Kids...

A Tribe Called Quest

[Verse 1: André 3000] I ain't even gon' lie, I was probably high Just forgot to call you back, simple as that I ain't no [?] so leave my dictionary I might just call a cab 'cause I dig [?] Yellow accents on a dark bitch I met her back when she kept all her carpets I'm well aware all that shit is fantasy I double dare you all to fucking plan B [?] that mean [?] mannerisms That mean, don't mean to get vulgar, but it some Hoes in this bitch like a box of donuts [?] bitch standing on the corner Condolences to niggas that got erased I pour out some liquor on the cops' graves Mhm, digital church bells Bring it across the street, should work well[Hook: André 3000] (Kids) kids, don't you know all this shit is fantasy? (Kids) kids, don't you know all this shit is fantasy? (Kids) kids, don't you know all this shit is fantasy? (Kids) For real (for real?) for real (for real) Kids, don't you know all this shit is fantasy? (Kids) kids, don't you know all this shit is fantasy? (Kids) kids, don't you know all this shit is fantasy? (Kids) For real (for real?) for real (for real)[Verse 2: Q-Tip] I don't wanna get up, no, I don't wanna go to school I don't wanna be the best, don't wanna follow rules Mom, I think you fucking lied to me Three stacks said all this shit is fantasy It's my time, gon' put a little life to it If life's an obstacle then I'mma bike through it I see her like a kiddie on the carousel If I hurl while I go around what the hell And that went well, so I'm compelled To have visions of getting chicken while my friends get jailed My young nigga motto was "fuck it, I'm already grown" And I dream of when I'm 16 I'm out my home That petty though, cut my mama boyfriend though It's kinda lull like this old head hustle, yo

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He cognizant of a nigga ride and die
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I see us getting money through my green eyes[Hook: Andre 3000]

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(Kids) For real (for real?) for real (for real)[Interlude]

Yeah, all the kids, all the what, uh, what

Yeah, all the badass kids, uh[Verse 3: André 3000 & Q-Tip]

Kids say I'm the shit

I'm Chick fil A nuggets made on the french fries, the spicy Popeyes and Red Lobster biscuits And girls scout [?] for my penmanship, but oh shit, it's like I'm hungry now again

And I can't do nothing about it 'cause my teeth are all rotten

And my mom and my pop they just ran

And if [?] if they were little [?]

Too bad they can't get back to [?] when

The grown-up stories don't work and the court of the kiddies' judgement is in

And while y'all doing all y'all bids y'all reminisce as kids

Fuck it, kids, the grown-ups want one on up

They stood on the corner like you want some [?]

Time, and probably felt like a loner

Smelled like a stoner, snuck through their [?]

So when they question you about who or who you ain't voting

Complaining that you always moaning, never saying good morning

Storming out my house and slamming doors like you pay yours bills

They been through it too though, they were kids like you though

But what if they ain't you though hand you with the cheat code

Through a game you just started playing, no extra man

Leave you reckless on the court with no high percentage shot

Just a bunch of "you got it nigga, just give it what you got"

Yeah, a little different on the yacht, but ain't gon' lie, I miss [?]

I love the young niggas, and they do too, they just be acting

Like a bunch of retired tired lesbians, these bitches salty

Shit, their blood pressure high, why? They don't play no more probably[Hook: André 3000]

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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