

# No Mistakes

## Late Bloomer

(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 endeavor 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 hungary, 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 consequence  
Never 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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