

Classified "Cazual Drinking"

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[Tash:]

What's up Canada, ye, you know
We got caTash up in this bitch so everybody raise your
cups up
I'm about to make a toast and after that, we gettin
fucked up
Yup yup, you know, and you ain't checkin with an
amateur
Customs bust my balls, but I still made it thru Canada
Right off the bat, I'm down the blue Labatt's
Now I'm creepin thru the party, they like 'who is that?'
Gettin toe up from the floor, up in the LA Dodgers
feathered cap
Drinks is kinda weak, bartender, gotta send them back
Put it on my tab, while I snatch and grab a couple
glasses
Couple asses, cause my pick is so rowdy
Probably representin my city, under seized that's LA
California, north of cocaine and weed
But all I really need for me to see some shit in 3d
Is 3 bottles of rum, and a Classified cd
Another day, another stamp in my passport
So when you want to drink, you know who the fuck to
ask for

[Chorus:]

Let it go, have a drink, take a sip
Everybody sit back, recline
When you work for the week, and you're stressed
And you're feelin like you need to unwind
Pour a drink, raise your glass, make a toast
Tilt your head, put the glass in your mouth
Hold it there til the liquor flows out
And it slides down the back of your throat

[Classified:]

Ya, now I don't like how my liquor be tasting
But drink it every week for the intoxication
Straight up, you're wasted, drunk, inebriated
My tolerance is there, but it's not the greatest
Forget about the work week, and all the troubles son
Chug like you're thirsty, and grab another one

Feelin the effect off of 3 or 4 beer
Cause in Canada, the alcohol percent is more here
Ya, I walk with a swagger in my step
Only cause I'm drunk, smell the Yagger on my breath
Takin shots burn, like a dagger to the chest
So I switch back to beer, get the kegger out next
Still gettin twisted, you know the deal
Pissin every 10 minutes since I broke the seal
This is classic attached, drink til we sloppy
I ain't alcoholic, I just got the same high beat

[Chorus:]

Let it go, have a drink, take a sip
Everybody sit back, recline
When you work for the week, and you're stressed
And you're feelin like you need to unwind
Pour a drink, raise your glass, make a toast
Tilt your head, put the glass in your mouth
Hold it there til the liquor flows out
And it slides down the back of your throat

Yo Tash, you got the weed? (You, you, you know it)
It's Class who got the beats (You, you, you know it)
Crack open the beer (You, you, you know it)
Ya we got it this year (You, you, you know it)
Alkaholiks (You, you, you know it)
HalfLife (You, you, you know it)
Catastophy (You, you, you know it)
Class on the track (You, you, you know it)

[Classified:]

This is for the casual drinkers who don't know when to
quit
For the underage kids wanna sip til they sick
For the ones who go to college to study abroad
Then they waste all day drinkin, studyin broads
How the fuck y'all feelin out there
We got what you want
Y'all fucked up like me
We only drink to get drunk
So what's up California
What's up Nova Scotia
Say cheers! Cheers!
A toast for you here

[Chorus:]

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Everybody sit back, recline
When you work for the week, and you're stressed
And you're feelin like you need to unwind
Pour a drink, raise your glass, make a toast

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