

# MACKLEMORE, Remember High School

Yo, remember high school?  
With that dude who thought he was so cool  
Walking around like everybody should know who, he is  
Like he was some superstar in the biz  
Just because he had a Japanese car and some rims  
It's silly ain't it?  
It goes to show how tainted  
'Cause these hoes jocked him like he was somebody who supposedly made it  
And I'm not hating man, the dude was my boy  
But I watched girl after girl get their world destroyed  
Now when a squirrels a squirrel and a nut is a nut  
And I seen a lot of girls cut so they could get stuffed  
Or at least be cool in the high school soap opera  
'Cause kids do anything to be popular  
Guys get their hair cut so girls can jock ya  
But if girls get with guys their known as a trick  
But if a dude does the same shit, he's known as a pimp  
And the question is: Is there really a difference?

Remember that girl in high school that everyone wanted to hit?  
She wore them dresses with the bestest breasteses the size of Texas  
And she was the queen of estrogen, White, Black, Puerto Rican, and Mexican  
And she sat next to you in third period  
She powdered her face but her skin had no flaws  
Her tits looked like she wore three wonderbras  
Thank God for that math book you put on your lap to  
Cover up your jeans when your dick got hard  
I mean she was amazing I'm not playing  
You were like 14 but she was still the kind of girl you wanted a baby with  
And I could tell the way that she would rock them pants  
That a lot of dudes hit it but she wanted a chance  
You talked to her, but she gave you the shoulder  
She was the type of girl that was cold as Boulder  
She'd only mess with ya if you drove a Rover  
What I push? Well fuck it  
Let's just say a bucket. OK  
Anyway one day I rocked a show  
And I see her right there chilling up in the front row  
Next time I go to my math class for sho' she's talking about  
"Hey yo bro, I didn't know that you flowed  
Hey yo what's up with that CD? Maybe we could eat lunch after P.E  
Ah hee hee hee hee hee"  
If it's the mic you rock, the car you got, the 3-pointer you shot that get's the girl then she's probably

Remember high school with that girl you can't remember? (Who?)  
The one that never stuck out, she kind of looked like whatever  
Kinda nerdy, never came to the parties  
She went home after school and never really chilled with nobody  
She was in one of your classes and used to wear glasses  
With braces that accented her pimples that weren't really attractive  
But she was good in Spanish and let you cheat off her answers  
But when you'd see her in the hall you would walk right past her  
You acted like a bastard and never treated her right  
'Cause her body wasn't buckling and her face wasn't tight  
Well guess what  
See that beautiful girl with the big butt  
Standing at the incense shop reading the poetry that she writes  
That's her. Oh hell nah, I know that's not her  
Wait minus the pimples, the braces, and a lot less nerd  
Take off the overalls and the baggy sweatshirt  
Yeah there she is, reading about her words  
Shit, man I'mma go spit some game  
Wait I see some resemblance from like way back in the day  
I remember that girl that only liked me 'cause I rhymed

And now I'm really only talking to this girl 'cause she looks fine  
Back when she was normal I wouldn't give her my time  
Shit that's crazy  
I kinda feel sleezy  
If I could flip the scenario  
I'm the same as these hoes  
Kinda like the male version of a breezy