

W.A.L.E. "Skool Daze"

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Produced by Nottz

(Intro)

Yea, uh, look

Paint that picture real quick, you know what I'm sayin?

That public school bullshit I went through or whatever if
you want to call it

You know

Understand where I'm coming from

School daze in this mother fucker

Look, yea

(Verse 1)

Vick and Mohammed told me ride on these niggas

I told them stop it, that's a problem cause I fathered
these niggas

You see a lot of these niggas, just is part of my vision

They got rich up off my image, what they gonna do
when I switch it

I got bitches on bitches, cause my penmanship pimpin'

Fuck a pen man my mind is a palette, fuck around turn
a track to a picture

Hol' up, this art class for them trap doors and react to it

I was out there when them packs moved, but never got
to it cause I had school

That's a fact too, my class full when I had to

No gym class for your bitch ass, you can get cut up with
a number 2

Come through with that gun too, how a rap nigga make
me uncomfortable

Nigga wouldn't believe it only me and a teacher

Up in woodshop class without a tool

Just another nigga with an attitude

Slingin' adderall to a latitude

Couple blacks and latins, I was astronaut, then when

the spaceman jump man I need the loot

Short bus on the way to school, hoes puttin' this game
to lose, but I came to win

Went to school with some cold-blood niggas, I ain't
finna be scared of y'all, God damn

(Hook)

A few shinin' stars know exactly who you are
(Be your shinin' star, be your shinin star)
A few shinin' stars know exactly who you are
(Be your shinin' star, be your shinin star)
A few shinin stars

(Verse 2:)

Every intention to ride on these niggas
Eatin' free lunch Monday through Friday just like all of
these niggas
But I ain't tryna grow up like all of these niggas
But I ain't tryna be in wars with all of these niggas
I'ma blend in, I'ma get in where I fit in, I'ma do me
See some white kids in the hallway, they get all A's but
they do E
Truthfully as far as shootin' fouls I was 2 and 3
My record doe, they respect it doe, cause them group
home niggas was just too deep
And we was too deep, and it's a big difference
Niggas talkin' bout bullies I saw children on dippers
Mothers is strippers, trouble was frequent
Survival of the fittest, weaklings don't make it a
weekend
And to think these rappers still tryna scare somebody
Still never hit a body, wrote a million songs about it
And meanwhile I'm the shit like a fully-functioning
somersaulting porta-potty
'Til I'm off to college
School daze

(Hook)

A few shinin' stars know exactly who you are
(Be your shinin' star, be your shinin star)
A few shinin' stars know exactly who you are
(Be your shinin' star, be your shinin star)
A few shinin stars

(Outro)

Nah, never let nobody tell you can't do it nigga
Ambition for life yea
Fuck fame, fuck money
Fuck everything, anyone could trade for me
Swinging hard to make money
You niggas reaching down keep loving dough
Fuck fame, fuck money
Fuck everything, anyone could trade for me
Mr. TryinaBe, let it go
Ralph, Folarin

