

# Seventeen

## Musiq Soulchild

"seventeen" by Musiq Soulchild  
Five foot seven with light green eyes  
Body built like a woman over twenty-five  
Plus she pushed a whip that the average women couldn't get  
Unless she worked about two 9 to 5's  
Girly played the game just a little too mature  
She damn there had everything I was looking for  
But things seemed shady when I asked my lady to meet at the club  
She had trouble at the door  
That's when I found out that She was only seventeen years old  
And I couldn't see her no more  
I ain't tryin to see myself locked up  
For knockin up some young joan  
How could I explain this situation to my family and all of my boys  
I'm sorry shorty but you got to get gone, yeah  
I tried to cut her off  
But she wasn't having it  
She kept telling me her age didn't mean sh--  
And that's when she started to cry  
Baby I need you in my life  
And without you I just couldn't handle it  
So what's a brother to do ('cause)  
Either way I lose (so)  
I could just say my piece  
Or piss off her peace  
And talk it out with the boys in blue  
Cause when it comes down to it She was just seventeen years old  
And I was dead wrong from the door  
I aint tryna see myself locked up for knocking off some young joan  
How could I explain the situation to my family and all of my boys  
Sorry shortie but you got to get gone

(Dial tone)...(Keypad being dialed)...(Line rings)(automatic voicemail): Welcome to your voice messaging service.

To enter your mailbox press star. (Beep) First message:(Female): Yo, how you doin'? Call me when you get this.(Beep) --Mess...-- (Beep)(Female): Yo, what's goin' on? I called you earlier. I guess you aint get

my message. But when you get this hit me back, aight? Bye.(To repeat.)-- (Beep) --Mess.-- (Beep)(Female): Hey! What you got some b\*tch over there or something?

You can't pick up your phone. I been calling you and tryin' to speak to you and you still don't answer the phone.(To repeat...) -- (Beep) (Beep)(Female): See, you trying to play somebody. Aye yo I'm gone have to

bring my n\*ggas over there, to kick ya ass! Ya think somebody playin' with ya ass. Ya don't... ya don't return my calls. This is it.(To repeat this...) -- (Beep) --

Mess...-- (Beep)(Fade out)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>