

Judas Priest

"Taxing"

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[VERSE 1]

After I pose for the photos, address the press
I take a rest to let my rhymes digest
Into my brain to sustain and cultivate it
Take a penny for my thoughts, from copper I gold-plate
it
Enrich my mind like wine till I find
What I need to exceed with speed, proceed line
Fold it, I take the mic, I grab it and I hold it
Then I walk to and talk to the crowd, cause yo, I sold it
You bought it, you thought it wasn't worth
But the record went gold, it sold, jerk
I'm worldwide, from girls I hide
Not gay, no way, but they all wanna ride
Mine, they bring me roses and wine
But I hate cheap sex, so next time
Come correct like an intellect
Okay, do you hear what I say? Check
Yo, on the rhyme I'm a lyrical joy
And whoever shall front shall be destroyed
The lyrical composer, I produce all legit
My name's Special Ed and yo, your name ain't -
And I'm powerful in my stable mentality
Takin MC's, yes, of any nationality
Blitzin em, dissin em, off I'm pissin em
Makin em solo, broads won't be kissin em
You got taxed, face the facts
Now where's the jokes and all the wisecracks?
You made before you got slayed by the slayer
Special Ed, DJ Akshun on the record player
Chillin, still in the back just maxin
Me in the front, to be blunt, I'm taxin

I'm taxin

[VERSE 2]

When I'm on the mic I make MC's wonder
How I don't make the foul-ups, bleeps or blunders
I'm fool-proof, I'm too couth, too
I got the Uzi for the crew, see, but the hands work for
you

I give a fair one, because I never like to scare one
Unless he got a vest and a gun
A like a shoot-out, I like a have a root-and-toot-out
If you like to kick, I got the steel-toe boot out
Cause I'm malicious, vicious on the mic is how I am
And I always do as I like, clause I demand
The utmost respect from you
Because you should give respect where respect is due
To Special Ed, that's my name and that's the title I hold
You're gonna get burned if you wanna get bold
And I'm ready, I let the others call me Eddie
But for you it's Special Ed because I said so, spaghetti
And in the meantime break out the sixpacks and
Cool while I rule, cause I'm taxin

Taxin
I'm taxin
Taxin

[VERSE 3]

Well, if you're lookin for a Brooklyn jam
Here's one you might like about a mic and a man
Well, I be meditatin, then I be waitin for the victim
If they flam then I slam them and kick them
Bite the face, then I taste em and lick them
Like Ray I slay, take a brick and
Brick them, yo, I'm not the typical, massive and large
I'm humongous, but the youngest in charge
In combat I contract with souls like crack
Decompose my foes to the size of toes
Because you get all hype and long-winded
But that ain't it, it's the rhymes that are commended
By the crowd as they start to cheer
With the Cisco, the blunts, and the forties of beer
Cause stimulation is what helps my creations
You know I get mellow before my presentations
Because it helps my rhymes to flow through
Like water, I caught a brew, on second thought a few
To release all the heat that I kept
When I was sober, so now it's overstepped
Aside, and by my rules abide
Protest, yes, and I suggest you hide
Cause I'm comin hummin the song of redemption
Makin stacks, takin tax exemptions
You start to fiend, scream and then holler
For a cigarette, as I get your last dollar
I'm taxin, usin Ajax and waxin
MC's with the fleas in their backs and
Behind their ears and up their butt-cracks and
Keep on till you clean up your act and
Stop hold your nose up like Michael Jackson

Dressin like a bum, cause you don't wear slacks, and
I'm done, thanks, it's been fun practisin
I'm done taxin

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