

I Wish

Skee-Lo

I wish I was a little bit taller
I wish I was a baller
I wish I had a girl who looked good, I would call her
I wish I had a rabbit in a hat with a bat
And a six four Impala I wish I was like six-foot-nine
So I can get with Leoshi
'Cause she don't know me but yo she's really fine
You know I see her all the time everywhere I go
And even in my dreams I can scheme a way to make her mine
'Cause I know she's livin phat
Her boyfriend's tall and he plays ball
So how am I gonna compete with that?
'Cause when it comes to playing basketball
I'm always last to be picked
And in some cases never picked at all
So I just lean up on the wall
Or sit up in the bleachers with the rest of the girls
Who came to watch their men ball
Dag y'all! I never understood, black
Why the jocks get the fly girls and me I get the hood rats
I tell em "scat, skittle, scabobble"
Got hit with a bottle
And I been in the hospital for talkin' that mess
I confess it's a shame when you living in a city
That's the size of a box and nobody knows yo' name
Glad I came to my senses
Like quick-quick got sick-sick to my stomach
Overcommeth by the thoughts of me and her together
Right? So when I asked her out she said I wasn't her type I wish I was a little bit taller
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I wish I had a rabbit in a hat with a bat
And a six four Impala I wish I had a brand-new car
So far, I got this hatchback
And everywhere I go, yo, I gets laughed at

And when I'm in my car I'm laid back
 I got an 8-track and a spare tire in the backseat, but that's flat
 And do you really wanna know what's really whack?
 See I can't even get a date, so, what do you think of that?
 I heard that prom night is a bomb night
 With the hood rats you can hold tight
 But really though, I'm a Figaro
 When I'm in my car I can't even get a hello
 Well, so many people wanna cruise Crenshaw on Sunday
 Well, then I'mma have to get in my car and go
 You know I take the 110 until the 105
 Get off at Crenshaw, tell my homies "look alive"
 'Cause it's hard to survive when your living
 In a concrete jungle and these girls keep passing me by
 She looks fly, she looks fly
 Makes me say "my, my, my" I wish I was a little bit taller
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 I wish I was a baller Hey, I wish I had my way
 'Cause everyday would be a Friday
 And you could even speed on the highway
 I would play ghetto games
 Name my kids ghetto names Little Mookie, Big Al, Lorraine
 Yo you know that's on the real
 So if you're down on your luck
 Then you should know just how I feel 'cause if you don't want me around
 See I go simple, I go easy, I go Greyhound
 Hey, you, what's that sound?
 Everybody look what's going down
 Ah yes, ain't that fresh?
 Everybody wants to get down like that I wish I was a little bit taller
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