

## Special Ed

### "Lyrics lyric"

Visit "[Lyrics lyric](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus 2X: "Lyrics somebody want lyrics (yea yea)  
somebody want lyrics" -- KRS-One

Verse One:

Here I go the lyrical specialist with the perscription  
I give you the leagal drug addiction, nonfiction  
I got the shank, to your memory bank  
How sharp, don't be affraid of the dark  
Come in to the light, you still can't see  
It can't be, the historical, metaphorical, lyrical  
Yes the S, you know the rest, fuck the spellin'  
I'm tired of tellin' y'all who rule, cause you don't listen,  
fool  
Your dealin' with a nigga feelin' fury  
Surely, I purley destroy any toy with any game  
That's why I never lose, I never play, I savaday style  
while I maintain mine  
Same time yet, differ-rent, mag-nificent  
No quest unless it's the Tribe  
So check that vibe twice  
Cause I'm nice  
Whoever got beef  
Tell me the price  
And I'll raise you a mill, days to a kill, some praise to a  
bill  
Never, yea I'm as lyrical as ever

Chorus

Verse Two:

You wanna start about, have you thought about  
Consequences, sentences, come to your sences, on  
the fences  
Cause I'm strictly throwin' hits  
Knowin' it's, unfair  
Gun here, throw in a extra clip  
Cause I'm next to flip  
Next time, bring in a next rhyme, cause I  
Float like dead body, sting like a tazer

Sharper than a ... lazer  
Open heart ... major  
Surgery transplant cause you have none  
Theres one, shoot a fair one, that's a real one  
Grannit, with a enough heart to start  
But can you manage when I brandige your bandage  
And your stitch is open  
And your bitch is open  
Is she, somethins' fishy  
I don't like dis  
When I'm like dis they try to ammulate my likeness  
Clones  
Microphones break from my intake  
For phatter, mass matter, glass shatter  
Becareful, I got a airfole  
Listen, I got them lyrics that your missin'

Chorus 3X

Verse Three:

You're commin' with your new sound  
You never threw down  
Why try, try my tie and hang em' high, in the closet  
Cause it, wasn't, I good idiea  
Who should I fear  
No one, the son of Jah  
Gimmie some la, and I get mystic  
Lyricdistic  
But wait, your not great, your not good  
I shot wood, put you out your misery history in the  
makin'  
Fuckin' with a crazy Jamacian  
See, they vanish when I brandish the hair trigga  
Yea nigga  
I'm goin hay wire  
Might fire  
Might not  
But it's white hot  
And with the right flow, the shit might blow  
So I detonate, then evacuate, leavin' ash, don't even  
ask  
Feel the blast, fast, I know you won't last  
But you can still try  
Somebody want lyrics  
Then come see the eye

Chorus 3X

