Coolio in Schoolio

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Brett Leslie

Your mom always complains about what you wear
And bitches at you to cut that hair.
You go to class; the teacher says you're late
But you don't care, your deep fried and baked.
So it's true that school is a drag
Sittin' in class gives ya symptoms of jet lag.

School administrators direct your path
But you say fuck that and dip out of math.
Smokin' in the boys' room is what you best
But the principal walks in and says, "give it a rest."
Sittin' in the office twiddlin' thumbs
your superiors say you're destined a bum.
Expelled for a week is the price you pay
But you don't care you'll be out in May.

Some think life sucks; it's too much to bear
But you go on livin' without worry or care.
Back home showing your mom the slip,
she looks at you about to flip.
Flyin' off the handle she calls your dad
And from sound of the voice you can tell he's mad.
He says, "I'll take care of you when I get off work",
That old man has always been a jerk.

So you go to your room and throw on a tape,
Beastie Boys playin' their goin' irate.
The rhythm and beats rattle the walls,
as you stare at the poster of Biggie Smalls.