

Decisions

Organized Konfusion

The greatest thing in this world is life
And life is full of pain struggle and strife
Decisions and moves you make gotta be precise
Step careful son watch how you roll your dice

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Thinkin' that you the man and you might see ice
And that ain't nice

(It's like that and uh
It's like that and uh)

Pharoahe Monch
Never exceeding my recommended dosage
When it comes to licking, selecting, chicken
It's never what it seems when you're picking
Cause you can't tell from the eyes
Especially now they separate the legs from the wings and thighs
Ain't no surprise in it
You get it, with, cellophane wrapped tight over the meat
They be like disguising it
I'm sort of sticking to my old ways (true)
Keeping my order score the chicken dark nowadays
Even believing in retrieving in my own chicks
It's, no need to be rude (shit)
I let the butcher chop it up and key food
And hit her with the keys if she's On Bended Knee like Boyz II Men
I tell her I don't want to catch some vanilla poisoning
I'm poised and when it's the opportune time
Before I stuff my face
Kneel my head over my plate, then I say my grace
Pray up above
Slip on my rubber glove and dine
Polish off the meal and enjoy some wine
Relax recline
Yeah

Prince Poetry
Aiyyo most def, you know I love, gettin' it on
(but not without the stretch)
Don't need to be making that three letter catch (cool)
Careful who I choose to make ooohs
Better believe me love (we living in the paradise of fools)

Yo Pharoahe (right?) Remember I met Yvette in Dallas, Tex
(That cool queen long blonde chick with mad connects? No quest)
Oh yes, she hooked hooked us to the game 'cause strange shit
Was going down in town
There was a pretty dear packin' pound cakes
A cocoa butter babe with papes jewels a black Ac
And mad niggaz was liking that
Players tricking on that chicken and slippin
And never to go far; cause Shante had the scar
Now everybody knew why motherfuckers started droppin
But nobody knew Shante's ex-husband, was needle poppin

And on the other side of town, medical records was lost
Blood samples was crossed and doctor's mix-ups was found
Yvette said, "The six o'clock news covered the scam"
Three families blew the fuze
It was a psycho doctor at hand and insanity rules
Only two to lay five on that man, and he's singin the blues
He sings the blues, he sings the blues

We're living in the world of frustration plus
The lies lust gluttony and mistrust
Situations we discuss about world domination reflect
Guns money greed and sex it all connects like a puzzle
In the game of life, in the game, in the game of life
In the game, in the game of life

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