

## **Lo Skee**

### **"I Wish"**

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Hey, this is radio station W-S-K-E-E

We're takin' calls on the wish line

Making all your wacky wishes come true

Hello

1-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  
Right?  
So when I asked her out she said I wasn't her type  
(rpt 1, 1)  
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 your 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

(rpt 1, 1)

I wish I was a little bit taller...

I wish I was a baller...

I wish I was a little bit taller y'all

I wish I was a baller (3)

Hey, I wish I had my way

'Cause everyday 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

Ahhhh, yes, ain't that fresh?

Everybody wants to get down like dat

(rpt 1, 1)

I wish, I wish, I wish

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