

High School Shit

Masta Ace

Alright

We got a rap battle going on today

This what you call that old high school shit
That your school not better than my school shit
I can't listen to them lies you spit
You gonna homecoming for real, I was saying?
Yeah it's that high school shit
That your school is not better than my school shit
I can't listen to them lies you spit
You gonna homecoming for real, keep playing

This what you call that old high school rivalry
I'm about to go in on your school entirely
Y'all grades be the opposite of straight A's
The hallways full of conflicts and melees
You straight craze and your school's for the weirdos
A bunch of queer bro's in heels and weird clothes
Your mascot get backshots, to share folder
A whole team full of zero's, what you here for?
Half your school bang, the rest are into dealing
Your old ass school got asbestos in the ceiling
And the gas leaking, lead paint is on the walls
And mad dudes and broads be fainting in the hall
Comparing your school to mine just ain't smart
Aside from the girls is burning, ya ain't hot
The dean is a fiend, the principal smoke pot
And the halls is so dirty that the roaches broke out
Man, look at your school and look at my school
Yours just more like a jail than a high school
Run by the head of detectives, metal detectors
Cops in every class cause they better protect us
Yo check this, our schools ain't in the same league
Your lunch lady got a mustache and gold teeth
You meet your demise from meeting my lines
From snacking on the murder burgers and suicide lines

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You really shouldn't do this, I think it's best to listen
I'm about to give this dunge rat attention
Your team starts at five, designed to ride benches
Your only championships is Special Olympics
I heard your basketball coach got a baby by a tenth grader
He'll be changing diapers on the bench later
During the time out in the game that ya losing bad
Arguing with his point guard about who's the dad?
I warned you son but you just wouldn't heed
The editor of your school paper can not read
Your prom queen Steve his floor burns on the knees

And most likely to succeed, nah mean
Your school nurse is obese and got diabetes
Putting Robitussin on her broken finger
The gym teacher dropped like five CD's
And your lunch lady swears that's she the dopest singer
I smack Catholics in boarding schools
Your Delaney Card name reads born to lose
Your class valedictorian forty two
Ya better tell 'em who he talking to, warn this dude
Please you can't spell valedictorian
Ain't no chance that you can win this war we in
You better tell these Dowey boys, all we do is spit
And sit, we on that high school shit, yeah