

# Tung Twista, Back 2 School

(Tung Twista)

back to school lets go back to school  
lets go lets go back to school to the oldschool  
(chorus 4x)

lets go back to school to the old school  
to the times when the single file lines was the rule  
to the days that we had to study all the maps  
the days we were kiddin not to take the kid naps  
the days when we used to have to wear the dunce caps  
and the days when we used to bust the oldschool raps  
sittin with your buddy studyin for ya test  
lookin back so that you see up under betty's dress  
couldnt wait for bells to ring so we can go to recess  
to kick the battle rhymes just to see who was the best  
there were seven emcee's in the 7th grade  
i would kick seven rhymes had only seven made  
but those seven rhymes we stole  
note the way your toning  
i gave the class a blast the way i smash my opponents  
battlin was serious they've all ducked the fist  
because i kick the funky fresh rhymes like fish  
try to swing but they miss they miss like this  
Rasheeda's on the monkey bars blowin me a kiss  
throwin rhymes back and forth on the see saw  
just to mess with him because i know that he saw  
winkin at Latrice because i know that she saw  
several suckas tried to push us down but we saw  
these are the days when the tounge used to rule  
recess is over lets go back to school

(chorus)

goin back to school like Rodney Dangerfield  
to the lunchroom where the cooks arrange a meal  
ate the sloppy joe where my friends copy so  
we can try to get more than emcees can flow  
the fun fun fun funky able fable  
i stake the style standin on the stable lunch table  
finish up the rhyme so i can pass it to the next  
throw em back and forth till we heard the bells flex  
left the lunchroom went to the gymnasium  
ut time to flow we call it a rap stadium  
throwin rhymes back and forth like a symphony  
i wanna start a battle so step to him for me  
the whylin got sensible because we saw the principal  
like grammar school somehow the principal's invincible  
shot a couple hoops the rims are called fruit loops  
and if you miss we say opps and leave the gym like troops  
single file line but we were still at the pool  
the day is over tommorrow back to school

(chorus)

after school im home with my mom she's pleased  
'cause rappin help me learn there were never F's and D's  
'cause when im spellin bees it would help me stand these  
didnt worry about freaks on the street sellin keys  
rock the streets beats from the mouth no tracks  
rhymes be simple bust on how they aint wack  
i walk into a battle say what we havin here  
back in them days i was called a cavalier  
me and baby used to flow the flows like food  
me and James Phillips used to rock the high schools

me and Carl Tolta used to rock the neighborhood  
Don and Aviator used to show that they were good  
me and Johnny Love used to rock the rock parties  
and my brother Johnny kicks a dance to fade everybody  
me and kingdom rock used to rock the south blocks  
an empire of destruction had emcees on their jocks  
the past i have stated, they way we used to rule  
even though we graduated lets go back to school

(chorus)