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 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 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 consiquence
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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