

# Class Reunion (feat. 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  
So much dope on the streets  
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And I'm a love you till the endShe was rock, she was pop  
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

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