

Classified f/ Choclaire, Kid Vishis, Royce Da 5'9"

"Unexplainable Hunger"

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[Intro - Royce Da 5'9" - talking] (Classified) ["Scratched Samples"] ["Royce 5'9"""] The M.I.C. baby ["Classified"] It's called Unexplainable Hunger ["Ch-Choclaire"] From U.S. to Canada (Mic check one, two) Of course my name is Royce 5'9" (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah) (You want to set this off?) Yeah, yeah (let 'em know) [Verse 1 - Royce Da 5'9"] Once upon a time in the city of crime A nigga named Nickel Nine, came in with the nine Flamin, with the rhyme, the flame quick as the nine Aimin at the game sayin "the city is mines" (now) He looked like the type you underestimate He's never a suspect, no one investigates (uh huh) He be beatin them charges with mothers and fathers goin (on and on and on and) [Royce 5'9"] It should be a felony to be this vicious on the beat I'm dope, I'm sellin D like a Piston on the streets Yellin "D!", for the cheddar cheese The cheddar I brought, letter B Like a spelling bee, the pathetic bark, let it be (be, be) Or get ya chain snatched y'all (y'all) Jaw cut is a stain of train track scar (scar) Whoever think of talkin shit to me'll be a memory His train of thought will stain that car (uh) I will stretch your dreams from the front seat to the back seat, if I could blow a brain that far Niggaz want to get to know me all 'cause the way I be spittin Every ho, every bitch in the city be goin ... [Chorus - Classified] ["Scratched Samples"] We give 'em what they want! (yeah, yeah) ["With these rhymes that are classic"] So tell 'em who it is! ["Royce 5'9"""] ["Starvin MC"] ["It's, it's hard to explain"] ["Hard to explain"] ["They're tryin to get the meal"] We give 'em what they want! ["With these rhymes that are classic"] So tell 'em who it is! Classified ["Starvin MC"] ["It's, it's hard to explain"] ["Hard, hard"] ["They're tryin to get the meal"] [Verse 2 - Classified] Yeah, I'm from a place where it snows six months of the year Coldhearted, livin off a blunt and a beer Bodyslam MC's, have 'em runnin for clear And I'm a skinny white dude, I ain't nothin to fear (Class) More advanced than you technical cats Your literature's littered, (literally) edible trash You rappers gone nuts? Get your testicles back I got the competition sweatin more than sexual acts (*moaning*) Now take your shot,

you think you gettin me? It's like Snoop Dogg really
go in out and quittin weed I'm always gettin louder
man, never thought you'd listen Leave you walkin
different, without a pot to piss in Came in this game, no
plan and no structure No love from labels, so basically
"fuck ya!" Learned to play my part for the love of this
art Spittin with the same passion I did at the start I feel
a warm breeze [Chorus - Classified] ["Scratched
Samples"] ["With these rhymes that are classic"] Yeah
So tell 'em who it is! ["Classified"] ["Starvin MC"] ["It's,
it's hard to explain"] ["Hard, hard"] ["They're tryin to
get the meal"] We give 'em what they want! ["With
these rhymes that are classic"] So tell 'em who it is!
["Cho-Chocclair"] ["What up, what up, what up, what
up"] ("Starvin MC") ["It's, it's hard to explain"] Talk to
'em ["They're tryin to get the meal"] [Verse 3 -
Chocclair] Check me out y'all, yo, yo, Chocclair, see, shit
ain't sweet Cheese sandwiches for lunch, two jeans by
week A dollar short for the bus fare again this week
Deprivation from the sleep 'cause them barrels speak I
tried to elevate myself, got a nine to five But yo it's
hard when you makin three ninety five You turned
crosseyed, take your eyes off the prize Lose focus,
lose balance on this fucked up line So, grab your gruff
dog, pull yourself up (yeah) 'Cause these haters just
waitin to take your spot up Brush your shoulders off,
pop your collar Make some power moves and then get
dollars Then these girls go and leave their scent on
your collar Bring their scent home, then wifey's gon'
holla She say you let consumers just dip into the
product But really you be showin your supporters that
you got 'em So daps for the fellas (yeah), hugs for the
ladies (yeah) Some kiss me on the cheek, some act a
little crazy +Parking Lot Pimpin'+ and they call pumpin
Jay-Z Yo, it's just a summer, make me want to cop a
Hummer (woo!) But yo, it's just shocks with a trailer
load of lumber Got the hot tracks that hit every summer
(summer) Yo, it's just Royce Nickel Nine, with my boy
Classified Yo it's Ch-Ch-Ch-Chocclair [Break - Royce Da
5'9" - talking] ["Scratched Sample"] (*echo*) Yeah I
want to introduce y'all to my young pitbull ["With these
rhymes that are classic"] We call 'em Vishis in the U.S.
y'all [Verse 4 - Kid Vishis] Yeah, yeah, I'm a beast,
shouldn't been let up out of the cage I will blaze, any
rapper you niggaz bring in my way (ay!) Dude'll box
you, dude'll pop you You punks get chopped, my rifle's
go in Kung fu (woo, woo) Two shots'll ruin your Botox
and shatter your whole block If you chatter a whole lot
The young boss, another book, another pen, another
song, another win Another kill, another sin Calm killer,
who's iller than the pen and pad thriller? A cappella

bone chiller, verbal gun clutch nigga (yeah) Call
forensics, Vishis ass went ballistics Start trippin, hard
niggaz turn liquid Nigga, Bobby Fischer in this game,
chess master, actually spittin strategies Casually cause
casualties You want to battle, but when you rap you be
babblin Later you broke playin askin +Why+ like Jada
(like Jada, like Jada) [Outro] (*echo*) ["Starvin MC"]
["Hungry-hungry-hungry tryin to get the meal"]

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