

Politics

Classified

Yo
It's all about politics
Yo hmmm Yo
Check, check
Steady, steady
Pop, Pop, Pop, Pop It's all about politics in this game
Who ya know, How to make ya doe maintain
Gotta make them know the last name
Or gotta have a steady back frame
Just to keep yourself up
In my position no one else will help me up
And maybe I'm wrong, maybe I'm not
Maybe I had it up to hear with that
I could get what you got, from your father
Cousin whatever relative, their the ones that got you signed
And you still ain't sellin' kid
hmm, kinda makes me wonder and frown
Got all these mutherfuckers trying to make moves in the underground
Trying to make moves, y'all about to lift off
Pretty much the reason why this wackness is hip hop
y'all need to make this shit stop
Put away your gimmickry to act for Chris Rock
I'm sick of hearing rappers trying to spit with no effort
y'all leave me disappointed like the 44 on the corner record [Chorus: x2]
Now for my people on the side lines trying to make it spittin'
Ya need to recognize its steady politicking
It's doesn't matter 'bout your skill, ain't nobody gonna listen
Unless you know someone, cause its steady politicking [Verse Two]
Ever since day one I never rhymed for green
never had nobody pullin' strings behind the scenes
And never had nobody with their hand around my shoulder
teaching me the industry, I learned as I got older
Did it on my own, made a name, kept it true
Never asked your opinion, keep it quiet less your crew
And fuck press reviews, when they talk like they got lines
Always trying to front, you write articles not rhymes
Don't let it get confusin', but if it comes to me and
we going toe to toe y'all losin'
Lyrically exclusive, verbally abusive, on a class track

makin critics look stupid
This ain't a optic allusion stop the confusion
I'm white and I drop tight music
Over looked, under used stop the presses
y'all in class now and ya failed the fuckin' test kidSteady, politickingAnd either way when I started I lacked
vision
You never found class on the mic ass kissin'
I tracks hit 'em with velocity, authority
Doing what I gotta, make it hard for you ignore me
Try to block this out your mind
See what happens when I'm bold to knock you out your prime
I ain't trying to tell nobody you ignore the rhyme
But if I do, I'll leave your ass broken without a dime
So keep that on your mind[Chorus]

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