

Special Ed, We Rule

[VERSE 1]

I got somethin for sucker MC's
Rhymes so dope that niggas wanna buy ki's
But I don't sell weight, I sell hits
Druggin your mind with em one at a time
I hit em up with a couple of bars
I'm breakin MC's up like rock guitars
At a Kiss concert, but not this concert
Ain't no make-up, you better wake up
Before the sandman come take your hand
I come into your dreams, or so it seems
While you're deep asleep I'm beginnin another scheme
Gettin that dough, hittin that hoe
In the video, what a bitty, what a pity
But that's the chance you take when you make it
You get strung when the song is sung
But I don't hit notes, I hit quotes I wrote, so
If you know like I know, you better not try no
Dummy move, yo money, move from the mic
Exit stage right, nighty night
Time for bed with a rhyme from Ed
So put on your pijamas and tell your mamas
Beddy-bye, till you're ready to try once more
Cause I'm takin niggas out like a one-night whore
To the store, so who you're really tryin to fool?
We rule, you know we rule

We rule, you know we rule

[VERSE 2]

It gets harder and harder
Cause everybody got to start a
Kid-type hit, but forget that bullshit
I'm on some hype shit, my style is well developped
When I envelop a mic I would like everyone to get the hell up
I set it off, headed off right to the mic
I let it off like an airstrike
I cover the ground with surround sound
Everybody get down before you're left deaf
So what the eff, a duel to the death
Like Macbeth, so kneel to the left
And bow your head, now Ed will rule
I'm takin niggas out like a trip at school
To the park, leadin you into the dark
Now form a double-line, it's trouble time
Now I got to rhyme double-time
Or triple
Cause MC's suck like nipple
I cripple, but they already lame
I come to claim your name and eat your brain
Right out your skull like a monster
And I do what I wantsta when I wantsta
And I ain't even gotta carry the tool
Cause we rule, you know we rule

We rule, you know we rule

[VERSE 3]

I got rhymes a cop can't stop
They don't even chase, so don't even waste
Gas, I'm too fast, I come equipped to rip, money grip
Cause you the paper
And I'm the Flatbush raper
I rip shit up, your get hit up

I don't take sex, just checks and cash
Stompin niggas out like the Monster Mash
Every single day of the week, plus weekends
You and your weak friends tryin to meet ends
But you can't make em meet, cause you can't make a beat
So now you're beaten, you're meat and you're lookin all meek
You couldn't see me on the highest peak
With a long-range scanner and a antenna
Cause you're fish like a can of
Tune, all on my dock, in my scuna
I see ya later, if not, sooner
So just cool
Cause you know we rule