Special Ed, Unknown

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, f**k 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 guest 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 wanna 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
Theres 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 dowm 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' F**kin' 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