Self Explanatory

Classified

uh.. they call me class the mc refresh the memory. Hands in the sky, whip the crowd to frenzy. whether it's empty or packed like Wembley I got a track record athletes with envy. No need for jewels or a Bentley I'm fresher than dentyne on a ten speed shopping at frenchy's. I guess you could say I've been green sense this hemp weed hope them condemn me. I don't wanna be a God damn rock star all strung out and beaten down like a stock car. Highly agree I'm a bit of a pessimist mad scientist mixed with the perfectionist. I find this rap shit acts therapeutically without the hourly rate to abuse a beat and true indeed do whatever so beautifully ever since puberty but never once musically. Class they said I was going no where but look I'm out here and ain't going nowhere. Fingers in the crates still digging for the breaks and flesh flushers want to bring it to the plate.Chorus:Yo my head held high as I get in position real mc I fit the description what I'm spitting out needs no encryption. I am conditioned to vibe to the rhythm. I've been sitting in the back with my eyes on the prize, high trying to visualize. A game with no straints stressed no pain got me pulling out my hair yes pass the rogaine. Bushwhacked is back like Davey Crockett so touch up your front line like Jaime Foxx did. Shit I'm a problem honorably honest but all this bragging and talk is exhaustin. I've had it rappers always rappin how good they rap, now what the fuck is the good of that. I know you kill the beat like no one else but me literally the rhymes speak for themselves. I never ran to the states trying to get signed for me it was never get rich or die trying. Broke tradition that made them go the distance sign simple livin but on my own conditions.Chorus:

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