

Lyrics

Special Ed

Chorus 2X: "Lyrics somebody want lyrics (yea yea)
somebody want lyrics" -- KRS-One

Verse One:

Here I go the lyrical specialist with the perscription
I give you the leagal drug addiction, nonfiction
I got the shank, to your memory bank
How sharp, don't be affraid of the dark
Come in to the light, you still can't see
It can't be, the historical, metaphorical, lyrical
Yes the S, you know the rest, fuck the spellin'
I'm tired of tellin' y'all who rule, cause you don't listen, fool
Your dealin' with a nigga feelin' fury
Surely, I purley destroy any toy with any game
That's why I never lose, I never play, I savaday style while I maintain mine
Same time yet, differ-rent, mag-nificent
No quest unless it's the Tribe
So check that vibe twice
Cause I'm nice
Whoever got beef
Tell me the price
And I'll raise you a mill, days to a kill, some praise to a bill
Never, yea I'm as lyrical as ever

Chorus

Verse Two:

You want to start about, have you thought about
Consequences, sentences, come to your sences, on the fences
Cause I'm strictly throwin' hits
Knowin' it's, unfair
Gun here, throw in a extra clip
Cause I'm next to flip
Next time, bring in a next rhyme, cause I
Float like dead body, sting like a tazer
Sharper than a ... lazer
Open heart ... major
Surgery transplant cause you have none
there's one, shoot a fair one, that's a real one
Grannit, with a enough heart to start
But can you manage when I brandige your bandage
And your stitch is open
And your bitch is open
Is she, somethins' fishy
I don't like dis
When I'm like dis they try to ammulate my likeness
Clones
Microphones break from my intake
For phatter, mass matter, glass shatter
Becareful, I got a airfole
Listen, I got them lyrics that your missin'

Chorus 3X

Verse Three:

You're commin' with your new sound
You never threw down
Why try, try my tie and hang em' high, in the closet
Cause it, wasn't, I good idiea
Who should I fear
No one, the son of Jah
Gimmie some la, and I get mystic

Lyricdistic

But wait, your not great, your not good

I shot wood, put you out your misery history in the makin'

Fuckin' with a crazy Jamacian

See, they vanish when I brandish the hair trigga

Yea nigga

I'm goin hay wire

Might fire

Might not

But it's white hot

And with the right flow, the shit might blow

So I detonate, then evacuate, leavin' ash, don't even ask

Feel the blast, fast, I know you won't last

But you can still try

Somebody want lyrics

Then come see the eye

Chorus 3X