

Prisoners of War

Organized Konfusion

[Pharoahe Monch]

I stand here before the forces of evil with a style

The poetically God-gifted child

Bringin forth the story of a lyrical soldier

Blessed to manifest in the eyes of the beholder

Words of wisdom never abuse the lines
they increase, as I release a phrase like a uzi 9
from the larynx

Shot in repetition, words never heard before
but still the rendition of rap will enable me to attack
from dawn to dusk, for liberation

Driven I will never give in to interrogation

The rank, given to me, the Pharoahe

Cause every bro flows like a crossbow

Equipped to pierce your soul with a poison-tip arrow

Any man wearing a blindfold can be misled
but wise are the ones with the eyes in the backs of the head
Here's the key to unlock the door:

Imagine a poet without poetical form

Rhymes are for sure as an attack

cause they adapt to combat for the prisoners of war[Prince Poetry]

I drop smash and causin damage equivalent
to a hy-drogen bomb, raidin villages like
a poetical soldier in Vietnam, Poetry
releasin deadly gasses, bodies deteriorating
as they stalk past the fatal acid

As a rebel of rap, I stop, load the Luger
as I maneuver with the caution as I verbally counterattack

Striking like a mad sniper cause I'm the type of
hyperactive viper to wipe away the enemy with no remedy
cause I'm the epitome so don't try to get rid of me

You little itty-bitty twenty-five automatic, you're killin me
cause I'm a glock 9 that will rock your mind

Distortin it, shorten your brainwaves
as the rhyme intertwine with the sign of the times

Don't sleep cause I creep attackin from the side
that is blind, therefore I gotta be hard to the core

And I walk, as a prisoner of war[Pharoahe Monch]

Wake up to the mathematics of an erratic rap

Rejuvenator of rhyme, that sort of come automatic
 Poetical medical medicine for the cerebellum
 I divert em and flirt em insert em then I repel em
 a breakdown, poetical shakedown
 Fifty-two pick-up a stick-up so get on the floor facedown
 The ammo to keep the people steppin
 breakin open the vault because I'm like a verbal assault weapon
 I'm mathematical, acrobatical
 Attack the wack take rap to the maximum
 You're strung out you're hung out when you heard the style
 that I brung out of faint air must come out my mouth
 where I stick my tongue out in the at-mos-phere
 Take a good look at what's happening here
 On the microphone, I'm RAPPIN
 Pickin-em-stickin-em up, breakin-em-shakin-em up, and bashin
 the lyric dictator, the aviator of antonym
 All beware to prepare for the guillotine
 Rhymes go express, expert, extreme
 Be up to par with wisdom and intellect
 Detaching one's head directly from one's neck
 Still I've been illing and drilling your brain
 like a villain I came in the darkness to spark the literature for sure
 when I rhyme for the prisoners of war[Prince Poetry]
 There is strength in my men-tal-bolism, brains to spare
 upon info, knowledge, data, greater aspects
 affects my future environment
 So in the event I drop science to suit ya, uproot ya
 Hunt ya down
 Verbally attackin from the ground up to intellectually shoot ya
 Lurkin through the shadows of darkness, shots fired
 the spark hits the trees, releasin lyrical ammo
 while I camoflounge in the flash of my stature
 Mentally cease MC's, that be surrounded I capture
 And enemy lines are crushed, bumrushed
 And plus your government officials are corrupted
 cause they're down with us; poetical rebels on a rampage
 of wrecked dialects, blown lyric projects
 Heat is scopin you through my infrared twenty-twenty
 scope lens, steppin upon base that's when the
 Organized Konfusion massacre begins with a blast
 Never will an intruder approach cause they will never ever last
 cause the task is total termination
 Poetry and the Pharoahe starts as the revelation

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