

## Blackstreet F/ Hezekiah Walker % Love Fellowship "High Schoolin"

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Life

Ooooh, yeeeeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Dre 3000]

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

My growth, 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 Cheers 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!)

Jitterbug 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

Jitterbug 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

Jitterbug jam now can you dig it?

[Slim Cutta-Calhoun]

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 oil and grits 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 golds 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 dogs run in packs 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
Jitterbug 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
Jitterbug jam now can you dig it?

## [Big Boi]

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 Jitterbug jam now can you dig it?

(fade)

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