

# Questions

## Classified

(Intro)

Yeah, oh yeah (2x)

[Verse 1]

Now from the words I view, ya'll people got me thinking

Why do I continue rhyming words while I'm speaking?

Why do I continue waking up every morning?

Why do I continue dissing rappers who are boring?

Got to many questions, thought with no answers

Way too many people saying put away the sampler

Why do people tell me I should pick up a guitar?

Why the fuck would I do that? I'm a mc not a rock star

How many people feel like this?

How many people want to grip they head and feel a twist?

Trying to levitate, taking steps at a time

You can talk what you walk, no effect on my mind (Cause' I'm breaking necks)

No more making threats

People in this game claim to be natures best

Class taking bets, just for teaching y'all a lesson

But man, this ain't the time, I got one too many questions

For Real

[Chorus]

What's up, with all these questions?

I try to figure out, what I doubt, and keep on guessing

Do I trust destiny? (Whoa!)

Do that effectively

Is this like testing me?

But it won't, no it won't, get the best of me

[Verse 2]

When will I die? and how will I emerge?

When will I teach these mother fuckers not to doubt my words?

How can I keep myself together trying to survive?

How will I make through another day at 9 till 5?

I'm lost in this world, double-crossed in this world

Block everybody out; I'm pissed off at this world

Got 9 years of paying dues, and not a thing to show

Feel like throwing in the towel, call it quits and play it low

But I can't cause' I'm dedicated  
I love this game, but at the same time I kind of hate it  
Got me stressed and I can't figure if I'm going to make it  
Got people telling me my records now anticipated, but I got questions  
Like why did that peep give them beats away for free?  
And how come I got greedy and started charging a fee?  
How can we be happy when there's families' suffering?  
And when will anyone from here win the Stanley cup again?

[Chorus]

What's up, with all these questions  
I try to figure out, what I doubt, and keep on guessing  
Do I trust destiny? (Whoa!)  
Do that effectively  
Is this like testing me?  
But it won't, not it won't, get the best of me

[Verse 3]

Aiyyo, 20 years from now, and I rich or am I broke?  
Am I digging dirt from ditch's trying to my c.d out?  
Do I sit behind a desk working different office jobs?  
Paying off a student loans instead of dropping jaws?  
That life ain't for all, and that life ain't for me  
I was born to drop tracks, spit on mics properly  
In the future; buy property, 64 acres  
My people and my squad will be my next-door neighbours. (Pshh)  
That's got me wondering, imagination running wild, my days are numbering  
y'all don't understanding what I'm thinking, 25 I'm finished  
Unless I'm offered full-time employment in this business  
Yeah? So what's it coming to?  
And what am I supposed to do?  
Trying to stay alive, they make that shit it's classified  
But I'm doing what I want, expressing every word  
This is my life, I'm living it so fuck what you heard

[Chorus]

What's up, with all these questions  
I try to figure out, what I doubt, and keep on guessing  
Do I trust destiny? (Whoa!)  
Do that effectively  
Is this like testing me?  
But it won't, not it won't, get the best of me

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