

Classified f/ Martin Finch, Ghetto Child

"CYOA 4"

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(Choose your own adventureeeeeeee!) [Intro - Classified - talking] (Martin Finch) Martin Finch (What's up man? What are you doin here?) What are YOU doin here? I thought you were at boot camp the last two months? [verse 1 - Martin Finch] (Classified) Hey Class, I'm back, I'm back in the 'fax, I'm back with a bad back I was trapped in shallow Manitoba, where everything is flat I can't even find it on a map I was surrounded by MC's but none of them rapped Everyday I was doin laps around the track Every drill I was catchin flack for bein slack I tried so hard that I had an asthma attack And cracked my back, left it blue and black (Man don't give me that, just keep it real, come on, it's Class) No man, this massive motherfucker woke me up To do sit ups and push ups, 'til I threw up Imagine bein depressed as fuck, pressed for luck Like nothing's enough, life is tough When these ranks are rippin your stuff, boot camp sucks Plus you got to dig a trench in the muck Basic is two months of bein stuck and brain fucked Shucks, it's worth the bucks but when you're goin through it it fuckin sucks [Verse 2 - Classified] Man, that's tough luck You sound like you could use a drink, come on, let's go get fucked up! (yeah!) So back into the club we went and got some liquor We downed a pitcher, then I made my way towards the pisser The mood is right, the music's tight, the atmosphere better The crowd's buildin and they feelin each and every record Then I see Ghetto Child chillin in the back but Lookin kind of tense, a little stressed out in fact [Break - Ghetto Child - talking] (Classified) What up Class? (Ghetto Child man, what's happenin? What's goin on?) Man you should leave, trust me it's about to get ugly [Verse 3 - Ghetto Child] (Sample) Alright, it's a motherfuckin stick up! (Gun-gun-gun-gun's still loaded) I'm ready to empty the semi on any who envy Got plenty of deadly ammo for anyone tried to tempt me The cannibalistic animal in me Is the reason there's no manager with me 'Cause (the gun's still loaded) Pour me a draft, empty the till and give me the cash 'Cause it's a stick up! From pennies to bills, the bartender's tip cup The ice in his grill got knocked out

and picked up (The gun's still loaded) Still waitin to
bust it, they prayin I tuck it But that shit don't relate to
my subject Disturbin the peace. invadin the club with a
ratchet Attackin any rapper that think he sayin
somethin but sayin nothin! (Bo!, bo!) (*gunshots*) (the
gun's still loaded) Shots rang out, rang out, bang out,
bang out Got the club runnin like a track meet You trip,
you trampled like jockies in a stampede Exits in every
direction, everyone except me Is leapin and creepin,
duckin and dodgin, runnin and gunnin, runnin for
safety "Run for your life! He's gone crazy!" That's why
that lady screamed, that's her in the club, right outside
Them all shots fly but (the gun's still loaded, blow our
your brain) (*gunshot and screaming*) [Outro -
Narrator - talking] If the bullet hit you, turn off the CD,
you're dead! If the bullet missed you, please proceed
to Track 22

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