

Tarsha Vega, Be Ya Self

(3X) Hey Girl c'mon Ooh wah
Hey Girl c'mon

Sittin' on the stoop watch the limo go by
All the girls are corny but the guys are mad fly
And u feelin' kind of lonely so your head u hide
Turn on the radio
It kills ya as you die inside
Now don't wig out that u got no date
U know that the prom be overrated
10 years later all these bruthas be bald
And these chicks be Jenny Craigin' at the outlet mall say

It's all right now
Learn this lesson well
I say ya can't beez everyone so ya
Gotsta be yoself

You and me we in the same boat kid
Lookin' back on all the lonely days I had
Couldn't afford the new timbo boots
Pimples on my grill I had to Oxycute
Now I'm a cool cat me never hurt no one
See my girl Lyte riding the shotgun
Good days, bad days we all get struck
Cause everyone knows that the Prom Night sucks and it's

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La di da di da

Go to a disco and hit the floor
Pretend that it's Studio 54
Dance like u never did dance before
If someone got beef be the herbivore
Life's too short to be a disco killer
Tarsha went geek to chic like Ronald Miller
No humiliation from the parasites
Forget about yo troubles till the mornin' light and it's

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Like TLC be on some "Damn Unpretty"
Millennium come now u be runnin' this city
Don't let ya self-worth be shook by fool's pity
Ain't nuthin' wrong with no positivity
So why would u change to gain acceptance
Alleviate stress expose some weakness
You'z a diamond and ya shinin' from the ghetto to the sun
Dum Diddy Dum Diddy Diddy Dum Dum

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I say ya can't beez everyone child ya
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