

# Soundman

## Organized Konfusion

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes

Yo, Mr. Soundman, we would very much appreciate it

(Yes indeed)

If you add a tad bit more mids

And a little more lows to the mic

(Word up)I'm on mic number one, Prince is on mic number two

(Yes, yes, yes)

A little bit more but right, right, right there, yeah

One more, c'mon, uhh

(Recognize)

C'mon, right, yes, yes, right here, uhh, c'mon, downSorta similar to the way I remember to be the Wordsmith

Pharoahe, God's gift to vocabulary

My personal soliloquies be killin' me softly

Still I be packin' artillery, y'all feelin' me yet?Props don't stop here, nigga

I knock MC's out of a six-sided figure

My strategies be tragedy to MC's

Who receive certificates from rap academiesI'm terrific with wordplay

(Wordplay)

Specific with verbs, say we step it up to the next level

See if I represent God

Then all my competition is exclusively LuciferSee y'all used to the niggaz who would say devil right?

(Right)

But I ain't them, they ain't me

(Nah, uh, huh)

With some bullshit college-ass rappin' degree

But let me show you how we do it, duh, duh, duhDone with the disco fluid, duh, duh

But if it ain't loud enough

We tell the soundman, turn that shit up, up, up

C'mon, c'monYo, Pharoahe, hold up, hold up, check it

Let me introduce myself

I'm Senor El Chocolate, creme de la creme, a la cheddy

Prince Poe, God's gift to vocabularyVery visual, every lyrical slide

Is spiritually projected, forever inside

Never to hide but to shine like diamonds inside mines

Let that ass marinate and Poe free flows over basslinesI'm takin' elevatin' to next

Plateaus, rippin' shows with this cosmic sex

Love on CD's and cassettes and DAT's

(Now all rise)

Now who masters the Funk when it's time to Flex?

(Organized)From the Southside, spar chump MC's  
Thinkin' they comp, but soon to get smoked like trees  
I eat MC's of all kinds, spit out the rhyme  
Regurgitate their mindstate 'cause I don't eat swineSet it straight, online, internet programmed to climb  
You might catch me in The Grind  
Straight bumpin' a dime  
Now let me tell you how we do it  
(Yeah, yeah)With that old disco fluid  
(Uh, huh)  
And if it ain't loud enough  
Tell the soundman to turn that shit up  
Up, up, up  
(Up, up)If it, uh, check it(Turn me up now, ooh, ohh, yeah)  
(Ooh, ooh, ooh, ohh, ooh, ooh)Tinted V8, buck and a half on the dash  
All weather Pirellis, the exterior color is cash  
Black Italian leather, Nakamichi system to blast  
Full metal to the pedal when we Organize on that assI last, amongst the mass, gettin' the cash  
But in the stash fast before the stock market crash  
Splash, five quarts of straight water fortified  
First place to get this partyin' onIn any club or on the corner in the box with pops  
In barbershops, ladies got with it in hooties, some in drop-tops  
Look at love-love, fuckin' with this top-notch  
Boombastic, ghetto dope now, fly gymnastics of passionWith verbal toxic, rock shit  
(Daily, mmm)  
The soul controller up in the cockpit  
Lock shit with my robotic optic  
You ain't fuckin' with this proper, who's too tropic? Stop it(Hey, Mr. Soundman  
Can you boost me, juice me up?)I'm sendin' them in yo face, spinnin' them quick wit'  
Synonym blandin' them in wit', homonyms entered in  
And by embalmin' them wit', shit, whenever I spit  
No need for me to go, get old hit, records to go gold wit'Yo shit with absolutely no innovation whatsoever  
You and all your mens not clever  
Y'all need to be told that shit  
You ain't bold black plans of promotional schemesAnd scams are so wack  
Tracks are trash to me, nigga actually  
Your platinum plaque should even go back to the factory  
People wanna be like Michael and whenRecyclin' when the fans wanna hear Fresh Material  
From imperial rap pros who Organize  
Gettin' very intolerant at rap shows like lactose  
In fact those niggaz that act up get smackedBackwards for bein' so anti-climac, tic  
Watch any mack get, put on his back with  
Lyrical tactics utilized without practiceThis is how we do it, duh, duh, duh  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Done with the disco fluid, duh, duh  
(Uh, huh)But if it ain't loud enough

Say if it ain't loud enough  
Say if it ain't loud enough  
We tell the soundman turn that motherfuckin' volume up, nigga

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