

Black Sunday

Organized Konfusion

Lawd, help me out now
We gotta get together, we gotta Organize
No matter the weather
It's a black Sunday, hey I used to watch my grandmother catch the Holy Ghost in church
For her soul she would search
Five years later, now I'm off to work
In a department store, I'm foldin' pants and shirts, ah At the end of the week, ah, Lawd
Just enough loot to put some cheap sneakers on my feet
That's when I made a promise to my momma
I said, "I betcha, you see me at the Apollo one day and I'ma Be kickin' that fat funk shit
Black, mackadocious, speakers in the back trunk shit"
'Cause the boss is boss and need is costing me
To miss classes and I feel he spoke to me To be a jackass in the future
Then, who's gonna shoot ya?
At this point in my life is where I chose to write rhymes
Instead of doing crimes Nineteen eighty-six to nineteen eighty-nine
Organized Konfusion did not get signed
But we will soon one day, until then
I return at twelve at noon on the track, black Sunday Lawd, help me out, ah
We gotta get together, we gotta Organize
No matter the weather
It's a black Sunday Yeah, remember losing a loved one, Lawd, help us to make it over
Delete the pork cigarettes and forty-nine cent soda
We came a long way and I'm still runnin' for my freedom
Still have one hundred miles to go, escape from The crack viles, so you can feed that baby
I used to ride the elevator with the crazy lady
1 year later I made demo cassettes with the Monch
And [unverified] was on the fader, rhymes ran out quick So I encouraged Monch to start writing rhymes
And Mrs. J cooked dinner, then we came into same hard times
Sour contract shouldn't have been on the plate
Two apes escaped back to L.A. with our demo tape The state of mind I was in since Paul Sea died is that
I gotta get mines, representin' 40 projects
So I'm all-in, gotta make papes and all that
Close my own record deal 'cause I can't fall for that Old snake shit hissin' in the grass
For the cash, little cents, intuition listen
If you're missin' my money, my fist you will be kissin'
Dang, I don't even understand Lord, help me out now
We gotta get together, we gotta organize
No matter the weather

It's a black SundayCheck it out
Like to say whassup to my whole herd
Like to say rest in peace to my man [unverified]
And rest in peace to my man, juice, three strikes

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