

Classified f/ Dan-e-o, D-Sisive

"Yuh Ded Now"

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CHORUS (x2): T-Dot, we be comin' to blow the spot Hal-Town, we be comin' to break it down D-Siggy-Sisive killin' It! Dan-e-o Killin' It! Class killin' It! Yuh Ded Now!

VERSE 1: D-Sisive Hey yo, I had it up to here with y'all weak ass rappers T-dot home of the original four eyed cau-casion assassin It's time for some action, forget the relaxin', throw your hands up D-Sisive makin' it hot like Los Angeles Snatch crowd reactions without even askin' Amazing, ain't nobody ever gonna phase me I've spit the ill shit since the days of "J.A.C." And that's word, I make kids run To their base, bang my shit from Len to "Dim Sum" Switch up to Mastermind, 50, 49 It's D-Day, when that shit's done, rewi-i-ind One love from Classified and my man Dan-e-o They can't wait for greatest show Anybody disagree, then y'all better lay low T-Dot, Hal-town, Canada remain home! CHORUS

VERSE 2: Dan-e-o Yo, from T-Dot to Halifax, we rock with battle raps Please stop your chatter black we seize spots and shatter cats Freeze blocks and rattle cats, scatter jack Matter fact I'll visit any habitat you rappin' at and splatter that Handle that, you best bring your best stuff bredren Or look wacker than that black dude in S-Club-7 Got stress plus tension from these people who be starin' Always askin' for weed throwin' dap and steady swearin' They love my music, only for the underground they carin' But ask them if my CD's in that backpack they wearin' Spare the keep it real talk, I'm killin' crews with chronicles Been burnin' tracks long before downloading was possible You geeks aint logical, now what chu hopin' for? Hip-hop to stay dope and raw when you never go to stores? Fuck it, I'ma flow for sure, even if you don't support I'll survive longer than Kucha and Ogakor CHORUS VERSE 3: Classified Eh, yo let me rep myself, burnin' tracks T.O. to Scotia Mom pissed 'cause I never grew how I supposed ta Rhyme flowa, used to catchin' cold shoulders Now I'm spittin' vocals, ridin' tracks like roller coasters Come in to this game, tryin' to prove that Class matters Now I got these college kids who feel me more than backpackers Still the same cash lacker, hat backwards, backed by FACTOR And still disposin' wack rappers The

track master, take you on and laugh after Last chapter,
now you finished wack bastard! Gimme a mic son, had
too many chances Rappers come and go and I just
gave you leave of absence Takin' your finances,
spread it where it's needed Now everybody in my crew
is blazed up and weeded I never regret what I say so
leave it Sayin' I'm commercial, how the fuck could you
believe it? CHORUS

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