

Curriculum

Eyedeia

My name's Mr. Eyedeia
And I'll be you're teacher for this class
You're past pre MC school
You're with the big boys now
So you better bust that ass
It starts at some 6:35
I'm gonna turn you little bitches into some MC's
That get live arrive wide awake and ready to work
Sit with proper posture in your desk
Or you'll never be worth my energy twerp (twerp)
Participation's 90% of your final grade
When the vinyl's played open your MC-ology book up to the title page
Look up to me as your idol
My recitals make students totally lose it and become suicidal
Hey ya gotta come to class prepared, pencil or pen I don't care
You square, you don't need schooling, fooled in, step up I double dare ya

Here's your syllabus punk, have your parents sign it
And 90 hours of freestyle is your first homework assignment
You wanna ditch? try it ("um 'scuse me? ") bitch, quiet when I'm speaking
Follow all these rules if you wanna learn about MC'ing

"I dunno why he's so aggressive, I mean
I know there's a better way to like, get across to your students than that,
he's just so..."

Man, I told you to be quiet, can't you see I'm trying to school ya?
Gimmie the hand you hold the mic with so I can smack you with my ruler or sp
end an hour after school, handcuffed naked to two turntables while
Abilities takes his records and lashes you
You have an attitude, read chapter two
It has to do with aptitudes and skills
That's changed the way you feel this afternoon
Only one bathroom pass is issued a semester
So you better learn to control your bladder
Man add a tad of soul to you're flow
That's too slow that's too fast
You didn't enunciate at all in the last word in that paragraph
Stay on task!
And copy this word off the chalkboard-
It's pronounced "confidence"
Find yours and use it against the sophomores
Walk towards my desk, pick up this next work sheet
You get a dismissal if you disrupt or disobey
You say you're thirsty? Well you have to wait till you get home
And the only supplies you need for this class is a rhymebook, headphones, an
d a pencil

Yo, now you're getting used to training the lyrical fitness
Everyone says I'm a good teacher
But they also say I'm one of the strictest
Got a room full of zombies, pay attention
Take your notes, control your breath hold the mic close to mouth
Close your eyes, amplified, don't be scared, break a sweat, show a vein
After that cash'll attach itself to your sack and you'll go insane
So you're lame now? well, you'll be crisper after this year
Just don't get punked at the lunch table

When kids say "you can't sit here"
You gotta have perfect attendance so don't get suspended
And all that shit about trying to be a rebel, man, end it
Or you'll have to write ten thousand sentences
Saying you appreciate me gratefully
Now how will that do for your reputation with the ladies?
Wipe the drool off the desktop either be a teachers pet and get props
Or walk your wanna be MC ass to the bus stop
Go ahead, drop out but I guarantee you'll be aggravated
When you're a thirty one year old bum thinking damn, I wish I graduated

It's a lot easier to go to bed at night then fuck up