# Neva Go Back

**Special Ed**

Verse 1:

I'm gettin' restless
What guessless
I'm rushin' the percusion
End of discusion
Now as you were
Your rhymes soft like fur
Oh' you wright for her
Well that explanit it
But I reign it, I rule it
So cool it, while I school it
Listen to percision
Rhyming, timing, climbing through your window
(crooklyn style) be in yo
Damagin' your whole premises
Don't never diss
Cause here's your address
Cause me by yes, so come test me no
Like patra, I got it soul like sanatra
Organize rhymes in effect
Snap that neck, like e-double if there be trouble
So, move on, there's nothing to see here
Clear the area
Your rhymes are dead, hit the berrier
To vary a I'm very a effetive I might add
Original rude, since I was a little lad

(chorus: I neva go back, I neva flowed wack
I just come back, I just come phat 2x)

Verse 2:

I'm pumpin' like donivan plus
I'm a little vicious
I eat mcees cause they delicious
It's just, that so mistrust but I dust rhymes like a maid
Now I'm back with how
Stompin' like a parade, all up and down fifth ave
So you riff have plenty of back, cause I attack, like blood cells
Fighting off diseased mcees
Like super freinds, in a metropolis, in a super bense
With howie, now we, got two threes
Fuck it, six, gimmie the mix, and I'm a kill em' with the lyrics
So dig a plot, and nigga got, seven
Never doubt, I go all out, scadida
You need a map
You need a rap
You need a slap
You need a nap
So take one, because your tired
I get so phat, I feel wired
But I never sell, or fall, cause I never fell

(chorus: 2x)

Verse 3:

I don't beg
I break your leg like an egg
And fry it try it, and see what happen when I'm rappin'
Shit start
So don't get smart like max
Cause cold hard facts prevail
I don't sell, I don't turn pale
But I'm very ill, I'm fatal
I rock rhymes like a cradle
Many days, many ways, let me count em'
Everybody that I caught, everybody thought
But but, bu bu but, don't stutta
Just say it
Shit is budda
Now don't that feel betta
Get a sweata
Cause it's gettin' colda
Every time I holda
Mic, niggaz freeze up, so eaze up like, off the scrotum
Cause you wrote um', like you know dum'
So let me show dum', real rhymes
Cause I feel I might start buggin', if you don't back up off the mic
The lyrical war is on, and so I strike

Chorus 4x

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