

The Mission

Special Ed

(we're on a mission) --> salt-n-pepa

[verse 1]

This is a mission, not a small time thing
Let me tell you 'bout what happened when the phone went (*ring*)
Well, I was coolin at the crib with this girl suzanne
And everything was goin just accordin to plan
When the phone rang - yo, I couldn't believe it
Told myself to ignore it, forget it, leave it
Just when things had started goin great
It rang again I said, "hold up, wait"
Picked up the phone, yelled, "who the hell is this? "
Somebody said, "this is serious business
There's a tape in the mailbox between your doors
Take the tape from the box, and put it in yours"
I listened to the tape and my mouth just dropped
I picked up the phone, but the man hung up
It said, yo, 'this tape will self-destruct'
I pressed the deck, but the tape was stuck
Oh well, what the heck, I just cleaned up the mess
Opened up the closet, got the bullet-proof vest
Loaded up the sawed-off, the double-barrel
The rambo knife with the hunting apparel
Threw on the trench, kissed the girl good-bye
She said, "special ed, don't go, you might die"
Started cryin and huggin on me, so I shut her
I said, "sorry baby, but I gotta do what I gotta

(you're on a mission)
Do what I gotta

This is a mission, not a small-time thing

[verse 2]

Took the express on a air force jet
The thoughts in my mind broke me out into sweat
I was thinkin of the message again and again
In particular the name of lu chin chen
Yo, I landed in japan with intent to kill
You could tell I wasn't jokin by the look on my grill
Took a look at the picture of the man that I was after
A 5 foot 10 black-belt karate master
Knew where to find him, knew where he would be
I turned around and showin up mr. chen found me
I looked him in the eye with a stare so cold
I said, "i came to revenge for the rhymes you stole
Now you must die, because that is my mission"
He flipped back, got into a fighting position
The tiger style, the shit was wild
He threw his hands in the air, he started to smile
I said, "you can smile now, but you won't for long
Cause sucker, you'll be sorry that you stole my song"
He said, "choose your style", I broke fool, I said, "what? "
Pulled out the knife, tried to shove it in his gut
It didn't even cut, I flipped, I started buggin
Pulled out the hand gun, I shot a slug in
His chest, he said, "buddah bless" and stood proud

Out shot the bullet, mr. chen just bowed
So I shot him again - yo, I couldn't believe
Mr. chen caught the bullet in this two front teeth
Yo, he kicked me on the floor just like I was a child
I got fed up, I thought of flatbush style
Stood to my feet, threw my hands to the sky
Shaked him then, I faked him, then I caught him in the eye
He started stumblin, yo, I started wildin
He tripped, busted his lip, I started smilin
Knew he was defeated, but I wasn't done yet
So I shot him with the shotie, then I jetted in the jet

(you're on a mission)
Jetted in the jet

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