

Class Reunion (Featuring Monica)

Wyclef Jean

It's a class reunion, your girl Mo from the ATL (oh yeah) Monica you ready, oh yeah
Man she look so good
Rolling through the hood
God bless the dead (bless the dead)
Jerry Wonder knock on wood
She was a ghetto queen, yeah
Turned into a fiend, yeah
Night I heard her scream
Similar to a nightmare dream, oh yeah (oh) She was rock, she was pop
She was hip, she was hot
She was too fly for the block
It was her time, her time
So much dope on the streets
That I'm praying for peace
But the poor gotta eat
Talking bout my time
Everybody say it's my time, oh yeah Baby girl, the world is yours, just look through
That open door, I'll be there for you
If you ever feeling blue (oh), it's a beautiful world Baby boy, the world is yours, when you're sad
I'll be your joy, I'm still your friend
And I'm a love you till the end Said he looks so real
When he was running on the football field
I love the cheerleader scream his name
Even in B-ball he had game
But didn't show up at the class reunion
And when I asked one of my girls what happened
That's when they told me he got life in prison
Caught up in the system
Trying to be a kingpin
The story never ever ends He was rock, he was pop
He was hip, he was hop
He was too fly for the block
It was his time, it was his time (oh why, oh why, oh why)
So much dope on the streets
And I'm praying for peace
But the poor gotta eat
Talking bout my time, my time
Everybody say my time, oh Baby boy, the world is yours, when you're sad
I'll be your joy, I'm still your friend

And I'm a love you till the end (it's a beautiful world)Baby girl, the world is yours, just look through
That open door, I'll be there for you
If you ever feeling blue (oh), it's a beautiful worldAnd I don't know much about English class
Math I didn't pass
Biology and chemistry
Was all a dream to meI patiently wait for the bell
So I can see you after class
But now it's all in my passShe was rock, she was pop
She was hip, she was hot
She was too fly for the block
It was her time, her time
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She was hip, she was hop
She was too fly for the block
It was her time, her time
It was her time, her time (let's go)This is the class reunion
Reminisce on the high school days

Songwriters

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