

Special Education

Goodie Mob

They call him Gipp saga
It's the mutant, mister get down
Live wire, words poke you like barbwire
Maroon Range, sugar cane, oil stains
My right leg longer than my left foot
Put stripes next to squares, still peel the circle
See spirits off of people, I don't see color
I'm a special mind, yeah, a special kind
Conceived in the South at a special time
Covered in leaves of gold
Scripture written in scrolls
Spoken so clearly in tongues
So my children would come
Look around
Can't you see
The industry: they look like me

I don't wear the clothes you wear
I'm just different and I don't care
It's kind of sad and it's a shame
Everyone wants to be the same
If you are listening here and now
I'm sure I can show you how
It's okay to be afraid
Don't you want to be special

I'm so special, boy
Try to went stupid, dawg
I eat nuclear waste and spit atomic bombs
Plutonium explodes, that's my trademark
Mushroom clouds inside, call 'em brain farts
Gamma rays torch my system, now I'm going green
G-force in my veins, pump hydrozine
KT, 13, a microphone beam
Cosmic juggernaut, extraterrestrial being
Reign supreme, once conceived, boy, they broke the mold
All this glory-seeking is getting totally outta control
No one's original, Attack of the Clones
Invasion of the swagger-snatchers
Aim for the dome

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Scientists stood around in silence as I was being born
Was I quote, unquote special or was there something wrong
My skin was black, my heart was gold, and my tongue was silver
And the fact that I could talk already, that was a thriller
And I fear what I don't understand, so let me warn you
Especially when nigga make too much noise about being normal
Unusual but beautiful, the bondin' blessing

Summa Cum Laude, School of Exceptional Youth
X-Men
Let me put something poetic into plain English
I'd rather die than to not be distinguished
The outsiders have no desires to be equal
When V.I.P. stands for "Very Insecure People"

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S.P.E.C.I.A.L.
Heavyweight in the game, T tip the scale
I travel over the world back to ATL
I'm friends with the mayor, I'm a truthsayer
A crusader, a natural-born raider
I need a deejayer to be the illustrator
Let's get the dollar signs
I said my Gucci rhymes
I think it's tea time
Don't need a co-sign
T-Mo is on the grind, he about to let it shine
Off in the skyline, don't worry 'bout mine
I can handle lies and watching third eyes
I make 'em go blind, I don't deserve to rhyme

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