Special Ed "Think About It"

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(think about it) --> rakim

[verse 1]

Sometime I wanna rhyme, but then again I must wait For the approaching of a toy to introduce him to his fate

Death, I always try to figure out why Sucker mc's wanna battle me when they know they will die

In the end, so why pretend you're livin trifle
I'ma rope you up like a cowboy, stifle
Your throat with my microphone cord, cause I'm the
lord

Of the rhyme, some people say that they can never get bored

Cause I'm exciting, pleasurable listening I'm only tryin to show you what your records keep on missing, and

I'm only tryin to help our your crew, and I know I must forgive ya, cause you don't know what you're doin

So sucker mc's, please think twice Would you join the navy if you didn't like the gravy and rice?

Think about it

(think about it)

[verse 2]

Think about that, then think about this

If I tried to hit you, do you think that I would miss?

Well, I'm fast, I only hit the center, mass and head
I'm special ed, funkadelic relic of the ages
If you like this, then I got pages and pages
Some dumb bubbleyum bubblegum chewin
Chumps be screwin
I the fly, I wonder why
What's the reason for the treason, huh, you wanna die?
I'm high-post, higher than most
Not from france, but I eat french toast
I'm international, I make the cash in all ways
Got dollars in my pocket, cause man, it pays

To be smart, I turn my art into an empire Cause I grow and grow, so you know I never tire Got the status and the clout, no doubt Of all time, I got the rhyme to take you out Cause my rap is like a trap that you fall into I'm special ed, now who the hell are you? You're unknown, don't even own a microphone You can't rap, you make me wanna cap a stone In your eye, why do you persist to make noise When ever since I was a kid I never did like toys I get furious, leavin mc's curious In a daze, my hits do faze I recommend you listen to the phrase that pays Don't jest, you won't succeed I make you bleed till you need a transfusion This is no illusion I know you're gettin blurried, don't worry, it's confusion Of the mind, don't whine, you can't cry forever It'll take your life to decipher the clever Rhymes that I say in the way that I do Akshun luv, my deejay, I guess it's on you But is there anybody better? I doubt it And if you think you are, I think you better think about it

(think about it)

[verse 3]

The lyrics are suffice, suffice are my lyrics Idolized by the public, praised by the critics Worth more than gold, longer than a giraffe Take em to the pawn shop, get a yard and a half And I'm the creator of the rhymes you praise All of y'all with the gall I will leave in a daze Try to battle me, and i'ma make it my job To burn you as I turn you like a shishkebab Cause yo, the style that I portrait is the style of a leader If you' re really gonna battle me, you're really gonna need a Whole crew, not two, three or four You gonna need a whole posse, a mossie or more Cause I'm strong, rap long, yet the rhymes don't drag Like a bag full of tricks or a trick in a bag I'm uprising, surprising Not a nag, not antagonizing Cause I'm full of fun, and I got a gun To kill mc's fresher than me, but there are none

Cause I've looked everywhere Under every rock, in every chair Mc's they try to hide when I get hot

I know that they hide, but where I know not

You're nothin but a sucker, chump you're scared

You tried to battle me, but you wasn't prepared
You slept, I crept up, shot your drawers
And now you're runnin for your life like you're swimmin
from jaws
But go, I know that you've learned your lesson
Go to church, just confess, and
Tell the preacher you committed sin
You battled special ed when you couldn't win
Tried, you cried, you shouted, you pouted
But I told ya - you should thought about it

(think about it)

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