The Secret Handshake "I Wish"

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Hey, this is radio station WSKEE We're takin' calls on the wish line Making all your wacky wishes come true Hello

I wish I was little bit taller
I wish I was a baller
I wish I had a girl who looked good
I would call her
I wish I had a rabbit in a hat with a bat
And a six four Impala

I wish I was like six-foot-nine
So I can get with Leoshi
'Cause she don't know me but yo she's really fine
You know, I see her all the time
Everywhere I go and even in my dreams
I can scheme a way to make her mine

'Cause I know she's livin' phat
Her boyfriend's tall and he plays ball
So how am I gonna compete with that?
'Cause when it comes to playing basketball
I'm always last to be picked
And in some cases never picked at all

So I just lean up on the wall
Or sit up in the bleachers with the rest of the girls
Who came to watch their men ball
Dag y'all! I never understood, black
Why the jocks get the fly girls
And me I get the hood rats

I tell 'em scat, skittle, scabobble
Got hit with a bottle
And I been in the hospital
For talkin' that mess
I confess it's a shame when you livin' in a city
That's the size of a box and nobody knows yo' name

Glad I came to my senses Like quick-quick got sick-sick to my stomach Overcommeth by the thoughts of me and her together, riaht?

So when I asked her out she said I wasn't her type

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I wish, I had a brand-new car So far, I got this hatchback And everywhere I go, yo I gets laughed at And when I'm in my car, I'm laid back I got an 8-track and a spare tire in the backseat But that's flat

And do you really wanna know what's really whack? See I can't even get a date So, what do you think of that? I heard that prom night is a bomb night With the hood rats you can hold tight But really tho' I'm a Figaro

When I'm in my car, I can't even get a hello Well so many people wanna cruise Crenshaw on Sunday Well then I'ma have to get in my car and go You know, I take the 110 until the 105 Get off at Crenshaw tell my homies look alive 'Cause it's hard to survive when you're livin'

In a concrete jungle and These girls just keep passin' me by She looks fly, she looks fly Makes me say my, my, my

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I wish I was a little bit taller y'all
I wish I was a baller
I wish I was a baller
I wish I was a baller

Hey, I wish I had my way
'Cause every day would be a Friday
You could even speed on the highway
I would play ghetto games
Name my kids ghetto names
Little Mookie, big Al Lorraine

Yo, you know that's on the real So if you're down on your luck Then you should notice how I feel 'Cause if you don't want me around See I go simple, I go easy I go Greyhound

Hey, you, what's that sound? Everybody look what's going down Ahh, yes, ain't that fresh? Everybody wants to get down like dat

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I wish, I wish, I wish

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