

Classified

"Intro"

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I used to hitch hike everywhere man
When I first started gettin' into hip hop
You know, I just put on my headphones, head out the door
And you know, sometimes I'd end up walkin' 2 or 3 kilometers
Before anyone would pick me up
You know, it just kinda let me zone out on the music
And just, you know, no distractions or nothin'
Ok, it just really made me appreciate the music
Ya, the hitch hikin man
So, hitch hikin music

Here we go now, ya here we, here we, here we go now,
ya {4X}

I got the rhythm in my blood, wind blowin' on my back
My kicks tightened up, sun shining on my path
It's music to the ears, wit the volume full blast
Feel like I walked alone, while everybody drive past, ya
It's been a minute since you heard of me, I'm back up in it
Go rappers livid, cause I'm doin' this beyond the limit
I'm playin hard while all you other artists seem to scrimmage
I make a decent livin, and speak with meaning in it

Class, I represent for Canada, where everybody say 'eh'
Like ?
A place where the rappers think the pimped out and ballin
But I'm sittin here, stressed, hair thinnin out, baldin
What the hell, so people thinkin Class got a soft flow
Like some people think Canada is only Toronto
Hell no, I speak a hell of a speech
Move crowds like telekinesia, yes I'm a hell of a emcee
I'm pressin cds, and sell them in the streets
And testin emcees, yes I'm developin the scenes
This life will get you down, keep it movin when you're stuck

This is hitch hikin music, so use it to pick you up
So lets go

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