

# CLASS OF 97

IT'S THE CLASS OF 97, JUNE 12<sup>TH</sup> IS WHEN I THREW MY GRADUATION CAP,  
I GOT MY DIPLOMA, IN 1998, MY HEAD WAS IN MY LAP.

I TRIED TO GO FOR MY DREAMS, I TRIED TO REACH SUCCESS,  
BUT NONE OF THAT CAME, SO I DIDN'T CONSIDER MYSELF BLESSED.

WHEN I STARTED HIGH SCHOOL IN 1993, I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT BEING ON PAROLE,  
WORRIED ABOUT DODGING OLDER KIDS, WHO TRIED TO DIP MY HEAD IN THE TOILET BOWL.

ONE OF THE GUYS NAMED JAMAL KNEW ME, AND GAVE ME A PASS,  
CAUSE MY SISTER CAUSED HAVOC AT WILSON, AND WOULD'VE WHOOPED HIS ASS.

ITS CLASS OF 97, NO OTHER CLASS WILL BE AS GREAT AS US,  
THE ONE WHO DROVE TO SCHOOL, AND THE ONES WHO HAD TO TAKE THE BUS.

WE TRAVELED BY LONG BEACH TRANSIT, SOME WALKED TO ANAHEIM,  
SOME WENT TO 7<sup>TH</sup> STREET, AND NEVER CAME BACK AT LUNCH TIME.

THE LONG BEACH TRANSIT, DROPPED YOU OFF, RIDING THE BUS AIN'T NO FUN,  
RIGHT IN FRONT OF WILSON HIGH, THE NUMBER ON THE BUS WAS 81.

ITS CLASS OF 97 BABY! BUT LET ME TELL YOU THIS,  
STAY IN SCHOOL, CAUSE YOU'LL BE LIKE ME IN PRISON WHERE YOU CAN ONLY REMINISCE.

ABOUT THE PAST, ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS, AND THE FUN TIMES YOU'VE HAD,  
YOU'LL BE LIKE ME, EXPRESSING YOUR FEELINGS ON A NOTE PAD.

TRYING TO SEND A SHOUT OUT, TO THE ONES YOU WERE IN SCHOOL WITH,  
ONCE THEY TAKE YOUR PICTURE, AND FINGERPRINTS, IT'S A WRAP, THAT'S IT!

NO GOOD JOBS, NO GOOD INCOME, BUT A REP THAT'S TAINTED,  
NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU'VE CHANGED, A GROSS PICTURE OF YOU IS PAINTED.

NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, AND NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY,  
THEY DON'T CARE IF YOU CHANGE YOUR LIFE, NOTHING WILL ERASE YOUR RECORD AWAY.

SOME OF YOU MAY SAY THAT YOU'RE THUGGIN, AND YOUR TOUGH,  
BUT CRY FOR YOUR MOMMA, WHEN THEY PUT YOU IN HANDCUFFS.

I LOVE THE BRUINS, FROM 1996, ALL THE WAY TO 2011,  
2012 TROUGH 2015 AND BEYOND, BUT THIS IS STILL THE CLASS OF 1997.