

Classified

"Fall From Paradise"

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[Verse 1:]

I know that everything that goes up, must come down
That everybody with luck, must run out
Ya, so now I'm contemplating, like 'what's up now'
The music thing is all gone, but I'll suck it up proud
I did more than I imagined, tours I couldn't fathom
Broke down doors for sure, I let 'em have it
If any opportunity came, I had to grab it
Any goals set, I rose, then ran past it
Not a superstar and never wanted that
But I did sign some autographs on some groupies' ass
Smoked a lot of free weed from St. John's to BC
They came out the wood work, to see me speak
That was paradise

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

I went thru all types of bullshit, the story go way back
And I'm proud of myself now, though it's corny to say
that
Hip hop in Enfield was really non existence
Parents thought I was a fad, Dad I gone the distance
I tried to make a difference, I kept workin off
persistence
Noone paid attention, now I talk and they listen
Emcees are often dissin, like I'm the man to beat
Ya I met a lot of rap stars that still a fan of me
I rock shows wit Busta, had songs in his movie
A chicken wit Luda, conversated wit some doobie
I drank wit Buck Shot, and Dj Evil D
I did songs wit Maestro, and smoked hash wit Keith
Moby
I love hip hop, cause it made me who I am
It gave me confidence, and it made a honest man
This is paradise, and I found a promise land
So now I'm chillin and enjoyin my accomplishments
It's paradise

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Now a couple years after this drop, I'll probably flop
But that's the way it goes when you get on the top
I'm talkin bout Canada, yo this industry's a joke
I'm a Canadian rap star, and kid I'm still broke
But I ain't work in years, and some think I'm famous
While other people ask when the hell I'm gunna make it
I'm good where I'm at, keep the glamor and the glitz
I don't run from my fans, cause my stamina is shit
I appreciate the heads, the critics, and the haters
I know I miss the ref, the bitches and the breakers
The tours, the shows, promoters and the assholes
The beats and the rhymes, cause that's all that Class
knows
That was paradise

[Chorus: to fade]

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