

Thirteen

Organized Konfusion

[pharoahe monch]

Comin ahh, comin ahh

I'm comin like a redneck trucker!

Watch your back *screech* you can't steer it

Face the bass; crumb you run when you hear it

It's the most incredible rap individual style

Piles up, like drug cases in queens

Country criminal court, shorty, step back

Nigga you oughta watch it, my whole herd's packin

Fuck rappin, let's take it to the corner of the block

And battle with the (techs) and the (glocks)

But if you would like it to the stage and mic it

C'mon dere, that's how I like it, uhh

Hit me in the face why don't ya

Prince po will hunt ya and puncture your voodoo doll

Pharoahe, I'm no slave to a rhythm I whip it

Then I take it's name and change it's religion

Then I chop the foot off the fuckin beat

For trying to escape the track, now it's obsolete

That's just the state of mind that I'm in when i...ChorusI, I used to play beats on the lunchroom table

This it really enables me to stay stable inside of my mind

Thus allowing me to climb and then shine

This is a process that will occur in due time

Bust, everything I thrust is activated

Styles I file are not decaffinated, I'm rough

Tougher than tonka, why I even electrify the sky

As if I was blanka

Kids follow me and my phillies like willy wonka

Silly, I assault and conquer, the cult and brainwash

And squash your little minds with rhymes

Rhymes that are rituals

So I say motherfucker, bitch-ass and glock to spark brain cells

Not to sell units, you know

They say motherfucker, bitch-ass and glock

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Hey you, you can't deny when I bust caps the whole block scatters

Scraps of matter shatter mad glass and what not

Crazy medical attention is needed to make a cop stop bleedin

Then I'm proceedin up the block with prince po, renegade

Raps shatter shows like grenades
I rip your shit like sinead when i...ChorusPa-pa-pa power power, augh, I got the power
Gimme a pen and a pad I'll be back in an hour
With some more fat shit, I tell your empty mind
Teachin I'm kickin the poor black shit now
La-di-da, I flip it la-di
Live at a mardi gras, or even at a party
Give me bacardi (hah) I smoke blunts
Stunts I wanna hump, chumps I wanna pump em full of *blam*
I never ask the crowd to "jump"
I kick a rhyme, that ask-es you to use your mind
Flippin it for the masses, kickin a lot of asses
The m-o-n-c-h-e I drink, forties of brew
With the crew that rolls deeper than the mediterranean
Here comes the rain again!
Flowin on my head like a memory, now I got energy
That's for the enemies, that's in the industry
Who don't wanna be friends with me, I say fuck em
Suck my dick, from the back
With a crazy straw, you lazy whore
Do that shit to make a dick expand but whatcha did
No chief, no heads
Mooley, what am I an asshole?[prince poetry]
Asshole!
What am i? ... ahh! uhh! mmm, hah!

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