

Willow Smith

"Parents Just Don't Understand"

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You know parents are the same

No matter time nor place

They don't understand that us kids

Are going to make some mistakes

So to you, all the kids all across the land

There's no need to argue

Parents just don't understand

I remember one year

My mom took me school shopping

It was me, my brother, my mom, oh, my pop, and my
little sister

All hopped in the car

We headed downtown to the Gallery Mall

My mom started bugging with the clothes she chose

I didn't say nothing at first

I just turned up my nose

She said, "What's wrong? This shirt cost \$20"

I said, "Mom, this shirt is plaid with a butterfly collar!"

The next half hour was the same old thing

My mother buying me clothes from 1963

And then she lost her mind and did the ultimate

I asked her for Adidas and she bought me Zips!

I said, "Mom, what are you doing, you're ruining my rep"

She said, "You're only sixteen, you don't have a rep yet"

I said, "Mom, let's put these clothes back, please"

She said "no, you go to school to learn not for a fashion show"

I said, "This isn't Sha na na, come on Mom, I'm not Bowzer

Mom, please put back the bell-bottom Brady Bunch trousers

But if you don't want to I can live with that but

You gotta put back the double-knit reversible slacks"

She wasn't moved - everything stayed the same

Inevitably the first day of school came

I thought I could get over, I tried to play sick

But my mom said, "No, no way, uh-uh, forget it"

There was nothing I could do, I tried to relax

I got dressed up in those ancient artifacts

And when I walked into school, it was just as I thought

The kids were cracking up laughing at the clothes Mom bought

And those who weren't laughing still had a ball

Because they were pointing and whispering

As I walked down the hall

I got home and told my Mom how my day went

She said, "If they were laughing you don't need the,

"Cause they're not good friends"

For the next six hours I tried to explain to my Mom

That I was gonna have to go through this about 200
more times

So to you all the kids all across the land

There's no need to argue

Parents just don't understand

Oh-kay, here's the situation

My parents went away on a week's vacation and

They left the keys to the brand new Porsche

Would they mind?

Umm, well, of course not

I'll just take it for a little spin

And maybe show it off to a couple of friends

I'll just cruise it around the neighborhood

Well, maybe I shouldn't

Yeah, of course I should

Pay attention, here's the thick of the plot

I pulled up to the corner at the end of my block

That's when I saw this beautiful girlie who was just
walking

I picked up my car phone to perpetrate like I was talking

You should've seen this girl's bodily dimensions

I honked my horn just to get her attention

She said, oh"Was that for me?"

I said, "Yeah"

She said, oh"my"

I said, "Come on and take a ride with a helluva guy"

She said, "How do I know that you're not sick?"

You could be some deranged lunatic"

I said, "C'mon toots - my name is the Prince =

Beside, would a lunatic have a Porsche like this?"

She agreed and we were on our way

She was looking very good and so was I, just might say

We hit McDonald's, pulled into the drive

We ordered two Big Macs and two large fries. She
kicked her shoes off onto the floor

She said, "Drive faster speed turns me on"

She put her hand on my knee, I put my foot on the gas

We almost got whiplash, I took off so fast

The sun roof was open , the music was high

And this girl's hand was steadily moving up my thigh

She had opened up three buttons on her shirt so far

I guess that's why I didn't notice that (police car)

We're doing ninety in my Mom's new Porsche

And to make this long story short

When the cop pulled me over I was scared as hell

I said, "I don't have a license but I drive very
I almost had a heart attack that day

Come to find out the girl was some a twelve-year-old
runaway

I was arrested, the car was impounded

And there was no way for me to avoid being grounded

My parents had to come back get me

I'd rather be in jail than to have my father hit me

My parents walked in

I got my grip, I said, "Ah, Mom, Dad, how was your trip?"

They didn't speak

I said, "I want to plead my case"

But my father just shoved me in the car by my face

That was a hard ride home, I don't know how I survived

They took turns -

One would beat me while the other one was driving

I can't believe it, I just made a mistake

Well parents are the same no matter time nor place

So to you all the kids all across the land

Take it from me

Parents just don't understand

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