

# 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 mascotte 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 Doweys boys, all we do is spit  
And sit, we on that high school shit, yeah