

After School

Young MC

Steppin' into school in the mornin'
I'm on time, although I'm still yawnin'
Say hello to all my friends and my classmates
As I can taste some of the breakfast that I last ate. (belch)
We walk round in our own little worlds
Spreadin' rumors bout the teachers and the prettier girls
We laugh and tell jokes with the morning sun
Because taking six hours of notes is not fun
The principal gives me juice and I collek it
Because he got hypes when he heard the last rekid
I go to his office to collect my mail
Then it's off to class where I pass and don't fail
9:01 and I don't know what to do
Next time I check my watch it's only 9:02
But at 3:02 everything will be nice and cool
Cause I'll be chillin' out after school

After school

Lunch time comes but it comes rather slowly
Havin' conversations with the people that know me
Talk about girls and speakers and clothes
And if it's relevant, last night's TV shows
The kids who think they're cool start smokin'
But their lungs are too young so they start chokin'
I never understood what smokin' would mean
Havin' a nicotine habit at fifteen
Well anyway, we go out and play
In the manner that teenagers do today
Then I sight a young lady by the window sill
So I start tossin' rhythm and a two minute drill
Then I see that it's time to go
I'm in the basement and Science is on the fourth flo
And students are prohibited from elevators. That's the rule
So baby I'll be seein' ya after school

After school

There's the bell

I complete my rap and the girl starts to fidget
Pulls out a pen and gives up the seven digits
I tell her "Yo I'm gonna call ya later
In the evenin' round seven or eight-a."
She says cool and I think for a minute
That she looks fly so I'll be in it to win it
And then I hear people yellin' real loud
They're in the school yard. There's a hell of a crowd
The buzz around school is that everybody knows
That two of my friends are gonna come to blows
Over somethin' somebody said someone else had heard
Now why throw fists over words?
That's absurd so I plan to squash it
They're my friends. I won't stand and watch it
Leave the fighting to the men in the ring
Cause we can sit around and talk about this thing
Well after I finish playing diplomat
I turn to go home cause I'm done and that's that

But then I see a kid I haven't seen in a while
And in his right hand he has some bags and vials
He starts his pitch but I turn and start walkin'
He knows what's up so he turns and stops talkin'
And I'll never try that stuff because I ain't no fool
So I'll be goin' home after school

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