

Outkast "High Schoolin'"

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Life

Ooh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah yeah uh

Been always told to keep my head up

But three shakes just don't cut the cake when your
necktie from bobbing

Life's a stage, street's the cage

We dungeon rats Outkast and Goodie Mobbin

Enough of the petite talk, I'd rather have a nigga with a
perm

Ain't got to have punk, on my side than a nigga who
frontin'

To another nigga's interpretation of god-stuntin'

[Unverified], why both a president'll be a SWAT guy

That's like choosing which bullet you gon' get shot by
A drank and some hot fries

Slowly eating me up from inside to outside

Well you gon' die anyway, right? Wrong

I plan to live forever, I know it seems mighty long

If you think about it in Earth terms

Thank God, we on the TV what we let like earthworms

Stay underground like [unverified] or Dig Dug

Only come above to shake hands and give hugs

Lay your beautiful body down on this fur rug

You got to give a damn if you do not give a fuck, ha

Rack 'em up 'cuz we bustin'

Once was the nigga in the back of the class

Who never said nothing

His thought became an amplifier

I live for inspiration, for without that, I will die

(Go)

Here the bomb jam now can you dig it?

Don't stop and uh don't quit 'cuz uh

We own that high school shit and uh

You know that uh we spit it

Here the bomb jam now can you dig it?

Don't stop and uh don't quit 'cuz uh
We own that high school shit and uh
You know that uh we spit it
Here the bomb jam now can you dig it?

Got issues on my mind like a fool from Columbine
Will I swallow my pride or take that ride?
Better think before my cock get slide and take a dive
Into this hot pit like ball of grease

Stand alone on my own ten toes against foes
It's a snowstorm and you outside gettin' cold
Luck has struck one buck for seven every roll
Throwin' snake eyes thinkin' a nigga gon' fold

Stand down like four black vogues on goes
Snatchin' all the dough and leavin' y'all broke
Going all out for an A plus in class
I bust ass walkin' barefoot over broken glass

Now who gon' pass player? You won't last
See we all in the race just taking up space
If we's on the other side of the track grab the straps
Thought y'all knew wild off runnin' past
So who you think you foolin'? We can get to dueling
On some old school shit, like we high schoolin'

There he is
Get him
(Don't run, don't run)
Yeah sucker, what'cha gon' do now?
What'cha gon' do now sucker?

Don't stop and uh don't quit 'cuz uh
We own that high school shit and uh
You know that uh we spit it
Here the bomb jam now can you dig it?

Don't stop and uh don't quit 'cuz uh
We own that high school shit and uh
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Here the bomb jam now can you dig it?

Let me walk you little kiddies through my school days
Sunday night I hit a party, missed a Monday, I'll go
Tuesday
Doomsday, homeroom was lookin' beauty
The girl I wanna cut is absent but I see a cutie

But bump a flirt, I need to be doin' this homework to graduate
Saturate my body and memory on some algebrate
Bro, why you holdin' and totin' that's to assassinate
Go masturbate you jack-off, nigga take the hat off

I'm a third year freshman, I started with the best of them
But now them niggas done passed me, I'm just a baby daddy
O.G. Original Goofball, and I used to slang the hard heart
And smoke the soft softball saw through the way-hall

Niggas up in the school, they know my name, look
But that's because my face is in like eight different yearbooks
Could've been took the S.A.T. but the streets got the best of me
Thinkin' and drinkin' and bankin' open while like sesame

All tellin' me to chill out
(Chill out)
Before you be a drop out
(Chill out)
Or cop out, is when you're thirty-something
At your mom's house, yeah

Don't stop and uh don't quit 'cuz uh
We own that high school shit and uh
You know that uh we spit it
Here the bomb jam now can you dig it?

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