

# Organized Konfusion

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[Prince Poetry]

Capital P-to-the-are-to-the, I-to-the-N-to-the-see-to  
the-E-to-the-P-to-the-O-to-the-E.. TRY harder, don't bother

Prince Poetry, the man, not a myth

I'm not the type that you can walk up and EFF with  
Don't sleep, just peep the whole damn connnnnn-cept  
I'M OUT TO WRECK!! Sucker MC's steppin to me with garbage  
I'm Goldilocks and I'm, taxin your porridge (yeah!)

Ooooooh, cold but yummy

I slept in your bed, and your girl sucks funny

I'm out to bash, beats and, drop snares

Crush tables and smash up chairs, YEAH

So consider me on a rampage

I spread out and hit ya like a sawed off twelve gauge

So back up, don't play me close

Most boast to be the best, but you can't, and will never  
ever in your life, come close to a mic, assassinator

I'm playin you out like Beta

I'm, watchin you, front

Flaunt your puss-head lookin just like bark

This is just a verbal whippin

for all you who don't fall, but you keep slippin

Shootin the gift for the GUH-GUH-GAB

I'm gonna dunk on your neck just like Kareem

Ab-dul, yo and ain't cool

So don't let me act like a fool

Cause I'm takin off from the tip-top of the key  
with the rock passed by the Pharoahe M-O-N, see-H  
the chosen lyrical soldier who backs me up

when punks verbally and, physically try to get over

with no skills, no comp..petition

havin you reminiscin about a brother

who don't give a DAMN about dissin

Black and white, clever like a superstition

Cause concepts flow, with the use of a

pen, a sheet, and when braincells meet

Brain-bustin MC's try to get hype but

smell like doo-doo cause they can't even wipe butt

Stuck-up and quite conceited

Your one hit song, all year long, at shows  
everybody knows it cause you're gonna repeat, like reruns  
Put your iron away, cause I got three guns  
Now that we've got things up and out in the open  
and clear yo, grab a chair  
Cause I swing with a style that's rather ill  
The illiterate can't consider it legitimate so I  
kick simplistic rhymes for the plain  
For the peanuts, I commence to go insane  
Shredder of a competitor, makin it better for  
rap listeners, cause I'm headed for  
the top of the hill where Jack can't chill  
Just me and Jill cause Jack has no skills  
Now tell me why everybody wants to be a Prince  
No skills, no sense, NONSENSE  
I'm steppin up front, and to be quite,  
blunt a radical creator of a poetical hypnotical mathematical  
slang slurs punch, that stuns and amazes  
**PRINCE POETRY SHOOTS POWERFUL PHRASES**  
Interrupting your braincells, dilutin your thoughts  
Causin side effects fully disintegratin body parts  
Cause I stalk when I pray upon in the form of the flesh  
Now weaken when Prince Poetry commence speakin  
Side by side I rock with the Pharoahe  
Watch you decomposin MC's, and look there's only a shadow  
Too late, cause I'm gone, I explode  
and I drop a hip-hop again, atomic, atom bomb  
Releasin lyrics that you better not be usin  
Organizin beats that you find Konfusin[Pharoahe Monch]  
Yeah.. here we go..  
Aiyyo umm Prince (yo!) Brothers try to swing on me  
nut I don't think they can hit it (nah)  
These (these) styles, MC'S they, JUST CAN'T GET IT (why?)  
The way I are-ti-see you-late my flows (my flows!)  
Sometimes I think I know some shit  
some MC's just don't know; THE  
quicker I'm kickin the style  
slippin and stickin the words hit quicker  
better figure the verbs are thick in you  
while the poetical fanatical rap acrobatical style  
static never had any so I'm packin a black  
automatic pistol itchy by the C.I.A.  
By the way, my display of rhymes that I will lay  
down on wax, distributed from a zodiac  
Digitally, with a funky appeal

From the reel to reel, it doesn't matter  
 I still got the skill to get ill  
 Straight literature when you try to hit em with your  
 WACK STYLE, the critics are sore to crack smiles  
 So back up black cause you lack the skills  
 when I ask your girl, tax your girl  
 She said she wanted it from the back so I WAXED your girl  
 So why would you try to swing, on a nigga  
 with a itchy trigger finger better bring a bigger auto  
 hit, swing a nigga if you want to get rid of me (damn)  
 Your first mistake, was to consider me  
 a new jack black when I ahhhh-lready knew that  
 So get back, step back, move back, out of my way  
 when I roll offbeat (offbeat) again  
 Again and again and again and again and again  
 Blending the style, mending it like this  
 so that you can check it out when I flow awkwardly  
 Awkwardly I flow, yo, let's go  
 Most don't recollect me as T-are-O, why  
 cause I'ma get fly, with a microphone  
 dope with a microphone, you can't cope with a microphone  
 cause I'ma be illin, buckin off into your grill and  
 fillin your face with knuckles and watchin the blood spill in  
 down the sewer, always knew I could do a brother  
 with a crew of, good MC's  
 Or maybe even a few are stale MC's  
 I scatter data that'll catapult a metaphor  
 The epitcle epilogue editor  
 Trendsetter, letters are formin together  
 in the jaw side of my mouth, I'm alphabetic  
 Call me a librarian, rhymes are scary when  
 I mix verbs and phrases and put the vocabulary in places  
 where, only the M-O-N-see-H can do it  
 So don't ever despise  
 Red is the color when you look in to my Organized/eyes  
 you'll see Konfusion  
 When I'm usin a style for abusin MC's are loosin.. quick  
 The O-are-G-A-N-I-Z-E-D-K-O-N-F-you-S-I-N-G will TRANSMIT!

Songwriters

Jamerson, Troy Donald / Baskerville, Lawrence RobertPublished by

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