

Classified

"Choose Your Own Adventure 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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