

J.Cole

"School Daze"

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Yeah

Take ya'll back... to them school days, yeah.

Fayettenam, what up, man?

We came a long way from sticking move

Niggas skipping school, just to scrap over bullshit

Nigga if you lose, it's a wrap, them hoes clowning

It goes down in the lunch room

I'm tryna spit this game nigga, fuck food,

Bust moves to the hallway

My niggas posted on the wall, always

Ain't thinking about class, dog, my ass tryna parle

If we had this shit our way

We be standing here all day

But look the principal's coming, give pounds then we all escape.

All late to class with fake passes,

Living life in the fast lane, but ain't passing.

They dreaming, tryna be the next Jay-Z and Damon Dashes

I ain't even open my book and it's time to change classes.

Walk straight past my ex and don't speak,

It's all good, probably have a new ex by next week.

I just think, the shit we did was silly, yo, I know that,

But what I wouldn't give to go back.

[Chorus]

Yea, Back in the days when I was young I'm not a kid anymore

But some days I sit and wish I was a kid again.

Yea, I sit and wish I was a kid again,

Yea I sit and wish.

Yo, I walk another nigga girl to her class, with my hand on her ass,

If he say 'what up' later, I just laugh.

Real sneaky yo, gotta keep it low,

Up in math, let my nigga read this real freaky note Kiki wrote, yea

Hooping up in P.E. you can't see me on this gym flow,

But damn Vanessa booty looking sick up in them gym shorts.

Uh, we bag 'em up, ya'll niggas gonna have to wait,
So they passing hate like, 'Damn I can't wait 'til they graduate.'
But some of my niggas will probably never make it,
The S.A.T. shit man I doubt they ever take it, cause
Instead of tryna send a nigga to a tutor,
Them guidance counselors tryna introduce us to recruiters, it's a set-up.
Momma cut the light on, "Time to get up, "
Make sure the shirt matching the forces then I head out,
At the time I thought this shit was so whack,
But what I wouldn't give to go back.
Yea, hey,

[Chorus]

Back in the days when I was young I'm not a kid anymore
But some days I sit and wish I was a kid again.
Yea, I sit and wish I was a kid again,
Yea I sit and wish.
I'm a little grown, but still reminisce,
Close your eyes nigga, you remember this?
Friday night football game, something I'll forever miss.
After parties in the gym, grinding underneath the rim,
You forgot your school I.d.? Fuck, nigga, you ain't getting in.
In the hallways acting like some hoodlums,
See that scrap? Naw, damn I always miss the good ones.
Them rumors spreading fast with that he say she say,
Twenty people on the phone cause everybody did three-way.
Man we played them girls for the fools, but,
Wasn't no ladies like them ladies from other schools,
Cause seeing them same old chicks got tired quick
She was just fucking my boy, now she all on my dick, gossip, damn.
Another chick pregnant, another nigga gone,
I reminisce on all the chicks a nigga never bone,
Pardon me ya'll I'm just flipping through some Kodaks,
Sitting, wishing I could go back.

[Chorus]

Yea, Back in the days when I was young I'm not a kid anymore
But some days I sit and wish I was a kid again.
Yea, I sit and wish I was a kid again,
Yea I sit and wish, man.
Yeah, this shit is dedicated to all my niggas man.
R.J., Mike Shaw, Jim Brown, yea, B. Nasty, Big Joe,

Smitty, What's good? Yea,
Terry Sanford High School, E. Smith,..
Class of 2003, that's me
I know y'all remember this.

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