Think About It

Special Ed

(think about it) --> rakim[verse 1]
Sometime I wanna rhyme, but then again I must wait
For the approaching of a toy to introduce him to his fate
Death, I always try to figure out why
Sucker mc's wanna battle me when they know they will die
In the end, so why pretend you're livin trifle
I'ma rope you up like a cowboy, stifle
Your throat with my microphone cord, cause I'm the lord
Of the rhyme, some people say that they can never get bored
Cause I'm exciting, pleasurable listening
I'm only tryin to show you what your records keep on missing, and
I'm only tryin to help our your crew, and
I know I must forgive ya, cause you don't know what you're doin
So sucker mc's, please think twice
Would you join the navy if you didn't like the gravy and rice?
Think about it(think about it)[verse 2]
Think about that, then think about this
If I tried to hit you, do you think that I would miss?
Well, I'm fast, I only hit the center, mass and head
I'm special ed, funkadelic relic of the ages
If you like this, then I got pages and pages
Some dumb bubbleyum bubblegum chewin
Chumps be screwin
I the fly, I wonder why
What's the reason for the treason, huh, you wanna die?
I'm high-post, higher than most
Not from france, but I eat french toast
I'm international, I make the cash in all ways
Got dollars in my pocket, cause man, it pays
To be smart, I turn my art into an empire
Cause I grow and grow, so you know I never tire
Got the status and the clout, no doubt
Of all time, I got the rhyme to take you out
Cause my rap is like a trap that you fall into
I'm special ed, now who the hell are you?
You're unknown, don't even own a microphone
You can't rap, you make me wanna cap a stone
In your eye, why do you persist to make noise
When ever since I was a kid I never did like toys

I get furious, leavin mc's curious
In a daze, my hits do faze
I recommend you listen to the phrase that pays
Don't jest, you won't succeed
I make you bleed till you need a transfusion
This is no illusion
I know you're gettin blurried, don't worry, it's confusion
Of the mind, don't whine, you can't cry forever
It'll take your life to decipher the clever
Rhymes that I say in the way that I do
Akshun luv, my deejay, I guess it's on you
But is there anybody better? I doubt it
And if you think you are, I think you better think about it(think about it)[verse 3]
The lyrics are suffice, suffice are my lyrics
Idolized by the public, praised by the critics
Worth more than gold, longer than a giraffe
Take em to the pawn shop, get a yard and a half
And I'm the creator of the rhymes you praise
All of y'all with the gall I will leave in a daze
Try to battle me, and i'ma make it my job
To burn you as I turn you like a shishkebab
Cause yo, the style that I portrait is the style of a leader
If you' re really gonna battle me, you're really gonna need a
Whole crew, not two, three or four
You gonna need a whole posse, a mossie or more
Cause I'm strong, rap long, yet the rhymes don't drag
Like a bag full of tricks or a trick in a bag
I'm uprising, surprising
Not a nag, not antagonizing
Cause I'm full of fun, and I got a gun
To kill mc's fresher than me, but there are none
Cause I've looked everywhere
Under every rock, in every chair
Mc's they try to hide when I get hot
I know that they hide, but where I know not
You're nothin but a sucker, chump you're scared
You tried to battle me, but you wasn't prepared
You slept, I crept up, shot your drawers
And now you're runnin for your life like you're swimmin from jaws
But go, I know that you've learned your lesson
Go to church, just confess, and
Tell the preacher you committed sin
You battled special ed when you couldn't win
Tried, you cried, you shouted, you pouted
But I told ya - you should thought about it(think about it)

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