

# Questions

## Organized Konfusion

Yo, yo, yo, yo, Pharoahe  
Right, right  
Brother, why don't you explain  
How did hip-hop get caught up in this ill rap game?Yo, I got a question, in hip-hop who they  
followin'?  
(Uhh)  
The niggaz with skills or them niggaz who be hollerin'?Them niggaz that be hollerin' is  
substitute, modelin'  
Niggaz with skills always and forever keeps a followin'Swallowin' pride  
Never we be imperialistic  
Who rips shit without bein' materialistic  
Statistics show  
Ask miss, she know  
Just 'cause the niggaz got dough don't mean they got that flow  
Right  
Just 'cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got that flowWhat? Nigga, you can consider  
it the bomb if I spit on it, get on it  
Ride for a little bit, feel how your inner get  
From internet, intellect, vibes that I'm sendin' it  
Now your soul bubblin' brown sugar so you'll remember itLegitimate, imminent, crash course  
for illiterate  
From August to September, Prince is heavenly given it  
From center split, train of thoughts that's mad booty  
'Cause you twisted and rudey don't mean everything'sGroovy when you hear it, the world's  
gonna feel it before I say it  
Now some pop some shit, but the labels get the big G's from sales  
(Whoo)  
Nobody sayin' shit it just smells  
Here's some Southside Saturday love like Shamelle's  
My syndicate is tight, quite right for these times  
Contradictin' all the hype, the berry-more-black shines  
All mine, fine wines to dine rhymes  
For forty projects, keepin' it naughty like TreachAhh, yo, Prince  
Yes, sir  
My brother, why don't you explain  
How did hip-hop get caught up in this ill rap game?Yo, I got a question, in hip-hop who they  
followin'?  
(Right)  
The niggaz with skills or them niggaz who be hollerin'?Them niggaz that be hollerin' be  
substitute, modelin'  
The niggaz with the skills forever keeps a followin'Swallowin' pride  
Never we be imperialistic

Who rips shit without bein' materialistic  
 Statistics showAsk Duke, he knows  
 'Cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got that flow  
 Hah  
 'Cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got that flowPlease, man, I done burned some of  
 the most fattest MC's  
 Like chromium percolinate, it's not even tangible for them  
 To understand the holy weight, it takes soul to make a crowd animated  
 Prince stated, hey, wait 'til we get off that labelAnd I waited twelve months for the perfect  
 opportunity  
 (Twelve months)  
 To thump, bump somethin' loved by my community  
 (Thump, bump, c'mon)  
 I'm movin' on all you punk, Bambino bastards  
 Your style's depleted like muscles without amino acidsI blast kids with mass times matter  
 Forever clingin' to endeavors defined, clever words  
 Thus waiting never, frustrating verbs to rip  
 My rap ratings eradicate  
 (Eradicate shit)For me to take rhythms and mate 'em with rhymes in mating season  
 Creating shit never before made it  
 I'm makin' hybrids, created potent enough to open eyelids  
 And leave pupils dilated, stress is alleviatedNow it's easier plus economically feasible  
 For me to leave rap listeners queasy and inebriated  
 We made it, we came, dedicated, we rated supreme  
 Even with or without the creamYo, yo, Pharoahe  
 Yes, sit  
 Brother, why don't you explain  
 How did hip-hop get caught up in this ill rap game?Nah, I got a question, in hip-hop who they  
 followin'?  
 (Uhh)  
 The niggaz with skills or them niggaz who be hollerin'?The niggaz that be hollerin' is  
 substitute, modelin'  
 Niggaz with skills always and forever keeps a followin'Swallowin' pride  
 Never we be imperialistic  
 Who rips shit without bein' materialistic  
 Statistics showAsk miss, she know  
 Just 'cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got that flow  
 That's right  
 Just 'cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they got that flow

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