

# Gossip

## Classified

[Verse 1] Walk in to a room with my hands on my side, head raised  
All this gossip and talk, it reminds me of my web page  
Ya'll people give me headaches  
It's hard to keep my head straight  
It's like tryin to go up but held down by dead weight  
Walk on lands and stay interesting  
Nine albums dropped and I can't play an instrument  
A lot of people wanna say I'm cheap as fuck  
Why, cause I spend my money on my beats and cuts  
Ya'll peeps speak too much, matter of fact  
You'll peeps can eat these two nuts and still peep my new stuff  
I ain't too ashamed, I say what's on my mental  
Try to quit my job and make a livin on my pencil  
But sometimes, people like to open up they mouth  
Put their nose in my business, kid ya'll need a life  
Since the first day my mom taught me how to read and write  
I've been spreadin my vocab to the land like Jesus Christ  
So believe the hype, yo I'm dope when I speak on mics  
So when I smoke pass the beeper I don't need a pipe  
Trust me kid, I'm mendin' all my nemeses  
(But class!) cut you off in the middle of your sentences  
[Chorus] Ah damn! Another motherfucker up in here  
Runnin his mouth and puttin shit in your ear  
Ah damn! And I ain't tryin to hear what you sayin'  
Stop with the gossip cause it ain't entertainin'

Ah damn!

? when you say my name

Try to spread love through the game

Say what you want I wont change

[Verse 2](Go ahead) call me a pasty white kid (whatever) I ain't concerned

I can't sun tan, I'm too hot, I burn

And if I drop I'll return with the status that I left

Yeah this is a game and I play the reign of ref

Cause I break rules, take fools for they money and they fake jewels

Eh yo some things never change

And I'm puttin in work more than one way ask your lady

You still wanna talk, actin' like class is lazy

See I'm like a bum with no legs, I cant stand workin'

But I'll write in to the night until my right hands hurtin'  
Strike like lightening and kill all the nonsense  
Son, just be honest you never were a profit (now stop this!)  
Why you wanna rhyme like you deep now  
I tried to listen but your puttin me to sleep pal  
I'm flowin' better when I freestyle, listen to me speak now  
Impress your female but keep it on the DL (shhhhhhh)  
Some things are better unsaid  
Your whole rhyme book is better left unread  
And I ain't tryin to turn this in to a battle track  
But I gotta handle cats who try to battle back  
[Chorus]

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