

# MACKLEMORE, Remember High School

Yo, remember high school?

With that dude who thought he was so cool

Walking around like everybody should know who, he is

Like he was some superstar in the biz

Just because he had a Japanese car and some rims

It's silly ain't it?

It goes to show how tainted

'Cause these hoes jocked him like he was somebody who supposedly made it

And I'm not hating man, the dude was my boy

But I watched girl after girl get their world destroyed

Now when a squirrels a squirrel and a nut is a nut

And I seen a lot of girls cut so they could get stuffed

Or at least be cool in the high school soap opera

'Cause kids do anything to be popular

Guys get their hair cut so girls can jock ya

But if girls get with guys their known as a trick

But if a dude does the same shit, he's known as a pimp

And the question is: Is there really a difference?

Remember that girl in high school that everyone wanted to hit?

She wore them dresses with the bestest breasteses the size of Texas

And she was the queen of estrogen, White, Black, Puerto Rican, and Mexican

And she sat next to you in third period

She powdered her face but her skin had no flaws

Her tits looked like she wore three wonderbras

Thank God for that math book you put on your lap to

Cover up your jeans when your dick got hard

I mean she was amazing I'm not playing

You were like 14 but she was still the kind of girl you wanted a baby with

And I could tell the way that she would rock them pants

That a lot of dudes hit it but she wanted a chance

You talked to her, but she gave you the shoulder

She was the type of girl that was cold as Boulder

She'd only mess with ya if you drove a Rover

What I push? Well fuck it

Let's just say a bucket. OK

Anyway one day I rocked a show

And I see her right there chilling up in the front row

Next time I go to my math class for sho' she's talking about

"Hey yo bro, I didn't know that you flowed

Hey yo what's up with that CD? Maybe we could eat lunch after P.E

Ah hee hee hee hee hee"

If it's the mic you rock, the car you got, the 3-pointer you shot that get's the girl then she's probably

Remember high school with that girl you can't remember? (Who?)

The one that never stuck out, she kind of looked like whatever

Kinda nerdy, never came to the parties

She went home after school and never really chilled with nobody

She was in one of your classes and used to wear glasses

With braces that accented her pimples that weren't really attractive

But she was good in Spanish and let you cheat off her answers

But when you'd see her in the hall you would walk right past her

You acted like a bastard and never treated her right

'Cause her body wasn't buckling and her face wasn't tight

Well guess what

See that beautiful girl with the big butt

Standing at the incense shop reading the poetry that she writes

That's her. Oh hell nah, I know that's not her

Wait minus the pimples, the braces, and a lot less nerd

Take off the overalls and the baggy sweatshirt

Yeah there she is, reading about her words

Shit, man I'mma go spit some game

Wait I see some resemblance from like way back in the day

I remember that girl that only liked me 'cause I rhymed

And now I'm really only talking to this girl 'cause she looks fine  
Back when she was normal I wouldn't give her my time  
Shit that's crazy  
I kinda feel sleezy  
If I could flip the scenario  
I'm the same as these hoes  
Kinda like the male version of a breezy