

If You Wanna Know

Ugly Duckling

My mother told me if you got it there's no need to flaunt it
Cause everything I'll get depends on just how bad I want it
I said this to myself one day, minding my own beeswax
When this big, buff tough guy stepped to me
And I'm like "Ease back, sleezestack! "
Before I knock your big butt silly
He then pulled out a gun, I gave him a hug and said "Don't kill me."
You don't wanna waste a bullet on a bum like me, scum like me
I want my mommy, help me somebody
He started pulling my arm and jerkin me (Oww!)
Stop it man, you're hurting me
Reminded I had a gun to my head
So I said ok certainly, you the man (Need a hand?)
Where's Superman when you need him?
Should I feed him a knuckle sandwich
Or play possum and stop breathing?

I'm leavin, competition's cool and all of that
But I didn't get into rap to be attacked
I'm packin my backpack strap to bust a thinkin cap
And just laugh at the people who don't know how to act
See the derailed hate the on track, in fact
Alone they cower, so the blind bind to find power
That's why I'm lookin out like the Hubble
Telescope lens for the trouble
See when you're as tight as Bowser's trousers
Or "Saturday Night Fever" slacks
Macks and G's attack, hopin you flee
Steady mobbin like Robinson Crusoe
It's as primitive as can be

Now if you (if you) wanna know (wanna know)
The real deal about the crew
Well, don't you know (don't you know)
We're Ugly Duckling, and we're doing it just for you
I said, if you (if you) don't know (don't know)
The real deal about the crew
Well, don't you know (don't you know)
We're Ugly Duckling, and we're doing it just for you

Sometimes I feel I've got to run away
I've got to find a place to play like my own sandbox
So I can do a Mr. Spock (and use my Vulcan mind)
To leave the grit and grind behind the foul line
Shootin two, who's the owl giving a hoot (Not you)
Help Woodsy spread the word to the so called nerd
To stay Huffy tough luff or get knocked on his duff
By a vulgar ogre, holder of all the hall passes
(Who broke into my locker and he smashed my glasses)
Courage fled Herman's head but it was too late to back out
He took my lunch sack and went to the rack like Jerry Stackhouse
(Oooh!) blackout, out comes the mouthpiece
But the Mick he quickly picked me back up on my feet
I said, look over there (Over where?) over there he looked
A left hook had him shook (That's the oldest trick in the book)
I followed through with the 1, 2, knockin him on his keister
Then leavin the barrio I said ("Adios mister")

Pale rider, saddle bags tied tight
(Happy trails...) into the night

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