

# Bring It On

## Organized Konfusion

Bring it on motherfucker bring it on (4X)Verse One: Pharoahe Monch  
MONCH!

I even be gettin more graphic than an Neo Geo  
Thirty-two bit computer chip be slipped between my lips  
and then I'll spit

Spit it out spit it out go ahead spit out  
that itty bitty style you upchuck

Betta believe I buttfuck MC's from the rear it appears you're stuck up  
It's my terminology that strike up mind and rips this beat apart  
You know the many styles I choose will bruise crews from the start  
I flow awkwardly cause awkwardly I flow fast to the rhythm  
Incisions are made into the brain and then I begin to give em  
a lobotomy, follow me I'm shapin your brain. like. pottery  
all over the track

Gimme the P-H gimme the A-R gimme the O-A gimme the H-E, Pharoahe  
Crazy poison tip arrows are hittin you from all directions  
You cannot dodge or manage to dislodge them from the point at  
which they are connecting

I am se-se-selecting a ne-ne-ne-new style-style  
For pa-pa-pa-pile-piles of MC's who try to get bu-bu-bu-buck-buckwild  
Fu-fu-fu-fuck dat, when I'm in a renovative state of mind  
I'm innovative, never been afraid of rockin the microphone  
I'm prone to be eliminating

Cling when I sing a song of sixpence if it makes sense then sing along  
Cling along to my nuts if you got guts then bring it on

Bring it on motherfucker bring it on (8X)Verse Two: Prince Poetry  
There is no equivalent one  
consider me the epitome of rhymes

Rhythm to techs execution is parallel to them with  
an exception of the organisms

My telepathy cannot be dismantled so stop sweatin me  
Advanced data now watch your greater updates so raps get trampled  
Fe-fi-foe steps up elevations show

That I'm ahead of your time specifically right behind a dope rhyme  
Rippin shit up at prime time I'm Optimus Prime/time material  
Imperial wizard of vocabularic havoc I eat MC's like cereal  
That's soggy, milky skills like Mister Miyagi  
When it's foggy I release globby spits

over names of rappers in the lobby as a hobby... I'll!  
Rip your nitshit get stick quick get your crew before I do  
Something gory to your quite futile styles

Miniature raps get waxed, simonized  
Into the fifth dimension of your centrifugal never typical stand attention

I'm, mystical rip shit til the power blows  
Those chose to compete we delete em -- observe defeat  
That's sending down from above to get cha hit cha split cha ditch cha  
Picture you, victorious  
I'm gory plus your shit's mad boring, bring it onBring it on, bring it on, bring it on  
motherfucker bring it on (2X)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>