

**Tarralyn Ramsey****"Time"**

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This is for the class of 2001  
New York to London be like under the gun  
U learn the dic-tion  
Respect ta Big Pun  
But ya teachers leave ya up the creek like u was  
Dawson  
Now I remember four Septembers in the boogiedown  
But shit remain the same in like any town  
Each semester every test  
I wonder when would it end  
And no I'd never go thru it again

Time don't change the way I feel  
Doesn't mean that I been holdin' back the years (and)  
Time's got so much to reveal  
No time to wonder  
Why we crumble in our fears

I useta hate teachers callin' my name in attendance  
Academic menaces mental anesthetics for credits  
I'd be sleepin' in the back of the class  
When the bullshit we'd be learnin' wasn't comin' too  
fast  
There wuz always one teacher who was peepin' the  
flesh  
Eyes be all up on my chest  
Yo keep yo eyes on my test  
That's I'll yo - I call u Mr. (grubby grubby) (acappella)  
Rock the toupee that's called the ruggy ruggy

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In my locker had pictures of my cousins & my moms  
Didn't know nuthin' bout computers  
Now I gots my dot.coms  
In a bizness where the rats've got control of the race  
I keeps my eyes on my papas

I use ta never use the breaks  
Like autographs up in the yearbook w/ the old cliches -  
hey yo  
Keep in touch this summer  
Yo the call never came  
Ya things'll be the same'  
C'mon they never be the same  
Now we all up in the highway goin' separate ways

(bridge)  
And if my train falls off the track  
Tarsha Vega spring forward yo I don't fall back  
Original not wack watch me jet to Mars  
Put me shuttle to the medal when I chill with the stars  
Hey kids u best ta learn to make the most of yo trip  
Next you're workin' for the man  
Me I'm workin' for hits  
Yo the years'll go by  
So make the most of yo days  
Like Ben Folds say "I'm thinkin' a lot today!"

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