

# Class Reunion

Wyclef Jean

It's a class reunion, you come home from the ATM (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 mine, she was pop  
She was hip, she was hot  
She was too fly, butterfly  
It was her time, her time  
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 be - 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 mine, he was fine  
He was hip, he was hot  
He was too fly, butterfly  
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 world

And I don't know much about English class  
Math I didn't pass  
Biology and chemistry  
Was all a dream to me

I patiently wait for the bell  
So I can see you after class  
But now it's all in my pass

She was mine, she was pop  
She was hip, she was hot  
She was too fly, butterfly  
It was her time, her time  
It was her time, her time  
So much dope on the streets  
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But the poor gotta eat  
Talking bout my time  
Everybody say it's my time, oh yeah

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I'll be your joy, I'm still your friend  
And I'm a love you till the end

She was mine, she was pop  
She was hip, she was hot  
She was too fly, butterfly  
It was her time, her time  
It was her time, her time (let's go)

This is the class reunion  
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Reminisce on the high school days