

Waves At The Prom

Pac Div

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Hundred dollar suit, I got the game in my palm
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Uh, senior prom, when my mom and pops fell in love
Daddy had the all-white suit with the leather gloves
Momma had her hair done, like an angel from above
Grandmomma whispering, "I don't want you hanging with no thugs
I like your date cause he flyer than a 12-piece
Orchestra with trombones and violins
Pick my baby up in a Caddy with the white-wall tires
And the waves in his hair made us drown at the sight of him
Whoosh, like Leviathan, sporting wave grease
Had the girls on him like fresh meat in a lion's den
He taking flicks, looking as hot as a liquid nitrogen
And if he don't wanna king, than I guess you'll have to fight with him
Mmm, excitement, nobody looks as nice as him
Told him "Drive safe, cause I heard that you just got your license, man."
I know he real, and you gon' have a great time
You'll be fine, cause your date got waves at the prom."

Since it's Saturday evening, brought the homeboy's Porsche
God, I hope I get that ass, since I bought Keisha this corsage
Open up the door, wide, push it to the floor, drive
Dax hair grease, brush my teeth with the fluoride
Tux with the .45, Jordans when he came back
Brushing since March, I didn't have to wear a wave cap
Baby can you fade that? Ain't no chaperons coming
My mama don't, I been on it since the homecoming
Tonight's the night, we gon' turn you to a grown woman
Haircut, airbrush, watch me as I pose for 'em

I got my tux on, I got my Chucks on
I got my deep wave spinning, I get my brush on
Diamonds in my cuff showing, tryna get my puff on
Belve in my foam cup, spike it with the Patron
I'm cool, I'm Aquafresh, and I confess, I've been fresh
Since junior high when I used to get my Dockers pressed, rock and guess
Never wore Footlocker sweats, I see you dog, I'm not impressed
Follow in my footsteps, I'll be glad to show you proper steps
She know I be about mine, homies like, "About time"
Reigning from the west, but she be banging like the south side
She be hanging with her mouth wide open
When I roll up in that Rover with them alpines blowing
Yeah, posing with them bitches triple-label Polo pieces, not what he got
Call it horsepower when you're Ralphy to the tube socks
Used to have a girl who we had up in that Duke Box
Now I got your girl jamming to me on a jukebox

Wassup, Wassup, Wassup, Wassup