

**S****"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  
You know that uh we spit it  
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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