

# Special Education (feat. Janelle Monáe)

## Goodie Mob

They call him Gipp saga  
It's the mutant, mister get down  
Live wire, words poke you like barbwire  
Maroon Range, sugar cane, oil stains  
My right leg longer than my left foot  
Put stripes next to squares, still peel the circle  
See spirits off of people, I don't see color  
I'm a special mind, yeah, a special kind  
Conceived in the South at a special time  
Covered in leaves of gold  
Scripture written in scrolls  
Spoken so clearly in tongues  
So my children would come  
Look around  
Can't you see  
The industry: they look like me  
I don't wear the clothes you wear  
I'm just different and I don't care  
It's kind of sad and it's a shame  
Everyone wants to be the same  
If you are listening here and now  
I'm sure I can show you how  
It's okay to be afraid  
Don't you want to be special I'm so special, boy  
Try to went(?) stupid, dawg  
I eat nuclear waste and spit atomic bombs  
Plutonium explodes, that's my trademark  
Mushroom clouds inside, call 'em brain farts  
Gamma rays torch my system, now I'm going green  
G-force in my veins, pump hydrozine  
KT, 13, a microphone beam  
Cosmic juggernaut, extraterrestrial being  
Reign supreme, once conceived, boy, they broke the mold  
All this glory-seeking is getting totally outta control  
No one's original, Attack of the Clones  
Invasion of the swagger-snatchers  
Aim for the dome  
Scientists stood around in silence as I was being born  
Was I quote, unquote special or was there something wrong  
My skin was black, my heart was gold, and my tongue was silver  
And the fact that I could talk already, that was a thriller  
And I fear what I don't understand, so let me warn you

Especially when nigga make too much noise about being normal  
Unusual but beautiful, the bondin' blessing  
Summa Cum Laude, School of Exceptional Youth  
X-Men

Let me put something poetic into plain English  
I'd rather die than to not be distinguished  
The outsiders have no desires to be equal  
When V.I.P. stands for "Very Insecure People" S.P.E.C.I.A.L.  
Heavyweight in the game, T tip the scale  
I travel over the world back to ATL  
I'm friends with the mayor, I'm a truthsayer  
A crusader, a natural-born raider  
I need a deejayer to be the illustrator  
Let's get the dollar signs  
I said my Gucci rhymes  
I think it's tea time  
Don't need a co-sign  
T-Mo is on the grind, he about to let it shine  
Off in the skyline, don't worry 'bout mine  
I can handle lies and watching third eyes  
I make 'em go blind, I don't deserve to rhyme

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>