

Case of the P.T.A.

Leaders Of The New School

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh man, oh man, oh man, oh man, yo, yo, yo, I can't understand
Why the parents and the teachers and everybody trying to o the kids
The young generation yo, what's the deal brah, Charlie Brown, man
I don't know what the deal is, you hafta ask my partna Dinco D
Yo yo, tell us D, tell us D, mass confusion g, I don't know what's up
Hey yo man, it's just another case of that old P.T.A., huh man
In school I wrote notes and took quotes from
Shakespeare
And other types of rhymes to show you that I care
But things like together forever to you my only one
It was special I can say it was another one
You would say someone's knocking at my window
Someone's ringing my bell, ding song
It's about two in the morning
Hey yo G, what the Hell's going on?
It's just another case of that old P.T.A.
But never the less, here goes to show
my potential
And even though our love was three-dimensional
One me, two you three your pops
Now what am I to do
I had to transform into educated lad
Going around doing chores for your dad
Playing a duck, wearing sweaters and shoes
Chilling with pop just listen to the blues
And talking to your mom about a love for her daughter
Suggesting to me that I just oughta, watch myself, inch by inch
Watch myself and use some sense, so I did, hey
It didn't do a damn thing but a case to complain, so now I sing
It's just another case of that old P.T.A.
Roar,
Busta Rhymes the mighty infamous
Always misbehaving and mischeivous
Causing aggravation I'll never pause
Pushing out spit balls through plastic straws, in class
In gym, I got caught at last
For ligthing up the courtyard grass
Teacher, teacher, go to the flesh
Busta Rhymes liked to killed the complex
Hey yo, in class, kicked it to this girl Cheryl
What?
The teacher try to tell me I was Pharoah

No no no I'm not with detention no no with suspension
A child's wickedly wild the Calbridge Hill styles
Teach us just a knowledge to go talk to my mommy
Now when she gets home, she's gonna wear out the body I hate this relationship, the mom and teacher
When she reaches home hey yo she knows that I reached ya
Okay, of today I am the new school, pray
Between my momma, teacher, and my dad hey yo It's just another case of that old P.T.A. Aah, yo teachers hate
me but the girls don't take me
Because I'm C Brown, Class Clown
Gettin' still aah, sometimes I chill yo
Depending on the day and how I feel Sometimes I leave an apple that's rotten and brown
No where to be found
Poll tax on sheets, five days a week
Arrive in the lunchroom, I gotta get some sleep But I didn't do it, you did it
I'm suspended, you was wit' it
And now it's time to pay for the crime
That I never got caught like Judge Wapner, bam take on the court A room of teachers, parents, and preachers
A principal and one kid dress in sneakers
Case of brown versus the board, order order
Yo twelve, verse one is a slaughter I pleaded my case, aah
Face to face, aah
It was a waste
And everyone was in place yo He announced me guilty you have
Three hundred sixty four days
Of detention to serve
Some nerve I felt this could be from pissed
The head of the board said "Case dismissed"
As I walk out the room I hear them say
Aah, yeah yeah yeah It's just another case of that old P.T.A.

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