

Loonie

Classified

["loonie" repeated throughout the song][Verse 1: Classified]

Yeah, as I drop my coin into the slot machine
My eyes double in size, you can't stop a fiend
And it doesn't make a difference if I got the means
All I need to succeed is jackpot in threes
I'm feelin uneasy, lost and unrational
Bettin on my life, tryin to double up my capital (ha)
I'll make it back, I don't worry what the cost
Tomorrow I'll be here and I'll win back what I lost
Win some, lose some, consumed every day (day)
I started with my crew, now I sit alone and play (play)
I'm crazy, I'm lonely, I feel I barely know me
I'm through with it, one more loonie, am I losin it?[Verse 2: D-Sisive]

A new record penned, another one spins
One mixed in as the other one ends
I wonderin if the one I just pressed
Will be gripped by the DJ's fingertips
Slipped out of the crate, out the sleeve
Laid on the technique and played out my speak-ers
Ears glued to the show and wait
For my song's debut and my SOCAN change
And when the song don't play, smile gets lost
Fingers ball up, walls get right crossed
Ouch, I can't absorb the hate
I go "Psycho", killer, Norman Bates[Chorus: x4]
I gets loc'd and loonie

I, I get loonie[Verse 3: Shad K]
You ever read 40 classics, for your classes, for your Master's
And while on tour rappin, crashin on a little mattress?
It's madness but fact is I, I need to pass
'Cause the masses still don't got a clue who Shad is
No cash to afford a DJ, I'm scratch less
Just in class or ironically with that Class kid
Out of class and back in school fast
Catchin up on what's happened, after mad distractions
Imagine S-K all night rappin
And writin an essay, then next day, on the flight, no relaxin
And I barely get paid

All I gets late penalties, couple C's and a headache[Verse 4: DL Incognito]

RFI chips and kids got Intel inside me
Don't bother to write things down
Tip of my full QWERTY keypad, 'Shift', 'Tab', backslash, deleted
My album hit the world wide web half completed
A few weeks prior to when I chose to release it
I hear it blarin out your Bluetooth stereo speakers
The boy genius reports all necessary features
So I know them Blackberrys got 3G speeds kid
And here's my thesis, we started with beepers
Now I got more gadgets than a Japanese kid
Plus I frequent, sites indecent
If I lose my iPhone, there go all my secrets
I'm loonie[Chorus][Verse 5: Buck 65]
For me it's the tedium, mass media, the heavy glare
Graffiti and it's the broken glass everywhere
Stress complex, the pressure in ex-projects
Bad news and taboos, women as sex objects
Nipple slips, the price of gas, twice as fast, triple flips
Makin crack, my achin back and crippled hips
The bag of green, the never endin gag machine
Booze and drugs, reviews and plugs, in People magazine
Money for nothin, a payment to fight
The rise of advertising, Entertainment Tonight
Span of limbs, Tanya Kim's, throws of passion
Runnin yokes and funny jokes and shows of fashion[Chorus]

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