

Classified "Heavy Artillery"

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Now is you ready for the man steppin in with the Heavy Artillery

Both hands cocked to the back ready and willingly

Spit fire over tracks, you ain't feeling me

Judging how I look not by lyrical abilities

Please, this is for my people in the background

Staying out the limelight, molding how a track sounds

Walk with my Cap Down

Class never back down

Weigh bout a half pound

Fight to the last round

And keep moving, I?m like Parker Lewis, Can't lose

I got ya running man, with or without Dance Moves

I don't get bad moods sometimes I?m just pissed off

Drive by in your ride, wave high and you'll get flipped off

It?s like that...

All I do is write raps

Drop beats for hype tracks, smoke weed for nightcaps

Step up, we'll strike back, listen how I word it

Always underground but I?ll rise to the surface.

Chorus 2 times

Getto you dem of the Heavy Artillery

That?s why all the girls them love we

Flex with the friends we no flex with the enemies

Cause we enemy we wanna come hurt we

And them whole an apology

Cause ya know we have the heavy artillery

Flex with the friends we no flex with the enemies

Cause we enemy we wan come hurt we

Now when I die and head home

I wanna picture on my headstone

My microphone, 2 tables and my headphones.

Cross fader, triton and the MPC

Resting here, I'll producer Slash MC

But Let's move, sometimes I wild out and wanna let loose

(Puff) weed, drink booze for an excuse.

I'm in the wrong state of mind

All you flashy rappers talking, I'm here to take your shine.
Take your props, make em mine, so how ya like me now
I see your tempers rising
Ya wanna strike me down
But I will stay here, and whether or not I play fair
Depends on these rappers acting like they need some day care
Children, stop playing
Start building
I don't care who ya know or if you pushed a hard millions
It's hard dealing, I'm almost ready to explode
Everybody wanna hate, but we really gotta grow, let's go

Chorus 2 times

Yo,, I see you Leaning on the wall, with your hands in your back pocket
Acting hard like you can't feel this, stop it
I know some rappers in the place really can't rock it
But when I get up on the mic it's always hot (shit)
Listen
As I take you through this
Spit from the heart, this is art, more then music
Half of you are clueless,, don't know the real
You repeat what you hear and expect a record deal
I live for the moment, class, got ya open
This is that (shit) right here,, still boasting
I see through ya,, and I'm finish with the small talk
Done wasting time son you guaranteed to fall off.

Chorus

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