

# Classic Material

## Leaders Of The New School

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

CLASSIC! Busta Rhymes is  
CLASSIC! Dinco D is  
CLASSIC! Charlie Brown is  
CLASSIC! Milo in the Dance is  
CLASSIC! Backspin is CLASSICCut to the Monitor, Monitor to the Cut, what? Milo in the DanceBust this as I  
construct this like a blunt  
Ropie dope, first quarter just start  
Now people in the dance me au beh uni  
Uni uni, fe big up in '93  
No link to dust, watch brain cells bust  
As I flip the script, I could make a Rev feel lit  
You walking on shakey ground, call it warned  
Now big up your chest if you could test L.O.N.S  
Mr. Distress take a long rest  
And I never never never wanna see you no more, see you no more  
See you no more, got classic material wall to wallHey, running through computer chips, leaving trails of flesh  
Disectable satons, crucial to summing quest  
Less, yes, bust press on the drumpads  
Caress chest may relieve stress, so  
Consider the inner outta don't know if you oughta doubt a  
Seat a eater Peter, what you saying after hours?  
Players pop pills, pop stars blunt fanatics the dramatics  
Come running up to me, the D to the OWhy it gotta be you, D?  
Which sees for insight within the C down  
With anoh my goshand aoh C.B  
10-4 Not Milofollow me  
Cuss, you mean us, Leaders as you see, you an MC, you an MC  
Well no time to play, LP it in time  
It's just another case, hey but I place  
Place another fact and exact I comeOh  
Classic Material we reign number oneClassic Material, Classic Material  
L.O.N.S. with the Classic Material

Classic Material, Classic Material  
 Everybody, we got the Classic Material  
 Hey, a new frontier, pioneer to steer  
 Ripping and rhyming, ripping and rhyming every single year  
 365, 24 7, Stomp romp stamp amp floor keep stepping  
 Merely, yearly, my base is always 1st, not 3rd, word  
 Catch the patch in the latch of the hook of the book  
 Perhaps? No haps  
 If so Hip-hop! Make 'em make 'em clap  
 Last class, I alphabetized the re-rap  
 A boy came down every day, A, B, C, D, E, now see what I say  
 C. Brown reflections of black  
 And  
 The shade of the lyrical, here to kick facts  
 Give me a hit Hit! for the classic elastic splastic dope on plastic  
 No illusion no confusion, undecided, I'm invited delighted and bite it  
 Material madness, raw for the core imperial, as I come with an aerial  
 Power from the L-shaped room  
 L.O.N.S., L.O.N.S. we smoke boom  
 When I make my music, I got the classic material  
 When I grab the microphone you know I'm reigning imperial  
 Wake up in the morning, eat my whole wheat cereal  
 Historical styles combines with new musical  
 L.O.N.S. wreck shit as usual  
 When we make a presence yes we got to make it visual  
 Mental, physical, then we come spiritual  
 Follow this shit here, cause this shit is emotional  
 We express an emotion through a style they call lyrical  
 Mystical, we make it complicated and technical  
 Numerical as we move down like a decimal  
 East Coast Stomp! Cause you know that is the principle  
 Look at here, what you see is four individuals  
 This time, you know we're going to form in institutional  
 So that we can become one and become more powerful  
 You're living mystical, I-  
 Identify yourself as you face the universal  
 Ripping it at will and it's done with no rehearsal  
 Moving like you're dusted and you're caught up in something trivial  
 T.I.M.E. is eternal when you have the  
 Classic Material, yes Material, yes Material  
 You know we got Material, Classic Material  
 Yes Material, yes Material, Classic Material

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