

Remember High School

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Yo, remember High School?
With that dude who thought he was so cool
Walking around like everybody should know who, he is
Like he was some superstar in the biz
Just because he had a Japanese car and some rims
It's silly ain't it?
It goes to show how tainted
'Cause these hoes jocked him like he was somebody who supposedly made it
And I'm not hating man, the dude was my boy
But I watched girl after girl get their world destroyed
Now when a squirrels a squirrel and a nut is a nut
And I seen a lot of girls cut so they could get stuffed
Or at least be cool in the High School soap opera
'Cause kids do anything to be popular
Guys get their hair cut so girls can jock ya
But if girls get with guys their known as a trick
But if a dude does the same shit he's known as a pimp
And the question is: Is there really a difference?

Remember that girl in high school that everyone wanted to hit
She wore them dresses with the bestest breasteses in sizes with x's
And she was the queen of estrogen white black puerto rican and mexican
And she sat next to you in third period
She powdered her face but her skin had no flaws
Her tits looked like she wore three wonderbras
Thank God for that math book you put on your lap to,
Cover up your jeans when your dick got hard
I mean she was amazing I'm not playing
You were like 14 but she was still the kind of girl you wanted a baby with
And I could tell the way that she would rock them pants
That a lot of dudes hit it but she wanted a chance
You talked to her but she gave you the shoulder
She was the type of girl that was cold as Boulder
She'd only mess with ya if you drove a Rover
What I push? Well fuck it
Let's just say a bucket. OK
Anyway one day I rocked a show
And I see her right there chillin' up in the front row
Next time I go to my math class fer sho she's talking about
"Hey yo bro, I didn't know that you flowed
Hey yo what's up with that CD? Maybe we could eat lunch after P.E.
Ah he he he he"
If it's the mic you rock, the car you got, the 3-pointer you shot that get's
the girl then she's probably a breezy

Remember high school with that girl you can't remember
Who?
The one that never stuck out, she was kind of like whatever
Kinda nerdy, never came to the parties
She went home after school and never really chilled with nobody
She was in one of your classes and used to wear glasses
With braces that accented her pimples that weren't really attractive
But she was good in Spanish and let you cheat off her answers
But when you'd see her in the hall you would walk right past her
You acted like a bastard and never treated her right
'Cause her body wasn't bucklin' and her face wasn't tight
Well guess what

See that beautiful girl with the big butt
Standing at the incense shop reading the poetry that she writes
That's her. oh hell nah, I know that's not her
Wait minus the pimples, the braces, and a lot less nerd
Take off the overalls and the baggy sweatshirt
Yeah there she is, reading about her words
Shit, man I'm a go spit some game
Wait I see some resemblance from like way back in the day
I rememeber that girl that only liked me 'cause I rhymed
And now I'm really only talking to this girl 'cause she looks fine
Back when she was normal I wouldn't give her my time
Shit that's crazy
I kinda feel sleezy
If I could flip the scenario
I'm the same as these hoes
Kinda like the male version of a breezy