

## Thirteen

Organized Konfusion

Comin ahh, comin ahh  
I'm comin like a redneck trucker!  
Watch your back \*screech\* you can't steer it  
Face the bass; crumb you RUN when you hear it  
It's the most incredible rap individual style  
piles up, like drug cases in Queens  
Country Criminal Court, shorty, step back  
Nigga you oughta watch it, my whole herd's packin  
FUCK rappin, let's take it to the corner of the block  
and battle with the (techs) and the (glocks)  
But if you would like it to the stage and mic it  
c'mon dere, that's how I like it, UHH  
Hit me in the face why don't ya  
Prince Po will hunt ya and puncture your voodoo doll  
Pharoahe, I'm no slave to a rhythm I whip it  
Then I take it's name and change it's religion  
Then I chop the foot off the fuckin beat  
for trying to escape the track, now it's obsolete  
That's just the state of mind that I'm in when I...

I, I used to play beats on the lunchroom table  
This it really enables me to stay stable inside of my MIND  
Thus allowing me to CLIMB and then SHINE  
This is a process that will occur in DUE TIME  
Bust, everything I thrust is activated  
Styles I file are not decaffinated, I'm rough  
Tougher than Tonka, why I even electrify the sky  
as if I was Blanka  
Kids follow me and my Phillies like Willy Wonka  
Silly, I assault and conquer, the cult and brainwash  
and squash your little minds with rhymes  
Rhymes that are rituals  
So I say motherfucker, bitch-ass and glock to spark brain cells  
Not to sell units, you know  
They say motherfucker, bitch-ass and glock  
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Hey you, you can't deny when I bust caps the whole block scatters  
Scraps of matter shatter mad glass and what not  
Crazy medical attention is needed to make a cop stop bleedin  
Then I'm proceedin up the block with Prince Po, renegade  
Raps shatter shows like grenades  
I rip your shit like Sinead when I...

Pa-pa-pa power power, AUGH, I got the power  
Gimme a pen and a pad I'll be back in an hour  
with some more fat shit, I tell your empty mind  
Teachin I'm kickin the poor black shit now  
La-Di-Da, I flip it La-Di  
Live at a Mardi Gras, or even at a party  
Give me Bacardi (hah) I smoke blunts  
Stunts I want to hump, chumps I want to pump em full of \*BLAM\*  
I never ask the crowd to "Jump"  
I kick a rhyme, that ask-es you to use your mind  
Flippin it for the masses, kickin a lot of asses  
The M-O-N-see-H-E I drink, forties of brew  
with the crew that rolls deeper than the Mediterranean  
HERE COMES THE RAIN AGAIN!

Flowin on my head like a memory, now I got energy  
That's for the enemies, that's in the industry  
who don't want to be friends with me, I say fuck em  
Suck my dick, from the back  
with a crazy straw, you lazy whore  
Do that shit to make a dick expand but whatcha did  
No chief, no heads  
Mooley, what am I an asshole?  
Asshole!  
What am I?... AHH! UHH! MMM, HAH!