I Got It Made (Re-recorded / Remastered)

Special Ed

I'm your idol, the highest title
I'm your idol, the highest title, numero uno
I'm your idol, the highest title, numero unoI'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 domeI'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 madeI'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 girlie's, yes I'm bustin' it outI'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 streetYou're invitin' me, a titan to a battle, why?
I don't need your respect 'cause
I got it made

Songwriters
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