

Classified "Maritimes"

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Yo, Let's take it back to the Maritimes Man
You can't take yourself too serious
Do that thing you guys were doing

Fill your cup up and chug
Roll a Joint up and get fucked
Ready for a kitchen party
Welcome to the Maritimes [x2]

I'm from the East Coast of Canada, home of the bag
pipe
Known for the fiddle players, beer and our keg price
Known for Alexander Keiths and the Donair
Home of the Mooseheads but I don't really go there
We pay a buck for a litre of gas and
Smokes cost \$10 a pack and
We always mix our tobacco with weed, it's just the way
We always done it, shit is natural to me

So let me tackle the beat and unravel the scene
Let you people know what you never travel to see
We got battle MC's, we got storytellers
And we got awful MC's and corny motherfuckers
We got everything you wanna hear
Conscious to Back pack, Commercial to Gangsta
R&B to Abstract, grunge to Rock, Classical to Country
So many artist workin' but no one making money

Welcome to the East Coast, home of the innocence
Still Piegion Holed, as a farm or a fisher man
No major league teams, baseball or hockey
No urban radio, just country and pop beats
I'm trying to shake these stereotypes
So give me space please, let me air out my life
I don't even eat fish, shit I never tried lobster
Can't play the fiddle, and never was a logger
But I swam in clean lakes, and enjoyed cool breezes
But Halifax Harbour's like swimming in diseases

We only known for Anne of Green Gables,
Coal mines, The Bluenose and P.E.I potatoes
The Maritimes, it's better then that

We livin' in the nether times so dead it with that
We got universal soul and buck 65 and
The whole CTG and of course Classified
We got back burner, good night, alpha flight, Lock
Down
Mic Boyd, first word, tro biz and hell town
And a million other artists, trying to get there flow
heard
And Let you know that we still workin' on these outskirts

We trying to blow like Halifax Explosion
Or maybe Anne Murray I know she's Nova Scotian
Or Hurricane Juan blowin from the ocean
Either way it goes I'm still reppin for my coast man

[Chorus]

That's how we do it down here
Least that's how you think we do it down here
We all pile in the kitchen
Do it like this

[Chorus]

Welcome to the Maritimes

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