

# The Mission

## Special Ed

(we're on a mission) --> salt-n-pepa

[ verse 1 ]

This is a mission, not a small time thing  
Let me tell you 'bout what happened when the phone went (\*ring\*)  
Well, I was coolin at the crib with this girl suzanne  
And everything was goin just accordin to plan  
When the phone rang - yo, I couldn't believe it  
Told myself to ignore it, forget it, leave it  
Just when things had started goin great  
It rang again I said, "hold up, wait"  
Picked up the phone, yelled, "who the hell is this? "  
Somebody said, "this is serious business  
There's a tape in the mailbox between your doors  
Take the tape from the box, and put it in yours"  
I listened to the tape and my mouth just dropped  
I picked up the phone, but the man hung up  
It said, yo, 'this tape will self-destruct'  
I pressed the deck, but the tape was stuck  
Oh well, what the heck, I just cleaned up the mess  
Opened up the closet, got the bullet-proof vest  
Loaded up the sawed-off, the double-barrel  
The rambo knife with the hunting apparel  
Threw on the trench, kissed the girl good-bye  
She said, "special ed, don't go, you might die"  
Started cryin and huggin on me, so I shut her  
I said, "sorry baby, but I gotta do what I gotta  
(you're on a mission)

Do what I gotta This is a mission, not a small-time thing [ verse 2 ]

Took the express on a air force jet  
The thoughts in my mind broke me out into sweat  
I was thinkin of the message again and again  
In particular the name of lu chin chen  
Yo, I landed in japan with intent to kill  
You could tell I wasn't jokin by the look on my grill  
Took a look at the picture of the man that I was after  
A 5 foot 10 black-belt karate master  
Knew where to find him, knew where he would be  
I turned around and showin up mr. chen found me  
I looked him in the eye with a stare so cold  
I said, "i came to revenge for the rhymes you stole  
Now you must die, because that is my mission"  
He flipped back, got into a fighting position

The tiger style, the shit was wild  
He threw his hands in the air, he started to smile  
I said, "you can smile now, but you won't for long  
Cause sucker, you'll be sorry that you stole my song"  
He said, "choose your style", I broke fool, I said, "what? "  
Pulled out the knife, tried to shove it in his gut  
It didn't even cut, I flipped, I started buggin  
Pulled out the hand gun, I shot a slug in  
His chest, he said, "buddah bless" and stood proud  
Out shot the bullet, mr. chen just bowed  
So I shot him again - yo, I couldn't believe  
Mr. chen caught the bullet in this two front teeth  
Yo, he kicked me on the floor just like I was a child  
I got fed up, I thought of flatbush style  
Stood to my feet, threw my hands to the sky  
Shaked him then, I faked him, then I caught him in the eye  
He started stumblin, yo, I started wildin  
He tripped, busted his lip, I started smilin  
Knew he was defeated, but I wasn't done yet  
So I shot him with the shotie, then I jetted in the jet(you're on a mission)  
Jetted in the jetThis is a mission, not a small-time thing  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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