

(uh-huh, uh-huh)
Yeah!

Yo, it's the IBC
Illegal Broadcastin degrees
We fightin violent wars to the tip-top
We won't stop, so fuck the cops
Why-O

You don't see no turbins, so ain't no need for me to gas you
You rhyme like you on the Island with tattoo
Gods eye view so in Hell I cast you
Your chance look slim like Erykah Badu
Goin platinum if you only sell sex, or convicted
Players play games and let these MC's rip it
This ain't no simple rhymes for Apollo Kids that you spitted
And tell Kiki Shepard she can get the di-dick
My third eye sight, take strike like snake bites
With the power to change dark to daylight
Rock the dirty ass mic like them Isrealites
And shine bright like harassin lights on turn-pikes

Rap soloist, speaks with a legal accomplice
Kenetic energetic scripts that baffle scientists
Bodily harm from the shit that I rip
I make a nigga limp like Sweet Daddy burnin some ?
It's Benny Boom, the reason for these earthquake shifts
Comin harder than Jim Cliff, buckin shots at the sheriff
Procise poetics, when punch drunk from Cognac
With two twenty inch guns, stayin armed for combat
When I release, temperature slightly increase
The type of heat to put Coolie High niggas to sleep
Ragin bull, from takin two puffs and two pulls
Droppin nastier shit than havin swine in your soul

MC's is wack, annoyin like they name was P-Dap
Ain't go the nerve to pass 'em, Boogie, take your weave back
You get deceased at, hoes be located where you bleed at
I be seen, fuck you up brotha, you best believe that
Like a Christian, hoes be hangin around like crusifiction
I'm not Atlantic, star, tell your hoe stop wishin
Your bitch is stinkin, like she voted for Richard Nixon
You wanna know who's fuckin right, get the glass to the wall and listen
Too much lime green, got me blinkin from Visine
Niggas be claimin lyrics, but lack timing
Drop like an SB, blow it up like Galesby
I'm Not a Player but when it comes to gettin ass, I wouldn't SB
Bless me, off to the wall, hope these fools don't test me
Fake gangstas always seem to take it short like Joe Pesci
We Organize Rhyme like a Union, no confusion
That you don't know why you fuckin wit, and we ain't prostitution

Why-O, Why-O, we Organized
Why-O, Why-Yo, yo, yo
We Organized with Rhymes

This is a Union, no confusion