

Questions

Organized Konfusion

Yo, yo, yo, yo, Pharoahe

Right, right

Brother, why don't you explain

How did hip-hop get caught up in this ill rap game?Yo, I got a question, in hip-hop who they followin'?

(Uhh)

The niggaz with skills or them niggaz who be hollerin'?Them niggaz that be hollerin' is substitute, modelin'

Niggaz with skills always and forever keeps a followin'Swallowin' pride

Never we be imperialistic

Who rips shit without bein' materialistic

Statistics showAsk miss, she know

Just 'cause the niggaz got dough don't mean they got that flow

Right

Just 'cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got that flowWhat? Nigga, you can consider it the bomb if I

spit on it, get on it

Ride for a little bit, feel how your inner get

From internet, intellect, vibes that I'm sendin' it

Now your soul bubblin' brown sugar so you'll remember itLegitimate, imminent, crash course for illiterate

From August to September, Prince is heavenly given it

From center split, train of thoughts that's mad booty

'Cause you twisted and rudey don't mean everything'sGroovy when you hear it, the world's gonna feel it before

I say it

Now some pop some shit, but the labels get the big G's from sales

(Who)

Nobody sayin' shit it just smells

Here's some Southside Saturday love like Shamelle'sMy syndicate is tight, quite right for these times

Contradictin' all the hype, the berry-more-black shines

All mine, fine wines to dine rhymes

For forty projects, keepin' it naughty like TreachAhh, yo, Prince

Yes, sir

My brother, why don't you explain

How did hip-hop get caught up in this ill rap game?Yo, I got a question, in hip-hop who they followin'?

(Right)

The niggaz with skills or them niggaz who be hollerin'?Them niggaz that be hollerin' be substitute, modelin'

The niggaz with the skills forever keeps a followin'Swallowin' pride

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'Cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got that flow

Hah

'Cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got that flow
Please, man, I done burned some of the most fattest

MC's

Like chromium percolinate, it's not even tangible for them

To understand the holy weight, it takes soul to make a crowd animated

Prince stated, hey, wait 'til we get off that label
And I waited twelve months for the perfect opportunity

(Twelve months)

To thump, bump somethin' loved by my community

(Thump, bump, c'mon)

I'm movin' on all you punk, Bambino bastards

Your style's depleted like muscles without amino acids
I blast kids with mass times matter

Forever clingin' to endeavors defined, clever words

Thus waiting never, frustrating verbs to rip

My rap ratings eradicate

(Eradicate shit) For me to take rhythms and mate 'em with rhymes in mating season

Creating shit never before made it

I'm makin' hybrids, created potent enough to open eyelids

And leave pupils dilated, stress is alleviated
Now it's easier plus economically feasible

For me to leave rap listeners queasy and inebriated

We made it, we came, dedicated, we rated supreme

Even with or without the cream
Yo, yo, Pharoahe

Yes, sit

Brother, why don't you explain

How did hip-hop get caught up in this ill rap game?
Nah, I got a question, in hip-hop who they followin'?

(Uhh)

The niggaz with skills or them niggaz who be hollerin'?
The niggaz that be hollerin' is substitute, modelin'

Niggaz with skills always and forever keeps a followin'
Swallowin' pride

Never we be imperialistic

Who rips shit without bein' materialistic

Statistics show
Ask miss, she know

Just 'cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got that flow

That's right

Just 'cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got that flow

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