

## **Classified**

# **"Hold Your Own"**

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[Verse 1]

Leave it all to hip-hop to make your simple brain start to go numb

I'm seein' peoples in the lights turn to dark and that's for real, son

Cause when I'm comin' I never go commer-cial  
And other rappers they be goin' in rever-sal  
But me, what you know me, is goin' straight ahead  
I'm never, goin' the wrong way because my style  
always approves better

Let there, be light to the end of every tunnel  
Take a walk with me, and use your mind just like a funnel

Your lookin' at the situation, MC's with symbolation,  
Intoxication must be somethin' if they keep on frontin'  
Cuz nothin', could make me wanna quit or even forfeit  
And if you wanna see Class, take a fuckin' portrait  
Or portfolio, but this ain't the rodeo  
But if you wanna go toe to toe, ding let's start the show  
And get it on, like Marvin Gaye or maybe Sugar Ray, ha  
Yeah, one time for ya mind

[Hook]

Many rappers be spittin' game think they sayin'  
somethin'

But when they turn around all they see is people  
frontin'

Makin' music, think it's hard to the bone  
But deep inside your soul, you can never hold your own

[Verse 2]

When I be on the microphone I'm goin' off just like the power

And plus I bring the beat that keeps your head bobbin'  
for hours

And now I, could take it to another fragrance  
So keep on smellin', the funk's got your body yellin'  
help

To the flashy rappers, or yet the crappy actors  
You can call it what ya want just don't let it pass ya by  
And Classified's takin' over, kid

And that's the way it's goin' down and that's the way it  
is  
So move along, move aside, now rest assure  
That every brother who can rap thinks he's all that but  
fall back  
Cuz you be slippin' on the beats that I committed  
And everytime you did it you'd be thinkin' it's terrific  
But come on, son you just a dreamer gone to sleep  
Mc's bowin' down on the rival on the feet  
Take it as you want it, give it how you feel is right  
Talkin' at the mouth them MC's tryna earn a mic

[Bridge]

\*Here I am 20 years old trying to make it  
Rippin' the microphone till I'm muthafuckin' 60  
Here I am 20 years old trying to make it  
Here I am, here I am, here I am.....\*

[Verse 3]

What would rappers try to do if they never heard a  
rhyme  
Trying to be a story teller havin' no say like Helen Keller  
But I'm much weller, so when I speak what's goin in my  
mind  
Take ya days, months, years that don't matter it's just  
time  
I'mma climb, the ladder of luck, for real  
So what's the deal, how you tryna make me out to be a  
killa  
The check 1, 2 mic thrilla, that's how I feel ya  
So don't be pushy or I'll be the one to up and spill ya  
Yeah, that's how I prove to be committed with my very  
own words  
Five years, payin' dues, never thought that I would lose  
But yo I never wanted things so I lost  
And if I'm goin' down then I guess I paid the cost  
Only time would tell if I made it back  
But four tapes later kid I'm still makin' raps  
I guess I'm just an addict I gotta get some more  
But all you other rappers what the xxxx you many  
rappers for

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