

Roosevelt Franklin

Organized Konfusion

Don't forget to do that thing for your mother, Roosevelt
Yeah, yeah, yeah, alright, alrightRunning upon the jagged edge, fuck the rough life
When you have to gain much respect
As an individual keepin' negativity minimum
Requires havin' courage, respect him his intellectSo you gotta be on that specific type of set
Like Roosevelt, especially when your cards are dealt
You see me, frankly, I don't give a hoot
About the blanks you shoot out of your mental bank, seeI like Roosevelt 'cause he ain't booty
Moody maybe, baby, you're mad 'cause he smashed up your cutie
Playin' the courts, takin' the loss to wherever
Some clever college edu-ma-cated individualWith financial status just to mess what the bank stated
Girls love it and you can't look above it, you hate it
Peeped his method, you laid, you waited
You never ever contemplated if I pull a automaticWill I leave the artillery out or just flight
Check in the night, you're out to snipe, my man
You can't stand upon sight of him
Out to fatally ignite himRoosevelt felt staticky, he knew things were shady
Grady had, Bradley's uzi, but he always packed a clip or two
Belongin' to a nickel-plated 380
Givin' off the impression of a clever nerdNever was a suspect when a homicide occurred in the suburbs
He was referred to as a respectable intellectual
Highly acceptable rebel from the ghetto on the level
Of an intelligent rapper, create him just like GiupettoThe aggressive type and he's not your puppet
Stickin', quickin' enough to pull a skeezer with repetition
After takin' aim, and buckin' and blowin' the smoke away
Then tuckin' and jettin' home hopin' that no stunts are stuck in itHe needs sleep for eight o'clock class
So as fast as he crash, he might last
For six hours of bed passed 'cause Roosevelt, it's a scholar
Ivy league material, cully-head kid with brainpowerSix foot two and we wear the same size shoe
He drinks brew and he runs with my crew
My herd on a continuous basis in the same places
Rollin' out five deep, but it's only four facesSo I don't give a two drip-drops about what those have felt
And if I die, and if I die
(And if he die, and if he die)
And if I die, it's because of my man, RooseveltRoosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt Franklin
Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt Franklin, Roosevelt Franklin
Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt Franklin
Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Roosevelt Franklin, Roosevelt FranklinOoh, I'm so confused, damn, it hurts
People persist to treat me like dirt

I don't sleep at night time 'cause dimes I don't drop
I sling and clockers cease Commanders in Chiefs, when I pop rocks
Dig deep within, you might recognize me
I'm the one with the bloodshot eyes
Hot rays of sun beat down upon my face as if I'll melt bacon Why the hell my mother named me Roosevelt
Franklin?
I don't know, so I strive to gain
Only the Lord knows my eyes have seen the pain
Tears comin' down my cheeks like rain I was abused, they stripped the mind for amusement
Now I walk the path of Organized Konfusion
But it's only a temporary formality
'Cause my man, Scott, turns illusion into reality A loaf of bread, a stick of butter
(A loaf of bread)
Somebody's mother lies dead in the gutter
So I move quick fast to get past quickly
Swiftly, at last cops can't get with me Can't hit me, nah, never, I'm too nifty, people shittin' me
Products in the projects so I pump fifties
In soda cans, so dogs won't sniff me
I'm takin' the proper precautions
(Yeah) 'Cause once my mother told me she was gonna get an abortion
I can't keep track of the fluctuation of time
Hallucinogenics keep abusin' my mind
Gotta pick up, gotta pick up, gotta pick up, gotta pick up More product, gotta move, gotta go, I can't get stuck,
not here
Not if I wanna become Roosevelt Franklin, the employee of the year
I wear baseball caps over my eyes so you can't make out
Me at night, when I'm standin' on the corner eatin' Chinese takeout
Damn, I almost forgot, yo, yo, I have to break out Yo, don't forget your moms told you to get that stuff
A loaf of bread, a stick of butter, container of milk
A loaf of bread, a stick of butter
(A loaf of bread, stick of butter)
Umm, container of milk
(Container of milk)

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