

## **Funkmaster Flex**

### **"I Got It Made"**

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I'm your idol, the highest title  
I'm your idol, the highest title, numero uno  
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

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 girlie's, 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

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