

Special Duties

"Come On, Let's Move It"

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[verse 1]

I was proven effective by a clinical test
Because some couldn't come to believe I was the best
So they tested me, and now they in the clinic
They almost arrested me, because I did it
But I didn't mean to do it
But you had to mess with me, and then you blew it
Now you got to chew it, and swallow it all
I guess that's the way that you bounce the ball
Or somethin like that, my mother always told me
Your mother always told me, "baby, hold me"
Don't get mad because you don't get g's
And I get extra cheese like pizza
You can't keep your girl because you can't please her
But let's get back to the fact that's been approven
So let me prove it, come on, let's move it

(come on)

(yeah y'all, come on) --> flavor flav

[verse 2]

I spent time with the rhyme like a person
Rehearsin like a verse in a chapter
Of a play, but I rap to
Not make money
Though you might find it funny
But hey, I do it cause I like it, plus it is constructive
Enriching to the mind, cause it's mentally productive
And I am one who seeks special education
Cause I can't learn from the system of my nation
Or should I say my residence run by dead presidents
Cause my mother and brother and father are
>from the motherland of another land called jamaica
Some of them say god, some of them say jah is the
maker
But I say why say and who is to say
Cause you make yourself what you are today
And only to yourself do you have to prove it
So come on, let's move it

(yeah y'all, come on)

[verse 3]

Straight from the heart and a shot to the brain
To the hand on the pen and then flaunt the fame
And fortune, suckers I be schorchin and torchin
On and on to victory, me, I be marchin
Each and every day, reachin out to pay
My respects and checks to everybody that helped me
on the way
To where I've gotten, thanks a lot and
Everybody out there buyin records by the carton
Thanks to the banks and thanks to the label
Thank you everybody with my record on your turntable
Thanks to the sellers and the distributors
Everybody thank your moms cause she delivered us
Thanks to your pops, he gave the drops of life
Thanks ot the lord, the sword, the double knife
That I use to fight evil like I fight suckers
Damn, I like jam, so I wanna thank smuckers
Thanks to my deejay and thanks to my producer
Thanks to the girls cause you let me seduce ya
Thanks to the posse around the way
And thanks to the fans that paved the way
You're coming to the jams, throw your hands in the air
and prove it
Come on, let's move it

(yeah y'all, come on)

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