

## I Wish

## The Secret Handshake

I wish I was little bit taller,  
I wish I was a baller  
I wish I had a girl who looked good  
I would call her  
I wish I had a rabbit in a hat with a bat  
and a '64 Impala

I wish I was like six-foot-nine  
So I could get with Leoshi  
Cause she don't know me but yo she's really fine  
You know I see her all the time  
Everywhere I go, and even in my dreams  
I can scheme of ways to make her mine  
Cause I know she's livin phat  
Her boyfriend's tall and he plays ball  
So how am I gonna compete with that  
'Cause when it comes to playing basketball  
I'm always last to be picked  
And in some cases never picked at all  
So I just lean upon the wall  
Or sit up in the bleachers with the rest of the girls  
Who came to watch their men ball  
Dag y'all! I never understood  
Why the jocks get the fly girls  
And me I get the hood rats  
I tell 'em scat, skittle, skibobble  
Got hit with a bottle  
And put in the hospital, for talkin' that mess  
I confess it's a shame when you livin' in a city  
That's the size of a box and nobody knows yo' name

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Glad I came to my senses  
Like quick-quick got sick-sick to my stomach  
Overcome with my thoughts of me and her together  
Right?  
So when I asked her out she said I wasn't her type

I wish I had a brand-new car  
So far, I got this hatchback  
And everywhere I go, yo I gets laughed at  
And when I'm in my car I'm laid back  
I got an 8-track and a spare tire in the backseat  
But that's flat  
And do you really wanna know what's really wack, What  
See I can't even get a date  
So, what do you think of that?  
I heard that prom night is the bomb night  
With a hood rat you can hold tight  
But really tho' on figuero  
When I'm in my car I can't even get a hello

Well so many people wanna cruise Crenshaw on Sunday  
Well then I'm gonna have to get in my car and go  
You know I take the 110 to the 105  
Get off on Crenshaw tell my homies look alive  
Cause it's hard to survive  
Livin' in a concrete jungle and  
These girls just keep passin' me by  
She looks fly, she looks fly  
Makes me say my, my, my

I wish I was a little bit taller...  
I wish I was a baller...  
I wish I was a little bit taller y'all  
I wish I was a baller

Hey, I wish I had my way  
'Cause everyday would be a Friday  
You could even speed on the highway  
I would play ghetto games  
Name my kids ghetto names  
Little Mookie, big Al, Lorraine  
Yo you know that's on the real  
So if you're down on your luck  
Then you should know just how I feel  
Cause if you don't want me around  
See I go simple, I go easy, I go greyhound  
Hey, you, what's that sound?  
Everybody look what's going down  
Ahhhh, yes, ain't that fresh?  
Everybody wants to get down like that

I wish, I wish, I wish...