

Classified f/ Choclaire, Royce Da 5'9"

"Unexplainable Hunger"

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[Intro - Royce Da 5'9" - talking] (*echo*) Hahaha, excellence What up east coast! My man Classified, holla at your boy [Break - Royce Da 5'9" - talking] (Sample) [Classified] (I feel a warm breeze) (It moved my life) The M.I.C. baby (It feels closer now) It's called Unexplainable Hunger (As I get older) From U.S. to Canada [Mic check one, two] (I feel a warm breeze) Of course my name is Royce 5'9" (It moved my life) [yeah, yeah, yeah] (It feels closer now) (As I get older) [You want to set this off?] Yeah, yeah [let 'em know] (I feel a warm breeze) [Verse 1 - Royce Da 5'9"] [Sample] 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 [older, older] (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 [I feel a warm breeze] (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 - Royce Da 5'9"] (Sample) ["Scratched Samples"] (I feel a warm breeze) ["With these rhymes that are classic"] (It moved my life) Yeah, Royce 5'9" (Feels closer now) ["It's, it's hard to explain"] (As I get older) ["Hard, hard, it's hard to explain"] (I feel a warm breeze) ["with these rhymes that are classic"] (It moved my life) Next up to bat is my homeboy Classified (I feel a warm wind) (Got to move me to the other side) Show Canada how you live Show the U.S. how it is You know how we do [Verse 2 - Classified] [Sample] 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 [I feel a warm] Now take
your shot, you think you gettin me? It's like Snoop Dogg
really goin 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] (Sample)
("Scratched Samples") (I feel a warm breeze) ["With
these rhymes that are classic"] (It moved my life) Yeah
["Classified"] (It feels closer now) ["It's, it's hard to
explain"] (As I get older) ["Hard, hard, it's hard to
explain"] (I feel a warm breeze) ["With these rhymes
that are classic"] (It moved my life) Oh we ain't done
["Cho-Chocclair"] (I feel a warm wind) (Got to move me
to the other side) ["What up, what up, what up, what
up"] Talk to 'em [Verse 3 - Chocclair] [Sample] 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 (yeah) 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 (yeah) Brush your
shoulders off, pop your collar (yeah) Make some power
moves and then get dollars Then these girls go and
leave their scent on your collar (word) Bring their scent
home, then wifey's gon' holla (yeah) She say you let
consumers just dip into the product (uh huh) 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
(whoa) +Parking Lot Pimpin'+ and they call pumpin Jay-
Z Yo, it's just a summer, make me want to cop a
Hummer [I feel a warm] 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 (*echo*)
[Chorus] (Sample) ["Scratched Samples"] (I feel a
warm breeze) ["With these rhymes that are classic"] (It
moved my life) ["Royce 5'9"""] (Feels closer now) ["It's,
it's hard to explain"] (As I get older) ["Hard, hard, it's

hard to explain"] (I feel a warm breeze) ["With these
rhymes that are classic"] (It moved my life)
["Classified"] (It feels closer now) ["Ch-Chocclair"] (As I
get older) ["Starvin MC"] (I feel a warm breeze ...) (I
feel a warm wind) (Got to move me to the other side,
side, side, side ...)

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