

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

18/06/2026

# Black Sunday

Par Organized Konfusion

*Album : Fluxblog 1994 Survey*

Lawd, help me out now

**We gotta get together**

**We gotta Organize**

**No matter the weather**

It's a Black Sunday, hey.

(Pharoahe Monch)

I used to watch my grandmother catch the Holy Ghost in church

For her soul she would search

Five years later now I'm off to work

In a department store, I'm foldin pants and shirts-ah

At the end of the week-ah, lawd

Just enough loot to put some cheap sneakers on my feet

That's when I made a promise to my momma I said

"I betcha you see me at the Apollo one day and I'ma.

Be kickin that fat funk shit;

Black, mackadocious -- speakers in the back trunk shit"

Cause the boss is boss and need is costing me

To miss classes and I feel he spoke to me

To be a jackass in the future; then, who's gonna shoot ya?

At this point in my life is where I chose to write rhymes.

. Instead of doing crimes

Nineteen eighty-six to nineteen eighty-nine

Organized Konfusion, did not, get, signed

But we will soon one day, until then

I return at twelve at noon on the track, Black Sunday

Chorus:

Lawd, help me out-ah

**We gotta get together**

**We gotta Organize**

(Prince Poetry)

Yeah, remember losing a loved one, lawwwd help us to make it over

Delete the pork cigarettes and forty-nine cent soda

We came a long way and I'm still runnin for my freedom

Still have one hundred miles to go, escape from the

Crack villlles, so, you can feed that baby

I used to ride the elevator with the crazy lady

I year later I made demo cassettes with the Monch

And? Tastik? was on the fader, rhymes ran out quick so I

Encouraged Monch to start writing rhymes

And Mrs. J cooked dinner then we came into same hard times

Sour contract shouldn't have been on the plate

Two apes escaped, back to L.A. with our demo tape

The state of mind I was in since Paul Sea died is that

I gotta get mines, representin 40 projects so I'm

All-in, gotta make papes and all that

Close my own record deal cause I can't fall for that

Old snake shit, hiss in the grass

For the cash, little cents, intuition listen

If you're missin my money, my fist you will be kissin

Dang... I don't even understand

Chorus:

Lord, help me out now

**We gotta get together**

**We gotta Organize**

**No matter the weather**

**It's a Black Sunday**

Outro:

Check it out

Like to say whassup to my whole herd

Like to say rest in peace to my man? Dilu?

And rest in peace to my man Juice

Three strikes

ICIBILLET.COM