
Bark loud with the dogs like them frogs on ?skinny spinday?

Gimme gimme, you sweet get licked like Yum-Yum's
Run up on your set with pumps and dum-dum's
I let a nigga shine with his glass house image
Cause everything he own is us, with percentage

Aiyyo I never sold coke (what?) Never cut class (uhh)
Never shot handbrawl but I smoke a little grass, who?
Clever with the math, Queens remember boom bash tricks?
When it comes to rap, Pharoahe gets up in that ass quick

Chorus: repeat 2X

We on the creep, gotta eat, on this level of next
Hold it down control the frequency in cash and sex
Another beat, hit the street, neat deposit the checks
Baby girl freaked it and ?stump? in those discotechques
When we get on people say, "Hey yo they ain't no joke"
But these MC's steady schemin lookin all down our throat
Organized and Ill Rahlos got your bubble on float
Now think about but overall nigga consider it broke

Premeditated combustibile, skills variated
In the chamber of the cockback, waiting to be fragnated
Just in case it's deadly the occupied skated
Then faded into a state, that made them obligated to wild

Motherfuckin mic striker, I splash with the rubber grip
Rapid fire Star Trek phaser, ain't nuttin over here
Mickey Mouse Phantasia, get your mouth
Filled with blood, tryin to fuckin front like Frasier

Blaze ya, like the finest herbs imported from Asia
My laser, kinetics cuts ass like a razor
Prince the major I'm H-Bomb, ready to burst
With ambidexterous rhythms for your auto-reverse

Chorus: repeat 2X

Main event, mic strike, the holdin down the shit bit
I'm hip, caught the wire they were bringin in equipment
(Bring it On motherfucker) who the mojo, launched from a distance

How could get grant union, infiltrate with precision

Nigga you could get your ass slammed, get your ass slammed

Niggas lyrics is funny like ?Funk Go Lan?

But not my mens we Organized legendary

Slicin devils or bustin pushin bitches off the ferry

Very spectacular rap, vocabulary vernacular

Shit I'mma get the rhythm precise, that of an accurate

Splice to tape, be calibrated like a mechanic

SAY IT SON! You borough nigga my aerodynamics is all that

Chorus: repeat 2X