

Special Ed "Ya Wish Ya Could"

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(Hope to be dope as me) --> Guru

[VERSE 1]

I can rock a beat, plus rock a rhyme
I feel it's time to show my full versatility
Nothin is impossible, I have the ability
I see one, don't you woke, you wake up
Take up your mic and take off your make-up
This style I made up just of dust
Because suckers like you I will burn to a crust
You might think you're hard, but even iron got to rust
I bust rhymes like a cherry
You might think I'm nasty - yes, I'm very
Cause I do it right just for you
And I could rock it all night if you want me to
So just lay back and let your head float
Like a boat on the open sea
But leave your mind open to me
So I can put into it
The sound, as it goes around and through it
Just like a merry-go
Though where we go
You wish you could

[VERSE 2]

There's no particular style, I only say as I feel
And if I say it, you obey it and kneel
And if you're still standin, I'ma put my hand in a fist
Then apply the force to my wrist
That'll surely floor ya, forget your lawyer
If you try to sue me, I'ma say I never saw ya
You're just a stranger, boy, I will derange ya
Change ya, why put yourself in any danger?
So step out the way or get stomped
You're soft and off, I'm on time with the rhyme, I'm
prompt
For the simple fact that I got rhythm
So does DJ Akshun, of course the force is with him
So does Howie Tee, cause now we see what we have
done
Look what we created, and we made it for fun
You try to make it better, cause it sounds so good

But you wish you could

[VERSE 3]

Rest for a second and just reconcile
And play the record while
You listen to the style of a specialist
I'm a professional at this
I'm here to fix all the things you missed
I'm a perfectionist
I seek to be exact
All I need is just a mic and a track
I'm a vocalist, and I'm a soloist also
I sit back and watch too many fall, so
Straight from Flatbush, Brooklyn in the house
Diss the Bush and get mused in the mouth
You might consider me a hood - good
But I got more money than you wish you could
In my socks, and no, I don't sell no rocks
Though on the microphone I got this sewn
Hemmed, stemmed like a stone
And you don't stop, because it feels so good
But you wish you could

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