

Diana Ross & The Supremes

"The First Day of School"

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"I'm in charge of this class. I'm the merciless God of anything that stirs in my universe. You FUCK with me, you will suffer my wrath!"

{*cut and scratched: "Okay class"*}

[Al-Shid]

All eyes on me, your majesty, way beyond your comprehension
My speech exceeds the peaks reached by idle freshmen
Apply these lesson whether you friends, or rhymin henchmen
Y'all niggaz ain't fuckin with Shid, topic of session
I'm like mind power bombs that (?) smack rookies who try to get run on my track, the last words be Niggaz is mad pussy and get amped in a while
Only flow once a month and it's crampin your style
Now; my lesson plans are murderous verbal weapon span
Raise the ep in hand and I'm cockin back, to reprimand
Next is (?) with penalty for mistakes
If you slip like Will Smith make you +Enemies of the State+
I got camera views aerial, nigga watchin your every move
Right in your very crew, got mercenaries to bury you
Contrary to, what you speak you weak
You candy-ass niggaz sleep, if you think shit's sweet

"Chapter one.."

"There's my old school!

{*scratch*} Let's go into the classroom and see what they're learning.

Be very quiet when you go in, as we shouldn't disturb the lesson."

"No one talks; NO ONE!! Take out your pencils and WRITE."

-> Morgan Freeman

"Well, I'll try, the best I can professor."

"Open your books to page two, and wait for further

instruction."

"Pay attention!"

[Al-Shid]

Ladies and gentlemen, introducín Shiddy, the rap
veteran

Mental co-archery top seeded varsity letterman
From New York, to the Netherlands, I puff - medicine
and drink ether-can-til-I-loop(?) gravitational center
and

my whole click is still tightenin, ain't nothin better than
the mighty marvelous ghetto superstar rappers tryin to
mush

I'm still, holdin it, fuck who you go and get
If you underarm then you get rolled on, like clay
deodorant

Shit, I be the mental motorist steerin your train of
thought

High beam in your ear to let them drunk drive on my
way to court

Can't hang in this rap game? Player change your sport
I'm tryin to die of high blood pressure if life's a grain of
salt

Table talk, cause I got a flow to drown victims
And make deaf niggaz get surround sound systems
Give white people unfound rhythm, my shit's endless
And class be in session with manditory attendance
nigga

"You know on the first day of school how the teacher,
have all the kids in line."

"Pay attention!"

"You are supposed to be frightened.

I usually terrify the average mortal."

"No one talks; NO ONE!! Take out your pencils and
WRITE."

-> Morgan Freeman

"Well, I'll try, the best I can professor."

"Come right in! Sit right down and join the rest of the
suckers."

[J-Zone]

Hey yo Shid, ?? all of them late cats
that missed the lesson still wanna fuck around

"Could that be true?" (Aight)

"Imagine that."

"Class, dismissed!"

