

Degrassi Picture Day (Hellfyre Jackets)

Open Mike Eagle

I need it sunny, pull the shades away
Lookin' at the sky like today's the day
I ate my breakfast like a king
My homies gon' be hungry, I won't feel a thing
Clothes ironed but it's weird
My family know I only iron once a year, yeah
I got a special treat, nestle crunch pro'ly
Jacket members only, like my lunch posse
My wallet bulging, twenty five bucks
I'm coming home with that envelope from Lifetouch, yeah
Dang

And I know they better not misspell my name homie
My momma probably thinkin' what the frame gon' be
My daddy better put me on his wall

Natasha, it's picture day
Antonio, it's picture day
Eugene, it's picture day
Hey Brian, it's picture day

Yeah, a couple homegirls cheese they little faces off
They happy cause they finally got they braces off
Gotta get a fresh fade, cut the beady beads
I heard they put your whole face on a DVD
My teacher, she a old freak wearing leopard print
Keepin' everybody's breath right slangin' peppermints

And I know they better not misspell my name homie
My momma probably thinkin' what the frame gon' be
My daddy better put me on his wall

It's my classes turn, we walk in single file
Photo lady flirtin' with me cause she need a smile
Yeah, she thinks she's a pal of mine
What she don't know is that she gon' be my valentine
Yeah, stop in the hall, check my corduroys
They playin' Whitney Houston for the boys
My crew got them tough jackets
We 'bout to ante up, get that deluxe package
Look what I did with all my Christmas cash
Tryna pull a shorty from my older sister's class
Dang

And I know they better not misspell my name homie (nah)
My momma probably thinkin' what the frame gon' be (a grip)
My daddy better put me on his wall

Shit, I'm in the corner where the dorks mope
Shouting answers gimme sore throats
Pocket protectors and my sports coat
But it's picture day, so we tuck inhalers
Alphabetical order with gang bangers in Chuck Taylors
Yeah, but they don't know that we some surly tykes
Plotting all the worldly plights
Peep the hint of mischief as we grit all of our pearly whites
You won't roll the furry dice

But I bet your girly might
Oh, she's so sprung
And ya'll look so dumb and ho hum like ya'll some playful pheasants
I'm wavy in yearbooks like I need naval presence
Dressing like we play periodic table tennis
Handing you wallet sized pics, girl
They so precious

And I know they better not misspell my name homie
My momma probably thinkin' what the frame gon' be
My daddy better put me on his wall

Hey Reagan, it's picture day
Hey James, it's picture day
Hey Rory, it's picture day
Hey Eric, it's picture day
Yeah