

# 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, downSorta 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 academiesI'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 LuciferSee y'all used to the niggaz who would say devil  
right?  
(Right)  
But I ain't them, they ain't me  
(Nah, 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'monYo, 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 vocabularyVery 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 basslinesI'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 swineSet 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, ooh, ohh, yeah)  
 (Ooh, ooh, ooh, ohh, ooh, ooh)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 assI 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' onIn 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 passionWith verbal toxic, rock shit  
 (Daily, mmm)  
 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(Hey, 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 schemesAnd scams are so wack  
 Tracks are trash to me, nigga actually  
 Your platinum plaque should even go back to the factory  
 People wanna be like Michael and whenRecyclin' when the fans wanna 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 smackedBackwards for bein' so anti-climac, tic  
 Watch any mack get, put on his back with  
 Lyrical tactics utilized without practiceThis is how we do it, duh, duh, duh  
 (Yeah, yeah)  
 Done with the disco fluid, duh, duh  
 (Uh, huh)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

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