

# I'm Outstanding

## Shaquille O'Neal

I was born three six seven eighteen with [unverified] on the wisdom  
Hail to the moon, just like Kunta Kinte  
That means I'm gifted from the get-go  
Mom's you never let go, mad thanks for raising me right, bro' You gave me confidence to stop the nonsense  
Didn't live in Bel Air like the Fresh Prince  
Times are hard, times are rough  
Didn't have 'Toys R Us' toys, but I had enough love  
Plus the guidance from above To go to the park, sweatin' push and shove  
Maybe then for a dunk like you told me  
Then there were a few times when dad had to scold me  
Prayed for my safety, I know how you was feeling  
Didn't want me wheeling and get to drug dealing Remember when you asked me this one day  
Who I wanna be like, I said, Dr J  
Then you said, good, now you gotta go  
Take the damn ball and slam it through the hole Mom cracked a smile, daddy gave a frown  
I said to myself, I can't let them down  
So make way, I'm coming in for a landing  
And nothing's gonna stop me from being outstanding I'm outstanding Now let's skip to the time when I was  
fifteen  
Shaq is in the house, no, Shaq is on the scene  
Now my name's in papers, girls caught the vapors  
Kids look up to me like a skyscraper Now, a role model, I mean a role figure  
Then I ask myself, can I get any bigger?  
My dream is coming through, but coming through slowly  
Then I remember what mom and dad told me Remember this, son, do all the runs  
Shoot your gift like a gun and never forget where you come from  
You're young, gifted and Black  
If they can't say, Shaquille O'Neal then make 'em scream, Shaq Like the fam' do, in the stands who  
When I freak the funk on a dunk they, ahh ooh  
From high school to college, they gave me enough knowledge  
Make that gift and now it's time for me to fulfill my dream To be in the [unverified] like Dakeem  
I'll make the backboards shatter  
Fans chit-chatter  
Even make the other [unverified] get madder That's me, who can it be?  
The master of disaster, seven foot three  
Brother, ain't no other in the nation  
I'm born from my mother but I'm God's creation I'm outstanding I'm outstanding 'Cause now I'm outstanding,  
wave your hands and pump your fist  
When I'm on the court you know it's strictly swish

'Cause there's some things that I gotta' do  
Tape up the ankle, pump up my Shaq-shoe  
And now it's time to take care of business  
To run up the court with Nick and Dennis  
Scott, but I won't stop, gotta' keep striving until I reach the top  
Gonna' take a peek over the mountain, I flow like a fountain  
Peace, I gotta' go and I'm out and  
But before I go, wave your hands  
Peace to all my family, friends and fam  
I'm outstanding

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