

# Waves At The Prom

Pac Div

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Hundred dollar suit, I got the game in my palm  
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Uh, senior prom, when my mom and pops fell in love  
Daddy had the all-white suit with the leather gloves  
Momma had her hair done, like an angel from above  
Grandmomma whispering, "I don't want you hanging with no thugs  
I like your date cause he flyer than a 12-piece  
Orchestra with trombones and violins  
Pick my baby up in a Caddy with the white-wall tires  
And the waves in his hair made us drown at the sight of him  
Whoosh, like Leviathan, sporting wave grease  
Had the girls on him like fresh meat in a lion's den  
He taking flicks, looking as hot as a liquid nitrogen  
And if he don't wanna king, than I guess you'll have to fight with him  
Mmm, excitement, nobody looks as nice as him  
Told him "Drive safe, cause I heard that you just got your license, man."  
I know he real, and you gon' have a great time  
You'll be fine, cause your date got waves at the prom."

Since it's Saturday evening, brought the homeboy's Porsche  
God, I hope I get that ass, since I bought Keisha this corsage  
Open up the door, wide, push it to the floor, drive  
Dax hair grease, brush my teeth with the fluoride  
Tux with the .45, Jordans when he came back  
Brushing since March, I didn't have to wear a wave cap  
Baby can you fade that? Ain't no chaperons coming  
My mama don't, I been on it since the homecoming  
Tonight's the night, we gon' turn you to a grown woman  
Haircut, airbrush, watch me as I pose for 'em

I got my tux on, I got my Chucks on  
I got my deep wave spinning, I get my brush on  
Diamonds in my cuff showing, tryna get my puff on  
Belve in my foam cup, spike it with the Patron  
I'm cool, I'm Aquafresh, and I confess, I've been fresh  
Since junior high when I used to get my Dockers pressed, rock and guess  
Never wore Footlocker sweats, I see you dog, I'm not impressed  
Follow in my footsteps, I'll be glad to show you proper steps  
She know I be about mine, homies like, "About time"  
Reigning from the west, but she be banging like the south side  
She be hanging with her mouth wide open  
When I roll up in that Rover with them alpines blowing  
Yeah, posing with them bitches triple-label Polo pieces, not what he got  
Call it horsepower when you're Ralphy to the tube socks  
Used to have a girl who we had up in that Duke Box  
Now I got your girl jamming to me on a jukebox

Wassup, Wassup, Wassup, Wassup