

BOY HOOD

Jon Batiste

Candy cane
Jump rope
Cornbread and pig lip
Hot fries
Holy water
Superdome cheese dip
Perched on da fence
Po'boys in da yard
Don't mess with my rug
Or my season salt boy

I know where he be, I know where he come from
Hot boy taking over for the twenty-two thousands
Uhhh na na na na, no limit soldier
Home is where the heart stay
Where the Pelicans and the Saints play
The eagle land on Frenchmen and the sparrow land on Sunday
(I know he watching over me)

When Pop Pop wouldn't give me ends (Wouldn't give me ends)
Grandma was a ATM (Was a ATM)
Buying bubble gum and M&M's (M&M's)
I just had to rot my teeth out
Basketball under the treehouse
Too short to catch a rebound
Maybe that wasn't my callin'
But you could still see me ballin'

(You could see me ba-ball)
You could still see me ballin'
(You could see me ba-ball)
From New York down to New Orleans
(You could see me ba-ball)
You could still see me ballin'
(You could see me ba-ball)
You could still see

Popeyes when they had that red white and blue bag
Puttin' on that Sportin' Waves underneath my durag
If yo' line pushed back, or your shoes dirty
Don't come around here, bes' stay home, you heard me?!

It's the time of dem naturals, Priestly, Satchel
Bayou Maharajahs, Nat King and Satchmo
If you see him then and even if ya see him now
It's the same Jon Jon with that same gold crown, you heard me? (A!right!)

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(Go ahead P.J.)

I could still remember the mornings
Breakfast cooking half asleep and still yawnin'
Yeah yeah yeah
It's time for Zulu so we better get goin'
No place like New Orleans
Yeah
I said I'm far from home but I always represent
I thought I had so much time, I don't know where it went
But now that I'm grown I know what it all meant
No place like New Orleans
Yeah

(Trombone shorty and them boys)

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