

## Classified "Information"

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Classified  
Bringing information

(music starts)  
Class, its all about bringing information  
It's all a thinking process kid.  
My mind begins a track  
Frequency about the normal where you head like in Iraq  
Try to counteract'  
And wonder how i got up in your brain  
Just before you maybe reckon information was clame to  
fame  
but now you talking like you made it off your street life  
Everynow and then we all be leading to freak mics  
So keep tight  
And keep your head from wondering  
I'll be known as Classer kid that everone be yawndering  
So by suprise acts, except with open arms  
Never thinking i'm a God in my solar , got the high  
roller  
You define gold selling, a certain ammount of records  
We'll its worth respect and what you earn, baby you can  
burn  
Havent you learn that time your doing time past  
Smash That!  
Everybody knows that i'm the last laugh  
so past that on the people in your click  
cause when i be laying rhymes you know they  
guaranted thick

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(2x)

Never slowing down son i got no time for wasting  
Class - Its all about bringing information

And when i'm on the mic i speak to every single nation  
Class - its all about bringing information

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yo

There comes a time in everybody's simple life when  
things get complacated, try to dodge it and debate it  
but a,  
how do you think we got this far?  
On are own brains?  
Heres a fucking sign blowin' up like it was propane  
I'ma take you to a spot where everyone can see  
givin' props to every person who supported me  
(like who)  
Jolly Green  
Quincy Brun, we still in contact  
Can't forget jordon for helping me record my first rap  
Many years to come  
Got to speak on diffirent terms  
Never learn  
If you keep repeating on the never sirmen  
i keep on burning like a candel in the wind  
I think my flame it blowin' out, kid i got to much  
adrenalin(e)  
You'll never hold me down.  
So, give up  
And throw your tallent  
Knocked out again, i take home the medallion  
your tralling behind son  
moving to the for ground, so don't talk shit  
puffing up your toplit  
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Never slowing down son i got no time for wasting  
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And when i'm on the mic i speak to every single nation  
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So open up your mind. Don't forget about the facts  
Everything and what you hear, you got to see to believe  
it last  
Lots of people talking  
(Class, i'll be done for years)  
but when i'm bowling threw all the people run for clears  
kid i aint mad at cha, i gotta live my own life  
This is the way i picked my plain. I got to hold up tight  
And if i'm right, then i'm right  
if i'm wrong then oh we'll  
There aint no prusure on my soul i got to pay my toll  
Every person pays a price one time or other  
It doesn't matter what your name be or ya colour  
you take your shoot, i'll take my chance and we can  
enter that  
and leave the drama for these could who wana try to

rap

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(2x)

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