

# Somehow, someway

## Organized Konfusion

Somehow, someway  
We be comin' up wit' funky fly shit like every single day  
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We be comin' up wit' funky fly shit like every single day Check it, intelligent wordz, iz colaz  
Inside of this rap visual, liquid dye  
Focus, clistion unlike baptism  
I bless souls thru the worldz second religion From the left with angles to enlarge the prizm  
Prince Po, I, out of the southside slums  
Claimin' spots around all these hypocritical tongues  
Repeatin' tha same topic, misleadin' the sea topic Wit' 2 yearz outta da picture  
I still rock it and rock well  
A level that my stiggy gets you gel  
(What?)  
I strictly international ghetto, clientel Freaky like James Bond, wit' infra-red views inject propellin'  
Was a 7, my steps and wit' da few  
I make power jewels, drop jewelz wit' da crewz  
Inside a, outta da eyez of God can't lose Batter and bruise crewz  
And let the heat spark the feuls  
Got ya boyz cryin' while you're stretched out  
In front of da church fews Foolz hit da dance floor to shake shoes  
Intect ya like a hip-hop monsta who sucks oohs  
Outta da power that I used, that I used ta sock power  
Want more, I stick ya butt naked and raw Somehow, someway  
We be comin' up wit' funky fly shit like every single day  
Somehow, someway  
We be comin' up wit' funky fly shit like every single day Only inches beyond my eyez, Lord, hail out the soul  
Of a nigga who fights the lyrical which's inside himself  
Pharoahe, eager to see febal intermediate MCs  
Immediately to leaded, repeatiatly Y'all know the unpresidented without herb  
Every single word'll be verbally demented  
Presented so that when it desinigrates  
Unsentaments are meninetated Standin' alone, it gets you tinimented  
It's it bug, how I bust lyrical slugs  
And thugs that mug niggaz for loot and sell drugz  
When the band gets struck by thesis I'm only rollin' wit' da most superior Profile, to my species  
See my thesis, release these bombz by all meanz  
Yes, attack the mic rapz until itz a crack fiend  
Mase the bass with aids and misplaced the vaccine Pharoahe pullin' out on the pole  
To compare 'cause [unverified] wit' scriptures that I wrote and know

My physical form iz like Nam  
And sane like Saddam Hussein but still calm  
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