

# Walk Into The Sun

## Organized Konfusion

[Prince Poetry]

The sun reflects off of the waves at sea  
Rain support roots that implants the tree  
There's a breeze - in the park, kites fly high  
Under the branches, con-vertibles fly by  
The sky..[Pharoahe Monch]

..blue, fields green

Paints a picture that creates a scene  
of the destiny that controls my fate

Reflections of light, creates shapes[Prince Poetry]

Inside of this particular sphere, I see kids in the street  
When I pass, I go Beep! Beep! Beep![Pharoahe Monch]

See the black boy over there runnin scared

His old man runs numbers summers

Come in and he'll feel dumb if his son  
doesn't have a new pair of sneakers

So he combinates people's numbers in sequence  
when play straight, but not in the leaders[Organized Konfusion]

Hip-Hop pumps inside of Jeeps and cars

It's daytime but we still peep stars

Parties every night, we gotta move, we gotta go

We gotta step, let's, jet! We gotta get away, we gotta do it now

We gotta walk into the sun! Ha hah

We gotta get away, we gotta do it now

We gotta walk into the sun!

We gotta get away, we gotta do it now

We gotta walk into the sun! Ha hah

We gotta get away, we gotta do it now

We gotta walk.. in..to.. the.. sun..[Pharoahe Monch]

Love and hate, black and white

Right or wrong, who is right?

Some smoke joints to anoint their brain  
to the vanishing point, so they won't go insane[Prince Poetry]

Mother may I? Yes you may

Take some giant steps, to go out, and play

I got next, sorry Duke, I got my five

You better call next, and step to the side[Pharoahe Monch]

There's no specific topic of speech in this rhyme

I just want to go on a ride

on a kaleidoscopic tree, visually..[Prince Poetry]  
..individually, we go our separate ways  
to get our haircuts and mustaches trimmed  
Rockin a t-shirt, shorts with thick socks  
with my boots that I nickname Tim-ber  
Here comes dayfall  
I can remember when we used to chill and hang  
with Paul, Sea..[Organized Konfusion]  
We gotta get away, we gotta do it now  
We gotta walk into the sun! Ha hah  
We gotta get away, we gotta do it now  
We gotta walk.. in..to.. the.. sun..Sittin on a stoop, while the Johnny-pump shoots  
water while we eat fruits  
The radio pumps, rockin to L.O.N.S. and yes  
the girls display flesh by the way they dress[Prince Poetry]  
The Ave surprises, the fulfilling collage  
of scratches that strike like sticky matches  
Attacking techniques with combinating  
Constantly motivating highly elevating the light steps[Pharoahe Monch]  
When the air gets thick and you can feel the tension  
I bypass Howard, and detour Benson  
Cause I don't really feel like fencing today  
So I chill in my own dimension and listen to the sax blow..  
.. flow, abstract the sax always seems to relax you  
But at the same time, it attacks you  
In this particular era of darkness  
Bust a rhyme that might enlighten the mind and spark this  
trail to follow the light that's guiding you from  
the evil that you walk into the sun  
From what I see it's an addiction  
I'll explain to the brain about pain affliction  
Grab my hand, hold it tightly  
Close your eyes and maybe you might see what I see  
Yo, what I said simplistic  
But what I see's not materialistic[Prince Poetry]  
My hayfever is actin up, so I took a couple of antihistamines  
WHEW! I got struck with relief  
Now patiently, I wait for the summer  
Cause the spring brings pollen and that can be a bummer  
A terrific brother was havin a specific get-together by the beach  
Rolling Rock's, plus Peach Schnapps, served on the rocks  
The Organisms play the boardwalk, pullin numbers from Pros' Peak  
The scenario, where we go pumpin the Alpine stereo  
Hop along the turnpike on our way to the merry-go-  
-round up the herbs at six flags; we're on a mission

Hittin the streets of New York in zig-zags  
Walkin to the park, hark, the herald, named Erald  
who creates with charts  
Central Park swarms with intellectual dialects  
With the potential, of the city's best emergency medical techs  
So I dip dip dive  
Listen to the musicians in the park play live  
The Funky Drummer was drummin even though he was a bum  
Some couldn't comprehend, the vibe that blended  
With the sum, there were some, who wasn't dumb  
I supported with the hum, dropped five bucks, cause he was the one  
Yo, I gave a clap, I gave a wink, I gave a shout  
I gotta meet the Monch, STRIKE THREE, and I was out!

Songwriters

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