

# Teacher, Teacher

Bryan Adams

Well I've been a public figure for quite a long time  
Known to the whole world for what my style of rhyme  
But tonight let's talk about the ones who bite  
Although they know they won't never get it right  
Because they have no class and they have no shame  
They'll bite another brother to boost their own name  
Get paid correct on a one way gimmick  
I'm happy for you lowlifes but 'member there's a limit so say  
Teacher, teacher, tell me how you do it  
It looks kinda easy like there was nothing to it  
But they don't understand that the master will be  
The creator of the style Ricky D  
Teacher, teacher, tell me how you do it  
It looks so easy like there was nothing to it  
But they don't understand that the master will be  
The creator of the style Ricky D  
When I walk into a party coke snorters laugh  
As the girls be crazy coming for my mere autograph  
And it seems that they aspiring my new style of rappin'  
And brothers all around me out of vanity are snappin'  
The girls say 'wow Rick you're so unique  
Please tell us how you organize the words you speak'  
But my will says chill and I go upon my way  
'Cause class will be taught some other day so say  
Teacher, teacher, tell me how you do it  
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Well I remember one night when the world was dead quiet  
And out of nowhere some boy starts a riot  
He tore my clothes, I had to throw blows  
A shotgun barrel was dead on my nose  
I froze it was Big Foot and the Toes  
Yup, a bunch of small timers, that be it on my shows?  
Surrounded the ruler with machetes too

They said um 'if you don't teach us how to rap you're through'  
I said 'okay, now let me go, please'  
I seen an officer - then the officer screamed 'freeze!'  
He said "Slick Rick you okay?"  
I had to play it off, some girls were looking my way  
So I smacked one in the face and told him 'I won't retire"  
And many years from now I'll just be getting higher  
For I am the master, set and done  
My name is Ricky D and I'm the only one, so say  
Ricky D, Ricky D  
Now when I was a lad my style was bad  
So I had to use what little bit of knowledge that I had  
So I quote and I wrote 'till I was up to par  
Some rhymes were boo-hoo and some rhymes were ha ha haa  
I educate myself so I'm able to reach ya  
Answering the call of teacher, teacher  
Tell us how you do it, it's so easy for me  
The creator of the style, emcee Ricky D  
Now my only task is to warn all biters  
Slimy sluts and fake rhyme writers  
Don't try your luck and get the ruler annoyed  
For when I'm through with you boy your whole world will be destroyed  
So chill mister muscle or I'll come and hunt ya  
If you are a girl I'll make no man want ya  
So if you wanna rule and no [Unverified] in the way  
Pay attention to my syllables and come see me and say hey hey  
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