

**P.A.**  
**"High Skool"**

Visit "[High Skool](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

"High Skool"

[Verse one: P]

I'm wakin up in the morning,  
Slap that ass beside me waitin,  
Body stretchin, jaws yawnin hope to get my  
Blessin, pullin off tha sheets steppin on my  
Cold ghetto floor, lookin at my girl might not  
See her anymore... , then now I turn around  
Heading for da shower shit is bangin,  
taps is turned on mild warm cuz you know I'm slangin,  
get myself together for a couple minutes,  
shit already late, hoppin out tha showa, baby what's da  
time

[Girl]

8

[P]

Dat shit is fake I'm putting on my clothes talkin to  
you like if I was gods kid speakin,  
Hoe, like a genius stuck in the solit-the-confinment  
and in for bricks, before I leave,  
I'm kissin you good bye, hugz and all it's hurtle but  
baby if I die tonight gangstaz drank before dey  
murdered,  
who could you blame in dis cold game but tha men in  
black, all I'm sayin give us a job wit gud pay,  
and we'll be back, a smile a smile,  
a tooth for a tooth, give me ball give you somethin  
back when it's all in doubt,  
you listenin boo, I put my shoes approach my ghetto  
door in occur lookin at my girl might see her nomore

[Chorus]

[P]

Because dey te te tell me I'm a fool  
Ima fool because I cut cut  
Am I a fool  
You see da trick tricks  
Thinkin thinkin they slick  
Owning owning to tha same shit similiar bricks

[Verse two: P]

I shut tha door see her skandolous eyes,  
creepin down the lonely hallway feelin tied,  
I push the elevator button but it's taking to long,  
but now the elevators here droppin first floor I'm  
gone, I'm lookin side ta side,  
don't wanna get murdered, I'm feelin paranoid dat dey  
don't come burglered, burglered,  
as the civilians on tha block disguised to deal wit  
matters, 40 shotz, I'm movin swift swift,  
because dis is how tha world made me approachin  
transportation  
headin for da skool dat makes me,  
am I a fool think I can fly high,  
my motivation drinkin juice makin cash high,  
knowin basics dats all I need to know for dis game  
makin cash helps me take away da,  
takes aways da pain, and now I'm roaming,  
see da hoochies and dey lookin gud just can see past  
dat ass, visions of me gettin hood,  
I look to see da time and it's gettin late,  
cuz it's a quarter a quarter ta 9 before I hit da cake,  
now nomore transportation and I'm feeling baked,  
because I drank a 40 ounce I forgot to state

[Chorus]

[P]

I'm walkin walkin walkin  
Like a criminal criminal criminal  
I'm walkin I'm walkin I'm walkin I'm walkin  
Like a criminal criminal criminal

[Verse three: P]

I'm walkin like a criminal because my minds filled  
wit spirituals, my rugged posture describes a demon  
piff miracle, I reach the skool aint no expectations,  
and plus, I swear ta god I see tha same peeps racin,  
and when I look at tha front,  
front, I see tha kidz, sellin dope, am I a fool, ha ah nah  
man, nah man

[P]

Shit  
Thinkin skoolz a joke joke

[Chorus]

[P]

Because dey te te tell me I'm a fool [p]wat  
Ima fool because I cut cut  
Am I a fool[p]wat  
You see da trick tricks  
Thinkin thinkin they slick  
Owning owning to tha same shit similiar bricks

[Verse four: P]

Keep your eyes on me and focus well I poke it,  
and take you deeper through anotha life full of pain  
and dope sales, a simple sky in da sky,  
darkend up to da eye, it's just another perfect day  
in tha hood, kidz is sellin dope to tha neighbourhood  
kidz, makin money for more party smokin hard cigz,  
cigz, look at mr.hater, lookin hard wit his squinted  
eyez, knockin all deez headz home in the bin high

[Outro: P]

Teacha end up diseased in tha streetz,  
if you don't know me now u know me in tha streets it's  
deep, so give up now cuz sooner or later,  
we're gonna fuck, but still till then I'm livin in  
the streets where they'd buck you

Visit [P.A.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.