

# 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

After school