

Denise

Bouke

Uncle Montelly, yo may you please read us a story please?
Nah, I don't feel much like telling a story today kid
Please, read us a story, I said, no kid
Please, read us a story, okay, here we go
Now listen to the words that I say
'Cause this type of song will take you back in the day
It all started back in Cali-from-I-A
Where the khakis hang low and gang bangers don't play
Put on my drawers
Walked down the hall
Kissed my Apollonian poster on the wall
My first day of high school on my way
You need to eat your breakfast
Mom, I am late
Funky fresh, stepped into the school
And that's when I saw her standing with this dude
Young, tender, sweet Denise
To take her on a date you need a \$1000 at least
Plus, she's used to dating dope dealers
Cats with felonies who tote heaters
You won't believe what's in the 2nd verse
You better buckle up, it's 'bout to get worse
Can't believe that that's Denise
The one from high school with the dope body
But now she is out there going for broke
And all her dreams went up in smoke
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Two years later and things have changed
Hip hop evolved into a whole new game
NWA7's holding down my block
Denise graduated the school of hard knocks
She made a few connects, didn't skip a beat
Got a little deeper hooked up on the street
And wherever they led her, she would follow
Now she rocks fashions like a runway model
Jewelry, Louis, Gucci and guess

Delivering more packages than UPS
From Miami to NY, sometimes to Rome
But niecy always seemed to make it back home
Now I am 18 and to my surprise
Niecy got babies by 2 different guys
And 'cause of dem kids, she ain't moving the same
She put herself out there, who's to blame?
Can't believe that that's Denise
The one from high school with the dope body
But now she is out there going for broke
And all her dreams went up in smoke
She's not a superwoman, nah
She is not that kind of girl
That you can lay down
And think that everything is okay
She's only human, oh
This girl is always on the go
Hurt on occasional
Used by so many dudes
Aww, poor Denise, she's out on the streets
But that's not how I'll end this story
You kind of got to use your imagination
To figure out Niecy's situation
I'll tell you this, it's not that great
She's got an addiction that she just can't shake
From rags to riches, riches to rags
The story of Denise is so, so sad
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