

# Special Ed, The Bush

Brooklyn, New York, Flatbush to be specific  
Is the topic of the composition, so people, if it  
Offends, I recommend you get off, you soft tush  
Come down, come around to the Bush, the Bush  
Live in the Bush, Flatbush, that is the place  
Where I rest with the blessed, don't jest, it is a waste  
To try, you might die, so I abort the mission  
Try to fight, you might end up in critical condition  
Cause we don't take shorts, not here, not in the Bush  
And if you wanna get around, you gotta know how to push  
The boys make noise and the girls be slappin curls out the head  
Try to fight back, black, you get dead  
In the Bush  
The Bush

We got the brothers with the heads in dreads  
On the corners like pigeons  
Smokin marijuana but it's their religions

We got the others on the pipe tip  
Goin on the flight trip  
Soon on the toon, your mother will right-grip  
Basin up the world, chasin up the girls  
The fire got too high till you're facin up your curls  
Now you're burned, learned your lesson  
Stop messin with the crack, black, cause now look how you're dressin  
Chokin and totin on the pipes and the woolers  
While the dealers are your friends with the Benz plus medullahs  
And rings, they're kings because of what they push  
And they're part of the heart in the Bush, the Bush

I'm Special Ed, and yes, I'm takin it all  
The school that I attend is Ersamus Hall  
Live in Flatbush, yes, I'm on  
No, I'm not a god, but my word is bond  
I got the knowledge, wisdom, understandin  
Not fussy, but demandin  
No, I'm wise, understand  
Mess with me, I break your hand  
Stop your heart, take your breath  
With the diagnose of death  
Remove your brain from your skull  
Make ya dumb, make ya dull  
Sow you up and cut your hair  
Put you in a science fair  
Tell em that your name is John  
Make you a phenomenon  
Freak of nature, make em hate ya  
Not a girl will ever date ya  
So step off, because you're soft, and I'm a soldier  
Go get your crew, and you can tell em what I told ya  
Tell em how I burned ya, how you got dissed  
Then form a line, so I can add em to the list

If you come to the Bush keep a low pro  
Cause you might catch a knot or a shot or a blow  
To the face in this place, if you base you will be broken  
Comin off the train you gotta pay another token  
What this means is, you pay for your protection  
Pay a fee and never see a reflection  
Again, my friend, or rather foe, you know the deal  
Either hear or feel  
Choose one, but at least you got an option  
Be my son or be up for adoption

Why in heaven's name would you diss?  
Do you wanna kiss a fist?  
We can do this, properly, you're on my property  
This ain't a game, but you can say it's a monopoly  
Cause I control the total supply, and you're the user  
Akshun makes the cuts and Howie Tee is the producer  
We make it or break it, so take it just like that  
Yes yes y'all, we're all from Flat-  
Bush, the Bush