PackFM

"Lessons"

[Verse 1]
It's that time of year again, I know you all remember
Been 2 months since we said "See you in September"
It didn't take long to get ready for the new year
Ain't spend a dime on books, my loot went to my school gear
Felt like a celebrity - all the girls was checkin' me
My recipe was wear all my new shit the second week
I hit up every class the first day like I was serious
And then I changed my schedule - to lunch fourth period
Had lunch fifth period, if I ain't have gym, I'd have lunch sixth period
Seventh - Who knows where he is?
Given rapper's ass whippin's battlin' for lunch tickets
Got my grade from the lady in the cafeteria
You seen me in a class, I guarantee it was sub
Either way my whole day was a scene from the Breakfast Club
Report card day came, I brought my A-game
Ballpoint pen steeze, I got my grade changed
Did it 3 years straight - Yeah, it seems pathetic
In eleventh grade and I barely had eleven credits
You heard of super seniors? Well, I was a super freshman
Go to summerschool? Forget it, dog - I never learn my lesson
Now I'm about to show you things I bet you never seen
Dropped outta school at the tender age of seventeen
Get a GED, 1200 on my SATs
Even got the Dean writin' letters recommendin' me
It ain't like I was stupid - Trust me, I was smart enough
I hung out wit the cool kids cuz my classes wasn't hard enough
I learned everything naturally, and actually -
All the kids who laughed at me graduated after me...

[Hook]
A little hustle it could take you to the top
Get it, get it, don't stop, people leave them kids alone
Don't let 'em tell you that you need a piece of paper

Can't nobody take your spot, you can make it on your own

[Verse 2]
Now as I got older, life got harder
You gotta have ambition if you wanna go farther
I got a thirst for knowledge and an urge to get smarter
I enrolled in Brooklyn College, that's my momma's alma mater
I wanna make the most out of the classes that they give you
I wanna study art, the only kind they got is Liberal
Okay, I can deal with that
Plus this class I'm takin' gives you credit if you workin' at the radio station, so
I signed up, and the next thing I know
I took over as the host of the Hip-Hop show
Well, my pursuit for the rap dream got me kicked off the track team
My GPA dropped to a 1.0
Now hold up, wait a minute, there's nobody here to babysit?
You tellin me pass or fail I still gotta pay for this?
I don't got time or loot, so why the hell am I wastin' it?
Degrees, please - I get a decent job doin' basic shit -
The fuck I need this for? Watch how fast I withdraw
It's funny how my drive quickly switched like a six-four
That didn't last long, no need for this sad song
Wit skills to fall back on, it's time to get my rap on...

[Hook]

[Verse 3]
High school - I dropped out of it
College - I tried it out a bit
I have no regrets, and actually, I'm quite proud of it
It ain't the only way to measure success or intelligence
Need evidence? Well, you can ask 8 US Presidents
Or make a film helmed by Tarantino or John Woo
Without Pacino, Robert De Niro and Tom Cruise
No diplomas, but they all got Oscars, you can't lose
I know most of you is wishin that you was in their shoes
Guess who dropped out too
Chris Rock and Cuba Gooding
Bill Cosby's GED is on the shelf next to the pudding
And not to mention Ray Charles, cuz that's walkin a fine line
But your degree comes from studyin' Shakespeare and Einstein
A whole lotta people made it that never graduated
That's why with education, I never been fascinated

Your lectures are overrated, so take a breath and save it
'Cuz it's real life that teaches you lessons that can't be graded...

[Hook]

Yeah!
Fuck school. Yeah, I said it. Do whatever you want y'all
All you gotta do is try. You could make it. I did. Fuck school