

# Think About It

Special Ed

(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)