

## Soundman

## Organized Konfusion

Yes yes yes yes yes  
Yo Mr. Soundman! We would very much appreciate it  
(yes indeed) if you add a tad bit more mids  
and a little more lows to the mic (word up)  
I'm on mic number one, Prince is on mic number two (yes yes yes)  
A little bit more but RIGHT RIGHT RIGHT THERE, yeah  
One more, c'mon, uhh (recognize)  
c'mon, right yes, yes, right here, uhh, c'mon, down  
Sorta similar to the way I remember to be the wordsmith  
Pharoahe, God's gift to vocabulary  
My personal soliloquies be killin me softly  
still I be packin artillery, y'all feelin me yet?  
Props don't stop HERE nigga  
I knock MC's out of a six-sided figure  
My strategies be tragedy to MC's  
who receive certificates from rap academies  
I'm terrific with wordplay (wordplay..)  
Specific with verbs, say we step it up, to the next level  
See if I represent God..  
.. then all my competition is exclusively Lucifer  
See y'all used to the niggaz who would say Devil right? (right)  
But I ain't them (nah) they ain't me (uh-huh)  
with some bullshit college-ass rappin degree  
But let me show you how we do it, duh duh duh  
Done with the disco fluid, duh duh  
But if it ain't LOUD enough  
we tell the soundman turn that shit up up up!  
c'mon, c'mon  
Yo Pharoahe, hold up hold up, check it  
Let me introduce myself  
I'm Senor El Chocolate, creme de la creme, a la cheddy  
Prince Poe, God's gift to vo, cabulary  
Very visual, every lyrical slide  
is spiritually projected, forever inside  
Never to hide but to shine like, diamonds inside mines  
Let that ass marinate and Poe free flows over basslines  
I'm, takin elevatin to next  
plateaus rippin shows with this cosmic sex  
Love on CD's and cassettes and DAT's (now all rise)  
Now who masters the Funk, when it's time to Flex? (Organized!)  
From the Southside, spar chump MC's  
thinkin they comp, but soon to get smoked like trees  
I eat MC's of ALL kinds, spit out the rhyme  
Regurgitate their mindstate, cause I don't eat swine  
Set it straight, online, internet programmed to climb  
You might catch me in The Grind straight bumpin a dime  
Now let me tell you how we do it (yeah yeah)  
With that old disco fluid (uh-huh!)  
And if it ain't LOUD enough  
tell the soundman to turn that shit up (up) up (up) up, UP!  
If it.. uh... check it  
(Turn me up now... oohhhhhh ohhh yeah  
Ooooooh-oooooooooh-ooooh-ohh-oooo-ooooh)  
Tinted V8, buck and a half on the dash  
All weather Pirellis, the exterior color is cash  
Black Italian leather, Nakamichi system to blast  
Full metal to the pedal when we Organize on that ass

I last, amongst the mass, gettin the cash  
But in the stash fast before the stock market crash  
Splash, five quarts of straight water fortified  
First place to get this partyin on  
In any club or on the corner in the box with pops  
In barbershops ladies got with it in hoopties some in drop-tops  
Look at love-love, fuckin with this top-notch  
boombastic, ghetto dope now, fly gymnastics of passion  
with verbal toxic, rock shit (daily)  
(MMMmm) The soul controller up in the cockpit  
Lock shit, with my robotic optic  
You ain't fuckin with this propher who's too tropic, stop it  
(Heyyy, Mr. Soundman, can you boost me, juice me up?)  
I'm sendin them in YO' face! Spinnin them quick wit  
Synonym blendin them in wit, homonyms entered in  
and by embalmin them wit, shit, whenever I spit  
No need for me to go get old hit, records to go gold wit  
Yo' shit with absolutely NO innovation whatsoever  
You and all your mens not clever!  
y'all need to be TOLD that shit  
You ain't bold black plans of promotional schemes and scams are so wack  
Tracks are trash to me, nigga actually  
your platinum plaque should even go back to the factory  
People want to be like Michael and when  
recyclin when the fans want to hear FRESH MATERIAL  
From imperial rap pros who ORGANIZE  
Gettin very intolerant at rap shows like lactose  
In fact those niggaz that act up get smacked  
backwards for bein so anti-climac.. tic  
Watch any mack get, put on his back with  
lyrical tactics utilized without practice  
This is how we do it (YEAH YEAH) duh duh duh  
Done with the disco fluid (UH-HUH) duh duh  
But if it ain't LOUD enough  
Say if it ain't LOUD enough  
Say if it ain't LOUD enough  
we tell the soundman turn that motherfuckin volume up! Nigga