Confrontations

Organized Konfusion

Yo, grip, you got your eyes fixed
On me like as if a bitch caught me in a glitch
Reachin' at cases, no beef just fish, straight pitch
What the f**k is the problem? You and your man

Yo, move back, y'all rap niggaz take this shit too far
I'm like an ox, brother, my box-cutter leavin' a scar
All my peoples are connected
That shit y'all spit on records is infected and dead

You'll get injected with lead, ain't no need for me to sweat
No, man, my crew makes stacks
You just be black and, ass nigga, plus your records is whack
You'll get f**ked up
(I'll get f**ked up? Nah, I don't think so money)

Violatin' my 360, his niggaz started revolvin'
That problem needed quick solvin' so we started to brawlin'
(Combinations of haymakers deleted all of the stallin')
Callin' for nobody, determined just to keep these niggaz fallin'
(To the big man's ribs)
After a left to his jibs, him and his man transform
Into these six rowdy-ass kids

I never went since Prince struck first
Bitches dispersed towards the corner
Too many enemies for me to overpower
I wanna at least take one nigga down with me

If I have to go out, I'm goin' scrappin', no doubt
First nigga up to bat gets bent, pinned
(Bent, pinned)
Immediately up against the wall, him
(Ha, him)
Wig pushed back, thumb to windpipe, reacts
Numb his whole face, contorts when eyeballs contract

When shit comes down to it, no hesitation
Actions speaks louder than words in all situations
Do what we gotta do, set it off, let it loose
f**k it, we ready for confrontation

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f**k it, self-preservation

I can't believe these whack rap niggaz is swingin' on me
The dark-skinnned kid caught me in the eye, now I'ma bring it to G
I square him up while Chuck tries to trip him, f**k
He's too fast, over the top, duck, champagne and the glass struck

Now Moet's all over the floor and I'm slidin' through it
Pharoahe, I got your back, splittin' him, exposin' bodily fluid
From fraudulent foes with points to prove and no holds barred
Raw dog like out in the yard

I'm peepin' out how their security maneuvered and selected
In multiples of 3, random niggaz end the beef to be ejected
Collected my thoughts, connected with members of medicine men
Who explained to me that DT's got the block locked, seized

They wouldn't let us in, sighed, slide
To the midstream plus swallow your pride
(This is the second time, swine, one time, had to spoil it)
Pull the lids on the commode and drop the glocks inside the toilet
If we move swiftly, we just might make it
If the opportunity arise to bounce, let's take it

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