

Special Ed "The Bush"

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Brooklyn, new york, flatbush to be specific
Is the topic of the composition, so people, if it
Offends, I recommend you get off, you soft tush
Come down, come around to the bush, the bush
Live in the bush, flatbush, that is the place
Where I rest with the blessed, don't jest, it is a waste
To try, you might die, so I abort the mission
Try to fight, you might end up in critical condition
Cause we don't take shorts, not here, not in the bush
And if you wanna get around, you gotta know how to
push
The boys make noise and the girls be slappin curls out
the head
Try to fight back, black, you get dead
In the bush
The bush

We got the brothers with the heads in dreads
On the corners like pigeons
Smokin marijuana but it's their religions

We got the others on the pipe tip
Goin on the flight trip
Soon on the toon, your mother will right-grip
Basin up the world, chasin up the girls
The fire got too high till you're facin up your curls
Now you're burned, learned your lesson
Stop messin with the crack, black, cause now look how
you're dressin
Chokin and totin on the pipes and the woolers
While the dealers are your friends with the benz plus
medullahs
And rings, they're kings because of what they push
And they're part of the heart in the bush, the bush

I'm special ed, and yes, I'm takin it all
The school that I attend is ersamus hall
Live in flatbush, yes, I'm on
No, I'm not a god, but my word is bond
I got the knowledge, wisdom, understandin
Not fussy, but demandin
No, I'm wise, understand

Mess with me, I break your hand
Stop your heart, take your breath
With the diagnose of death
Remove your brain from your skull
Make ya dumb, make ya dull
Sow you up and cut your hair
Put you in a science fair
Tell em that your name is john
Make you a phenomenon
Freak of nature, make em hate ya
Not a girl will ever date ya
So step off, because you're soft, and I'm a soldier
Go get your crew, and you can tell em what I told ya
Tell em how I burned ya, how you got dissed
Then form a line, so I can add em to the list

If you come to the bush keep a low pro
Cause you might catch a knot or a shot or a blow
To the face in this place, if you base you will be broken
Comin off the train you gotta pay another token
What this means is, you pay for your protection
Pay a fee and never see a reflection
Again, my friend, or rather foe, you know the deal
Either hear or feel
Choose one, but at least you got an option
Be my son or be up for adoption
Why in heaven's name would you diss?
Do you wanna kiss a fist?
We can do this, properly, you're on my property
This ain't a game, but you can say it's a monopoly
Cause I control the total supply, and you're the user
Akshun makes the cuts and howie tee is the producer
We make it or break it, so take it just like that
Yes yes y'all, we're all from flat-
Bush, the bush

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