

Thirteen

Organized Konfusion

Comin' ahh, comin' ahh
I'm comin like a redneck trucker!
Watch your back, you can't steer it
Face the bass, drum you run when you hear it
It's the most incredible rap individual style
Piles up, like drug cases in Queens
County Criminal Court, shorty, step back
Nigga you oughta watch it, my whole herd's packin
Fuck rappin', let's take it to the corner of the block
And battle with the (techs) and the (glocks)
But if you would like it to the stage and mic it
Come on there, that's how I like it, ugh
Hit me in the face why don't ya
Prince Po will hunt ya and puncture your voodoo doll
Pharoahe, I'm no slave to a rhythm I whip it
Then I take it's name and change it's religion
Then I chop the foot off the fuckin' beat
For trying to escape the track, now it's obsolete
That's just the state of mind that I'm in when I Rock, rock on, wit cha bad self
Rock, rock on, wit cha bad self
Rock, rock on, wit cha bad self
Rock, rock on, wit cha bad self
Rock, rock on, wit cha bad self
Rock, rock on, wit cha bad self, I used to play beats on the lunchroom table
This it really enables me to stay stable inside of my mind
Thus allowing me to climb and then shine
This is a process that will occur in due time
Bust, everything I thrust is activated
Styles I file are not decaffeinated, I'm rough
Tougher than Tonka, why I even electrify the sky
As if I was Blanka
Kids follow me and my Phillies like Willy Wonka
Silly, I assault and conquer, the cult and brainwash
And squash your little minds with rhymes
Rhymes that are rituals
So I say motherfucker, bitch-ass and glock to spark brain cells
Not to sell units, you know
They say motherfucker, bitch-ass and glock

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Hey you, you can't deny when I bust caps the whole block scatters
Scraps of matter shatter mad glass and what not
Crazy medical attention is needed to make a cop stop bleedin'
Then I'm proceedin' up the block with Prince Po, renegade
Raps shatter shows like grenades
I rip your shit like Sinéad when I Rock, rock on, wit cha bad self
Rock, rock on, wit cha bad self
Rock, rock on, wit cha bad self
Rock, rock on, wit cha bad self Pa-pa-pa power power, ugh, I got the power
Gimme a pen and a pad I'll be back in an hour
With some more fat shit, I tell your empty mind
Teachin' I'm kickin' the poor black shit now
La-di-da, I flip it La-Di
Live at a Mardi Gras, or even at a party
Give me Bacardi (hah) I smoke blunts
Stunts I want to hump, chumps I want to pump em full of
I never ask the crowd to "Jump"
I kick a rhyme, that ask-es you to use your mind
Flippin' it for the masses, kickin' a lot of asses
The M-O-N-C-H-E I drink, forties of brew
With the crew that rolls deeper than the Mediterranean
Here COMES THE RAIN AGAIN!
Flowin' on my head like a memory, now I got energy
That's for the enemies, that's in the industry
Who don't want to be friends with me, I say fuck em
Suck my dick, from the back
With a crazy straw, you lazy whore
Do that shit to make a dick expand but whatcha did
No chief, no heads
Mooley, what am I an asshole? Asshole!
What am I?

Songwriters

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