

# No Mistakes

## Natives Of The New Dawn

(Verse 1)

Just keep going, yeah

Now I made many decisions and made many mistakes

I walked on many lands

And swam in many lakes

I did good, did wrong

I got props and pissed on

I was dissed by the system but I still tried to get on

No one could tell me that my style was unhealthy, I never listened kept spitting till' the neh-sayers felt me

Looking back, I guess you haters helped me: My fuel, my drive

Allo just increased when you hated on Classified

Here's advice, for every rappers startin' up, don't release a record till' you're happy with the bars you wrote

My fourth album's the first record I really liked

Before that my flow was too hype and I really couldn't write

So, I took the long way we could argue all day

If it's the wrong way

But sit back and let the song play

Props to Joe Bombay for hookin' me Up at the start

I never had the talent

But he knew I had the heart

(Chorus 2x)

Now understand what I say

This year, no mistakes

Got here, no fate

Pay dues, won't wait

Made some mistakes and I'll probably make more

Just how it happens when you try to go forward

(Verse 2)

I made the mistake of mixin' business and friendship

People got offended, relationships were ended

So that's why I remember this, severe every tie

Cause every time I ever endevor with business

It fucks up; Nothin' personal, but I got friends, I don't need 'em

And you'd wouldn't talk to me if I didn't have the beat you needed

I've been through too many shitty MC's with beats, believe it

But I got eat, kid; and seems the weaker cast the feeding

I'm hungry, can't think with an empty stomach

Made bad decisions and now I suffer from it

Got a few videos, but yo, wish I planned the vision through  
Some came out dope, some are better just to listen to  
Not tryin' to make excuses; But all I'm tryin' to do is music  
Forget about these interviews and photoshoots  
It's just not something for Class  
I'm only here for rhymes, buildin' beats, killin' tracks and that's that

(Chorus)  
(Verse 3)

I started off young, took a couple wrong paths  
Gimme a second, gimme a second; yo  
I started off young, took a couple wrong paths  
Yo man, put some more hi-hats in it  
Now it's all good and I ain't ever lookin' back; yeah, yo  
And I got this joint on my keyboard starin' back at me  
Like you ain't gone be happy 'til you puff on this fatty  
Smoke five years straight, made the mistake of tryin' it  
Say I got no problem, but I really hate denyin' it  
I'm an addict for the marijuana  
Doesn't matter if I wanna get high  
I get high, its part of everyday life that I chose  
I know this shit'll probably kill me  
And I won't quit, but everytime I blaze, I feel guilty  
And I still do it, cause every choice has a consquence  
Never made made mistakes, then I'll never made no progress, man  
No dope beats; In Hip-Hop you wouldn't know me  
I'd still be back at Sobey's stockin' ya shelf with groceries  
(Chorus 2x)

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