

# Fudge Pudge

## Organized Konfusion

Here we go again with the funky intro  
People approach me knowin' I'm the Prince Po E T R  
Y, yes, and I'm the first batter  
The Pharoahe usually go first, but it don't matter  
(Nah it don't matter) Funky slices of beats like this comes once in a blue  
But it's not hard for me to chew  
So kick off your shoes and don't forget your socks  
I wash and wash them emcees like Clorox Skills I have, good and plenty  
If you want dope lyrics, but still gimmicks gimme  
Beats, equivalent to just something that I can  
Flow, flow, flow, flow, float on It's gettin' breezy so kiddies'll keep ya coat on  
When I proceed to light the party  
In the summer, somethin' like a Mardi Gras  
Bikinis, panties, bras Juicin' 'em and I'm suckin' the girls up like straws  
Oops, upside ya dome, I don't answer the phone  
When I'm home not alone on the bone  
Leave your name and your number And a brief message at the end of the tone, boop  
Ooh, and I like it 'cause I'm Poetry, the psychic  
Intellectual level would rather, nah, nah, I don't like that  
Yo, scratch that one more time  
(You can do better than that) Rollin' lyrics off the tip of my tongue, swing  
I swing, swing, I swang, swang, I swung, swung  
Bringin' you the news like Kaity Chung  
But I'm not a pretty oriental specimen from 'Hong Kong Fooey' Numba one supa guy, I love the women but I  
don't try to see 'em  
I'd rather make the money bein' on the cover of E.M.  
Get emcees mad, make them flare up nostrils  
I'm Poetry, the rap fanatic, I get hostile Yeah, can I, can I get a beat?  
(Hostile, hostile, hostile)  
Yo, Pharoahe's up next, yo, yo Monch  
Kick it, Monch Pressure, pressure, pressure, pressure, pressure, pressure cooker  
I leave the party when I mass a lot of hookers  
Slip and slide, I sling the sludge  
Fudge, fudge, pudge, pudge, but never hold a grudge Up against the wall, I caught you with the drugs  
The organism's on the jury, guess who's the judge  
I hit the hook heavy, ready no chitter-chatter  
I figure since I'm bigger, why pitter-patter Prouncin' on particular poets who persist to portray professional  
punks  
You're just a pussy, meow, cat when I'm deckin' you

Disrespectin' you, clever whenever I select a new dialogue  
 One plus one, get it together Girls don't despair 'cause I'll be your 'Fair Weather Friend', friend  
 No, I don't have a Benz and no, I don't have an Infiniti  
 I figure the eight inches of meat, will be the remedy  
 When I pull up to the bumper 'Cause I'll be down to thump a girl like Heather Hunter  
 I tell you now you never hated  
 (Hated)  
 The triple X when it comes to sex is what I'm rated  
 I tell you, know that I can give good love Yes, I'm the one you should love  
 (Tell us about it)  
 So don't try to diss 'Fudge Pudge'  
 'Cause it's alright with me  
 Kick, slick rhymes out of a mouth Tricky in a joust, plus I'm down with Mickey Mouse  
 C'mon, everyone, lets flow to the rhythm of my tongue  
 To the rhythm of a drum, emcees wanna battle  
 But they can't get with the capital M O N C H on the mic I get swifter than the rest of them, maybe even the best  
 Scoring one, oh, one on a poetical test  
 So O.C. if you know who you are  
 (C)  
 Get on the mic become a superstar The form I signify is cultivated, why spread it  
 Many, many lyrics memorized, inbedded  
 In my think, tank sharp as a shank knife  
 I strike the mic just as quick as a snake bite Suck out the poison, yeah, go 'head, try it  
 Skills of an assassin', watch as I'll fly  
 Thorough, doesn't matter the borough, I'm swingin'  
 Clear to the end, keep the party people clingin' Treatin' emcees like government cheese  
 Shred 'em like cheddar, cut 'em up 'cause P's  
 Laid out on the bed while we write to the tracks  
 He's so funny when it comes to the snaps Write a hardcore rhyme, that's what the boy said  
 I could whip up a rhyme that could slice a boar's head  
 No, that's ham and we don't digest that  
 Organism, that's when a dog ate a rat So fee-fi-fum everybody's 'Funky Drummin' it  
 When you hear the bassline, you'll be hummin' it  
 I'm keepin' it simple 'cause I can swing many ways  
 Rappers get Met, 'cause Met it pays It's a mad, mad, mad, mad world and it's best to never wild out  
 Go against me and I'm quick to pull out  
 The driveway by the way, hey  
 Picked up your girl 'cause she was goin' my way Hand on the stick, foot on the clutch  
 Flowin' over eighty miles per hour, I'll pull it on outta  
 Skid marks left on the ground like tattoos  
 The rubber smells badder than the doo-doo on your shoes You stink, better think wise, is what I advise  
 'Cause O.C. has skills to kill a whole tribe  
 Off, awkward, spaghetti, I'll sauce it  
 Lyrics flow like fluid out of a faucet, yeah [Unverified]

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