

Classified

"Choose Your Own Adventure 1"

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(You choose your own path or you'll have it chosen for you)

(Welcome to today!)

Get 'em up! (Get 'em up!)

Ahhh, shit, is it morning already?

Rise and shine, damn 9:30

Got to start my journey but it's feelin kind of early

Tired and I'm feelin just a little malnourished

So I watch a bit of TV and I do some channel surfin

Flip through, then get up, shower to freshen up

Shave off my peach fuzz and then get my teeth

brushed

I do my push ups, forty every other morning

It feels good to say but I don't think it's that rewardin

Turn on my computer, check messages

E-mail, friend requests, all before breakfast

Handle my biz before the day gets high paced

And I don't fuck with Facebook 'cause I need MySpace

(ha)

Now off to the kitchen for some cereal or toast

Eggs fried or poached but I only eat the yolk

Feelin like a million bucks, set to get it goin

Now off to the studio to set this day in motion

Damn, it's nice out

First I kick open the door, take the phone off the hook

Turn the beat machine on, crack open my notebook

Made a beat yesterday but still ain't convinced

I'll take another listen 'cause I haven't heard it since

Mmm, nah scrap it, wack shit

Must of been too high when I craft it

Back to the drum machine, kick, snare and hihat

Bunch of old records, tryin to find where the fire's at

You spend a third of life in bed

I spend a third of my life in studios instead

Okay, I got somethin here, I like how it's soundin

Couple ideas, so I write it down when

(Class, what's up?), White Mic, what the fuck?
(Shit, I left work early, I don't mean to interrupt
But I got this bag of weed, would you care to have a
puff?)
Okay, grind it, (mix it), roll it, (light it up)

Inhale, (exhale), feels good, (as hell)
Pass that, (here take this), well how's that, (it's good
shit)
Well okay, (well alright), sky's clear, (let's take flight)
Well I'm high (and I'm baked)

Blowin O's with the smoke as it goes out my mouth
(It happens everydayyyy)
And I grow all the dope that I smoke in my house
(So we don't have to payyyy)
I feel relief from the weed, I believe THC
(Helps us self medicateeee)
We don't need to agree
You do you, I'll do me, it helps me meditate

Huh, anyway, all my motivation to make this beat just
went away
Then again, it's kind of early to end the day, I'll put the
pen away
But what you sayin, (well, the sky's clear, my bike's
here
It's a beautiful day and your inside here
That's quite weird (what?)
Let's go for a bike ride before the night's here)
Ah shit, it slipped my mind, I got to drop off this disc of
mine
Go the city and meet with Jay Bizzy, get him beats,
so he can script his rhymes
But I know I could use the exercise, so high, I just
wanna rest my eyes
I don't know, make a move, to the city or bike riding
(What ya goin to do?)

If you'd like to go to the city, proceed to Track 11
If you'd like to go for quick ride on the old bicycle,
please proceed
To Track 7

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