

Kids...

A Tribe Called Quest

I ain't even gon' lie, I was probably high
Just forgot to call you back, simple as that
I ain't no almanac, so lick my dictionary
I might just call a cab 'cause I dig canary
 Yellow accents on a dark bitch
I met her back when she kept all her carpet
 I'm well aware all that shit is fantasy
I double dare y'all to fuck your plan B
 That's ta mean a mamma's mannerisms
That mean, don't mean to get vulgar, but it some
 Hoes in this bitch like a box of donuts
It's colder out than a bitch standing on the corner
 Condolences to niggas that got erased
I pour out some liquor on the cops' graves
 Mmm, digital church bells
Ringin' 'cross the street, show it work well
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
 (Kids) For real (For real?) For real (For real)
 Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
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(Kids) For real (For real?) For real (For real) I don't wanna get up, no, I don't wanna go to school
 I don't wanna be the best, don't wanna follow rules
 Mom, I think you fuckin' lied to me
 Three Stacks said all this shit is fantasy
 It's my time, gon' put a little life to it
If life's an obstacle then I'mma bike through it
 I see her like a kiddie on the carousel
 If I hurl while I go around, what the hell
 And that went well, so I'm compelled
To have visions of getting chicken while my friends get jailed
 My young nigga motto was, "Fuck it, I'm already grown"
 And I dream of when I'm 16, I'm out my home
 That petty though, cut my mama boyfriend though
 It's kinda lull like this old head hustle, yo
 He cognizant of a nigga ride and die
 I see us getting money through my green eyes
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
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(Kids) kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?

(Kids) For real (For real?) For real (For real) Yeah, all the kids, all the what, uh, what Yeah, all
the badass kids, uh
Kids say I'm the shit
I'm Chick-fil-A nuggets made on the french fries
The spicy Popeyes and Red Lobster biscuits
And girls scout thin mints
Pardon my penmanship, but oh shit
It's like I'm hungry now again
And I can't do nothing about it because my teeth are all rotted
And my mom and my pop, they just grin
And empathize with me 'cause they were little like babies
Too bad they can't get back they "'member when's"
The grown-up stories don't work
In the court of the kiddies', the judgement is in
And while y'all doing all y'all bids, y'all reminisce as kids
Fuck it, kids, the grown-ups want on up
They stood on the corner like you once upon a time
Time, and probably felt like a loner
Smelled like a stoner, snuck through their [?]
So when they question you about who or who you ain't voting
Complaining that you always moaning, never saying good morning
Storming out my house and slamming doors like you pay your bills
They been through it too, though
They were kids like you, though
But what if they che nudo and hand you with the cheat code
Through a game you just start playing, no extra man
Leave you reckless on the court with no high percentage shot
Just a bunch of, "You got it, nigga, just give it what you got"
Yeah, a little different on the yacht, but ain't gon' lie, I miss kayaking
I love the young niggas, and they do too, they just be acting
Like a bunch of retired tired thesbians, a bit too salty
Shit, their blood pressure high, why?
They don't play no more, probably (Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
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