

Classified

"Choose Your Own Adventure"

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(Choose your own adventureeeeeeee!)

[tires screeching]

[Intro: Classified]

And now we head into the big city, Mic Boyd and white
Mic with me
We on the 102 cruisin doin 150
Clownin around with the music loud, lip syncin
Yo, turn the music down, my phone's ringin
Hello

[Verse 1: J-Bru (Classified)]

What up Class, can you make it to my show tonight?
(Bru!)
I'd love it if you came through, maybe blessed the mic
(through)
But don't stress it right, 'cause the promoter's shady
He gonna have me on some "fuck you, pay me!" (oh,
you mean the...)
The last time I did a show with this dude (alright,
alright, alright)
There was twenty people there, really I don't think it's
rude
I'll understand though, if you got things to do
(Yo, you guys want to see Bru? [yeah, yeah], alright
we'll swing through)
Ok, ok, well, if you're showin up then
I'm a throw you on the list, Classified plus ten (alright)
So who's rollin with you? (Well both Mics and I got to
pick up Bizzy)
Ah shit, tell them I say "what's up?"
Well if you're comin dog, creep up to the back door
If you hit the front, I think they'll make you take your
hats off
(Alright man but yo, you got drink tickets?)
Yeah, I got them with me (alright, we'll see you in a
minute)
Peace

[Break: Classified]

We said our goodbyes and see you later
Then pulled up to Jay Bizzy's next door neighbor
Gotta out of the car, I could hear his dog barkin [dog
barking]
Before we even rang the doorbell to his apartment
[doorbell rings]

[beat stops]

Shut up dog, I know who it is, shit

[new beat starts]

[Verse 2: Jay Bizzy (Classified)]

Yo! What up Classy, Mic and Mic?

Already know you brought some heaters, that's exactly
why

I'm hyped to write

(Check it out), pick up the pen, I ain't the type to type

I throw punches and right hooks, so much you swear I
like to fight

Don't worry about the pit, that's Cali, she's a sweetheart

I like you, then it's cool but if I don't, she leavin teeth
marks

I like the way this beat starts, it sounds epic

Just get me in the studio, you know I'm down to wreck it

Anyway, what's goin on tonight? Heard Bru had a show

(Yeah, he's on around twelve), alright cool, let's go,
let's smoke

Come on in, yeah don't worry, leave your shoes on

We'll have a couple drinks, we got some time before
Bru's on

[Break: Classified - talking (Jay Bizzy)] [beat stops
halfway through]

Yo, you feelin that?

Yeah man, I think, I think I could fuck with this one man

Alright, I got a couple more beats, check this out man

Check this one out

[another new beats starts]

[Verse 3: Jay Bizzy (Classified)]

Yeah, yeah, I'm thinkin about a new song

But I can't write or flip the beat, I'll let it move on

This one for me excited, got to roll somethin fat to this

But I ain't got a light and I don't know where my
matches is

My little brother always snatches it, I'm easy to adapt to
this

'Cause I just light it off the stove

The back burner been there for half my life I do
suppose
Stay fresh like new clothes, write rhymes and do shows
Who knows maybe this blue nose can probably win
some Junos
(Yeah but when the album comin out?), not anytime
soon though
I'm busy on the regular and everyday I'm hustlin
No matter what the outcome is, you know that it's a
must we win

[Break: Jay Bizzy - talking (Classified)]
Yeah, yeah, yeah, man
I really like this shit (alright man)
But we got, we got to get to the fuckin club man
'Cause Bru's on any minute now
(Yeah, check this shit later, just check it later)
Come on man, let's go (Yo Mic), just shut my door
(Mic, grab the door)

[beat stops]

(Yo, jump in)
(Shotgun!)

[engine revs and tires peel away]

[another new beat starts]

[Verse 4: Classified (DJ IV) {Martin Finch}]
Ok, right back where we left off
Piled in the ride then it's on to the next stop
Pull up to the club, hit the back door, sneakin in
Hit the VIP, where IV's rollin weed again
(Yo, what's up?), this is it, how you feelin man?
(Shit I'm good, you know, wheelin and dealin man)
Well when you on? (Soon but I could be wrong)
Alright, well I'm a get a beer, I'll see you back out there
Now when I'm in the club, I play the wall
Or I roll my marijuana in the bathroom stall
And honestly I never dance unless I'm intoxicated
I never contemplate it 'til my mind's inebriated
That's just me, yo, is that Martin Finch? Shit it must be
I thought that he was gone away, didn't he just leave?
And join the Army or something, was he frontin?
Mr. Finch! {Class, what's up cousin? }
Yo, how you doin? {What? }, I said how you doin?
{What you went canoein? That's stupid}
Man meet me outside so we can catch up for a second
He hit the side door, then the DJ cut the record

[Break: DJ at the club - talking]

Yo, up next, we got my man Jordan Croucher doin his
new song

Produced by the homie Classified

[Break 2 - Classified - talking]

Shit, I gotta hear the new song live

For the very first time but Martin's waitin outside

Now, what the hell am I supposed to do?

I'll leave it up to you, here's your choices, choose

[beat stops]

[Outro: Narrator - talking]

If you'd like to go outside and see what's up with Martin
Finch

Proceed to Track 17

If you'd like to stay in the bar and hear the new Jordan
Croucher song

Proceed to Track 21

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