

Classified

"Choose Your Own Adventure 2"

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(Choose your own adventure!)

[Verse 1: Classified (White Mic)]

Yeah, yeah [beat starts]

Ou got the water? (check), weed? (check, ready to roll)

Look ma, no hands, I'm a never get old

(I pedal like the gas pedals got stuck to the floor)

In other words (nope), we ain't goin slow (so)

Quickly down the road we go, poppin wheelies and indos

And I notice my bro and he's puffin some indo (yo!)

(Stopped quick, tires started to skid, wanted a hit

But there was nothin left of the spliff)

[beat stops]

[Break" Mic Boyd - talking (Classified)]

Sorry boys, just missed it! (ahh)

(What are you doin? What are you up to?)

Aw, not much

(Goin for a bike ride, wanna come?)

[beat starts back up]

[Verse 2: Classified (White Mic) {Classified}]

Hell yeah, another motherfucker up in here

Rollin down the road with the wind in my hair

Bunny hop, both tires up into the air

I'm bad ass, biker boy, yo you better beware

(Okay Mic, you take this bike shit way too serious)

'Cause I'm the best biker in Enfield period

Fuck with me! (what?) I drove the deepest ditches (huh?)

Scaled the steepest slopes and road the meanest roads

Left skid marks all over the east coast

(OH, WATCH OUT!), shit that was close, woo hoo

{Mic you're a fuckin joke

But guys it's almost five, I'm hungry, I think I'm out}

[beat fades away]

Alright later man, peace out
Later

[new beat starts]

[Verse 3: Classified (Classified's Wife)]

I get back to my place and put my bicycle away
Feelin burnt out and tired but I try not to complain
My girl pulls up, how was work? (oh, just great)
You hungry? (umm, a little bit), we start to conversate
Both of us are kind of tired and neither wanna cook
So let's go out for dinner, maybe catch a motion picture
We go down to the local spot, check out what the menu
got
Donair with extra sauce but keep the tomatoes off
She gets a calimari or chicken tetrazzini
She likes to keep it healthy, but me I keep it greasy
Believe me, if I could see me from the inside
Then I would probably never feed on somethin deep
fried
We finished up, paid the bill, then took off to the city
I had a gram or two, she twisted it and sparked a dube
That's just the way that me and my lady partner do
Besides we was goin to see "Harold And Kumar Part 2"
We finished that, got in line and got our tickets
Showed up kind of late, missed the first ten minutes
Bumped into a couple co-workers of the Misses
My girl got the munchies like (your liquorice looks
delicious)
My eyes bloodshot but I feel it ain't a factor
I felt like they expected it, they know that I'm a rapper
We watched the movie, had a couple laughs
And on the way out, signed a couple autographs
Back in the car and that's it, headed home
Then I noticed Martin Finch on the road, talkin on his
phone
Standin outside of this club that we know
You wanna go? (Yeah, it'd be nice but I gotta work early
tomorrow)
That's true and we probably won't get home until four
or so
(Yeah but you can go, I'll drop you at the front door
Just let me know what you wanna do, wanna do)...

[beat stops]

[Outro: Narrator - talking]

If you want to call it a night and head back home,
proceed to Track 22
If you want to get dropped off at the club and see

what's new with
Martin Finch, proceed to Track 17

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