

# I Got It Made (Re-Recorded / Remastered)

## Special Ed

\*verse 1\*

I'm your idol, the highest title, numero uno  
I'm not a Puerto Rican, but I'm speakin so that you know  
and understand I got the gift of speech  
and it's a blessin,  
so listen to the lesson I preach  
I talk sense condensed into the form of a poem  
full of knowledge from my toes to the top of my dome  
I'm kinda young--but my tongue speaks maturity  
I'm not a child, I don't need nothin for security  
I get paid when my record is played--to put it short

I got it made\*verse 2\*

I'm outspoken--  
my language is broken into a slang  
but it's just a dialect that I select when I hang  
I play it cool--'cause coolin is all that I'm about  
just foolin wit tha girlies, yes I'm bustin it out  
I'm Special Ed and you can tell by the style that I use  
I'm creatively superior, yo--I never lose  
I never lost 'cause I'm the boss  
I never will 'cause I'm still  
the champion, chief one, won't lose until--  
I choose which I won't 'cause I don't retreat  
I'll run you over like a truck and leave you dead in the street  
You're invitin me, a titan to a battle--why?

I don't need your respect 'cause I--

got it made\*verse 3\*

I'm talented, yes I'm gifted  
never boosted, never shoplifted  
I got the cash, but maoney ain't nothin  
make a million dollars every record that I cut and--  
my name is Special Ed and I'm a super-duper star  
ever other week I get a brand new car  
Got twenty, that's plenty yet I still want more  
kinda fond of honda scooters--got seventy-four  
I got the riches--to fulfill my needs  
got land in the sand of the West Indies  
even got a little island of my very own--  
I gotta frog--a dog with a solid gold bone

An accountant to account the amount I spent  
gotta treaty with Tahiti 'cause I own a percent  
got gear out wear--to everyday  
boutiques from France to the U.S.A.  
and I make all the money from the rhymes I invent  
so it really doesn't matter--how much I spent, because, yo  
I make fresh rhymes--daily  
you burn me--really?  
Think, just blink and I made--a million rhymes  
just imagine if you blinked-- a million times  
damn I'd be paid--  
I got it made

Songwriters

ARCHER, EDWARD / THOMPSON, HOWARD / HILL, JACK / BEAVERS, ROBERT / JOYNER,  
PRESTON / TAYLOR, DENNIS

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