

Kwame

"Oneovdabigboiz"

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Verse One:

Well I stumbled on a picture kinda made me laugh
A photograph what brought me right back to the past
When I was a youngster
Quite nerd type that wanted to be amongst the
Older bolder colder crowd
With fat gold chains and strolled around
In tucked silk suits hundred dollar Bally boots
Hat to a tilt and a felt substitute
Fashions my have seemed to have worked
But it seems I was a fake, and fakes look like jerks
All I could do is scheme
Hoping that one day I'll be on the top of the team
No matter how hard I tried, I'd just collide
With being a fool and an old guy
It didn't work, and that annoyed
And I asked myself why can't I be oneovdabigboiz

Chorus

Verse Two:

Now I remember one day in the 7th grade
A new girl came to school and I must say

I slid, skid, crashed and got a crush

On her and all other things seemed like a bluff

I wouldn't dare to speak, didn't say a word

Trying to be a big boy, I just became a nerd

Doubting myself, thinking I'm all sissy and all

Either I was too short, too shy, or too small

Which was a sign of ignorance

So I brought up confidence

The next day I'm panicking

Stiff as a mannequin

What do you know

She doesn't even show

But there's tomorrow, the next day she came

Arm and arm with some dude, with some gangster
name

Hopes and dreams in a flash were destroyed

All because of the fuss of oneovdabigboiz

Chorus

Bridge: Tasha Lambert (singing)

I'm the one that told you not to worry

You'll grow up to be someone special

Take your time and don't you hurry

'Cause soon you will be

Chorus

Verse Three:

They all have eyes, they all have two feet

They used to pick their girls up but on a train we meet

Why can't I be a big boy I used to ask myself

And self said "Why do you wanna be someone else

Why do you wanna wear what someone else wears

Or get a cut, like someone else's hair

Or be seen in someone else's glare

You know what I'm saying (you're right)" YEAH!

I'll do my own thing speak my own slang

Be in my own swing, know what I'm saying

'Cause baby I'm a star

You know who the hell I are

It's paying off a lot

I had everyone rocking the streets and wanting the
polka dots

It's OK, this life is I enjoy

And it's cool being Kwame, not oneovdabigboiz

Chorus

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