

Twiztid F/ Blaze, Insane Clown Posse

"I'm Outstanding"

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I was born three six seven eighteen with ??? on the
wisdom
Hail to the moon, just like Kunta Kinte
That means I'm gifted from the get-go
Mom's you never let go
Mad thanks for raising me right, bro'
You gave me confidence to stop the nonsense
Didn't live in Bel Air like the Fresh Prince
Times are hard, times are rough
Didn't have Toys R Us toys, but I had enough love
Plus the guidance from above
To go to the park, sweatin' push and shove
Maybe then for a dunk like you told me
Then there were a few times when Dad had to scold me
Prayed for my safety, I know how you was feeling
Didn't want me wheeling and get to drug-dealing
Remember when you asked me this one day
Who I wanna' be like, I said Dr. J
Then you said, "Good, now you gotta' go
"Take the damn ball and slam it through the hole."
Mom cracked a smile, Daddy gave a frown
I said to myself, "I can't let them down."
So make way, I'm coming in for a landing
And nothing's gonna' stop me, from being outstanding

I'm outstanding

Now let's skip to the time when I was fifteen
Shaq is in the house... no, Shaq is on the scene!
Now my name's in papers, girls caught the vapors
Kids look up to me like a skyscraper
Now, a role model... I mean a role figure
Then I ask myself, can I get any bigger?
My dream is coming through, but coming through
slowly
Then I remember what Mom and Dad told me
"Remember this, son, do all the runs
"Shoot your gift like a gun and never forget where you
come from
"You're young, gifted, and Black
"If they can't say Shaquille O'Neal then make 'em

scream, 'Shaq!'"
Like the fam' do, in the stands who
When I freak the funk on a dunk they, "Ahhh! Oooh!"
From high school to college, they gave me enough
knowledge
Make that gift and now it's
Time for me to fulfill my dream
To be in the [leaders' game?] like Dakeem
I'll make the backboards shatter,
Fans chit-chat
Even make the other [sen-tails?] get madder
That's me. Who can it be?
The master of disaster, seven foot three
Brother, ain't no other in the nation
I'm born from my mother but I'm God's creation
I'm outstanding

I'm outstanding

Cause now I'm outstanding
Wave your hands and pump your fist
When I'm on the court you know it's strictly "Swish!"
Cause there's some things that I gotta' do:
Tape up the ankle, pump up my Shaq-shoe
And now it's time to take care of business
To run up the court with Nick and Dennis
Scott, but I won't stop
Gotta' keep striving until I reach the top
Gonna' take a peek over the mountain
I flow like a fountain
Peace, I gotta' go! And I'm out and...
But before I go, wave your hands
Peace to all my family, friends, and fam
I'm outstanding

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