

ORGANIZED KONFUSION

The Equinox

Priority Records



Before 90's Hip-Hop fell victim to all-too-familiar loops, monotonous production and humdrum orators, the gifted Organized Konfusion lyricists, Pharaoh Monch and Prince Poetry, were already prepping heads for the forthcoming stress lurking around the corner. Coming straight outta Queens, New York—a land which already gave us the likes of A Tribe Called Quest, Nas and Mobb Deep—Organized Konfusion undertook the task of giving listeners a taste of exquisite verbal semantics. Yet, unlike some of their Queens comrades, the duo still hasn't been able to hear the ring of cash registers, due in part to a combo of so-called "Hip-Hop" radio stations and MTV giving them next-to-no love. Sad as it may seem, heads will put notes down on Shaq ten times before they do these kids. Tho' in the hearts of many a trooper, Organized still remain icons, which may account for their well-developed resiliency.

Tho' manifestations of new concepts in Hip-Hop can be as rare as citings of \$2 bills, for their third disc, *The Equinox*, Organized puts forth a bag complete with fresh goodies. You see, *Equinox* isn't just an LP but it is also a chronicle, as Prince and Monch become the characters Life and Malice, giving heads incite to the duo's kinship from their early, raucous childhood years to their more responsibility-dri-

ven adult years. While taking us through the soundtrack of their lives, the boys also manage to weave into the mix questions regarding self-preservation, temptation and fatherhood, backed by startling production that paints pictures of raw anger, isolation and evaluation, and force listeners to pay close attention to the business at hand. But while Organized have shown peeps in the past that their lyrical magic isn't lost when dealing with narratives (i.e., "Stray Bullet" and "Who Stole My Last Piece of Chicken"), some may still lose faith that the flair can be kept top-notch through an entire composition.

Sample the festive, head-bobbing "Somehow, Someway," in which Pharaoh, in a fervent chant, picks apart weed-inspired MCs: "Y'all know the unprecedented/without herb every single word would be verbally demented." Or peep the thumping "Inventro," where Prince experiments with his own demons: "Beyond my 9 to 5s/I write a dope rap song/but with your insides gone/the vision is frail/dreams can't set sail/for more than unprotected sex and cold Valentine ale." *Equinox* is definitely O.K.'s best effort to date, and tho' most heads may continue to sleep, those who do partake in this venture will undoubtedly find their dough to be very well spent.—**Cleon Alert**