

Uhh, check it, uhh, yo  
What we came to do today is drop the science  
and spread love your ways peoples, you better move somethin  
We get the fire started inside of the party  
You know how my herd play love, you better move somethin  
Money grillin gruntin, playin the role frontin  
Get off the wall, come have a ball, killer move somethin  
Shit muh'fuckers recognize  
It's Organized (fuck shit up) bitch you better move somethin  
Yeah yeah, I said yes yes y'all (yes yes y'all)  
to the beat y'all (to the beat y'all)  
When I'm in the club I rub-a-dub and be like havin a ball  
Now hey heY hEY HEYYYY!  
We gonna rock a little bit like this I say (ha!)  
Cops lingerin, singlin me out for figurin  
thoughts of stranglin me up, while I'm just single and minglin  
with my crew (true) we sing-a-long to shing-a-ling  
Bring along a friend if she don't mind seein the ding-a-ling  
The ting-a-ling-a-ling, school bell ringin  
Niggaz back up, when the Monch starts singin  
Mii mii mii, now I yearn  
Aiiyo! Get off the wall and get concerned  
We bout to move this planet I'm f'real god damnit!  
Any MC's left standin without skills get reprimanded  
and branded with out logo, Organized for dolo  
Without affiliation the crews duo teams and solos  
w/ minor variations  
We the employees of the year, yeah we back again  
We took time off, to get our business shit correct  
Select, directions so we can all connect  
Collect, the shack before we start to catch wreck  
Most want to be but dem can't see such  
Still makin moves kid I'm mad quick on the clutch  
Prince (Poe!) rebel of rap black knight with the Pharoahe  
I take flight and ever since day one, niggaz was tight  
Now I, shuffle hands you and your mans never dealt  
Organized is on the wax, wax upon felt  
Imbicilic MC's get treated like a tuna melt  
They gettin ate rate us at top speeds, of a stealth  
jet fighter in light of a million two-thousand and eight  
I'm Jet Screamer baby, "Ahh ahh" I make you bounce rock skate  
roll take 'em off the glass, I'm moldin new ashes (what?!)  
when Southside's finest commence to lace this  
party now it's bubblin (ehh ehh) I'm strugglin  
with this Henny and cherries I bury, adversaries  
and you know this, maaaaan! Ha  
And you ain't got to lie, god damn  
[Chorus]