

# Special Ed, Freaky Flow

My flow is vivid  
I give it two-hundred percent  
That's a hundred for me  
And a hundred for the rent  
I know whatcha meant, Joe, I gotta flow too  
Cause they wack every show I go to  
I be leavin'  
I don't be beleavin' they be even  
Beleave in they own shit  
Actin' like they owwwn, shit  
Butcha never will  
So you better chill  
Or getcha grill, peice, torn by the beast  
You get the claws  
Across your jaws  
Hear the roars  
Now we gonna lock the doors  
Your trapped in a rap like a def game  
A left came, then a right, then a fight came,  
then a light came, then an eternal night came  
Now your in it, in less than a minute  
Don't ever try to battle cause your never gonna win it  
You better know your limit boy  
You better know your limit.  
(chourous: (Jeru the Damaja) Got a, freaky, freaky  
freaky freaky flow. (Brother J.) It's freaky deaky  
It's freaky deaky. 2x

Verse 2:

I'm here  
Not fronichole, but lyrically present  
I'm in the flesh, yo, ain't it fresh  
I got that Special Ed shit  
Slap that dead shit  
Now play dis  
Now say dis (your the greatist)  
I got enough to stuff into the ladies  
I rub her with a rubber  
But I'm lyrically raw  
Protect your neck and double check your jaw  
Cause I'm gettin' bummy  
A'yo I'm still gettin' money  
Yo, ain't it funny  
How you can't take the ghetto out the Ed-O  
Maybe I'm just crazy

Why I think, I wanna kill my shrink  
I see, pink hearts, yellow moons, orange stars, and green clovers,  
and red blood all over, a dead leprechan  
with a time bomb tied to it's arm  
In Saigon somewhere on a farm  
I gotta calm, down  
And hit the wright wire  
Or fight fire  
Maybe it's a premenission, or intuition  
Or some kind of vision  
But either way, I'm on a lyrical mission.

Chorus 2X

Verse 3:

I think it's because I break the laws of language

Like a sandwich  
I eat the whole beat  
On whole wheat  
Cause it's good for your teeth  
Imagine a vaginal nigga like you on the street  
Back on the concrete  
Feet up  
Gettin' beat up  
So when we meet up, give your seat up  
And rise  
The honorable Ed is presiding  
Stop biting, stop writing, stop hidin  
I hate fish motherfuckers, but I like writting  
And snappa, blue fish  
I go to one fish two fish  
Or some lobster  
No I'm not a mobster, but medoddion  
If I was white I might say: party on, dude  
But I'm the original rude  
With the New York talk  
So just peep, because the skills go deep  
So look, and think about it, before you leap.

Chorus 2X