

# Bring It On (Xplicit)

## Organized Konfusion

Bring it on motherfucker, bring it on!

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Bring it on motherfucker, bring it on! I even be gettin' more graphic than a Neo-Geo, thirty-two bit computer chip

Be slipped between my lips and then I'll spit!

Spit it out, spit it out, go ahead spit out, that itty bitty style you upchuck

Betta believe I buttfuck MC's from the rear it appears you're stuck up!

It's my terminology that strikes the mind and rips this beat apart

You know the many styles I choose will bruise crews from the start

I flow awkwardly that's awkwardly I flow that's to the rhythm

Incisions are made into the brain and then I begin to give em

A lobotomy, follow me!

I'm shapin your brain like pottery

(All over the track!)

Gimme the P-H, gimme the A-R

Gimme the O-A gimme the H-E, Pharoahe

Crazy poison tip arrows are hittin you from all directions

You cannot dodge or manage to dislodge them from the point at which they are connecting

I am selecting a new style

For the piles of MC's who try to get buckwild

Fuck that! When I'm in a renovative state of mind

I'm innovative, never been afraid of rockin' the microphone

I'm prone to be eliminating

Cling when I sing a song of sixpence, if it makes sense then sing along

Cling along to my nuts if you got guts then bring it on! Bring it on motherfucker, bring it on!

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Bring it on motherfucker, bring it on! Bring it on motherfucker, bring it on!

Bring it on motherfucker, bring it on!

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Bring it on motherfucker, bring it on! There is no equivalent one consider me the epitome of rhymes

Rhythm to techs execution is parallel to them with an exception of the organisms

My telepathy cannot be dismantled so stop sweatin' me

Advanced data, now watch your geater updates and raps get trampled

Fe fi foe steps up elevations show

That I'm ahead of your time, specifically right behind a dope rhyme

Rippin' shit up at prime time I'm, Optimus Prime-time material

Imperial wizard of vocabularic havoc I eat MC's like cereal!

That's soggy, milky skills like Mister Miyagi  
When it's foggy I release globby spits of remains of rappers in the lobby as a hobby  
I'll, rip your nit, SHIT GE, GET YOUR CREW - before I do  
Something gory to your quite futile STYLES  
Miniature raps get waxed, simonized  
Into the fifth dimension of your centrifugal never typical stand attention  
I'm, mystical rip shit til the power blows (BLOWS!)  
Those chose to compete we delete em, observe defeat!  
That's sendin down from above to get cha, hit cha, split cha ditch cha  
Picture you, victorious  
I'm gory plus your shit's mad boring  
Bring it onBring it on  
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Songwriters

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