

Classified

"Passion"

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Classified! (Classified)
Where you at?! (Where you at)

I'm right here.

Can you feel that passion (can you feel that passion)
Uh
Can you feel that passion (can you feel that passion)
Uh
Yeah

Inside the place, with all the bass
with all all the bass
with all all the bass
Yeah

Inside the place, with all the bass (I feel like a rap star)
with all all the bass
with all all the bass
Yeah

I go to sleep, every night with a couple of girls (huh?!)
'Cuz my daughters won't sleep in their own bed
Not what you think, I don't do it for the chicks, or the
kicks
I'ma do it for myself, and my homestead.

Going hard, and I do it from afar
while I'm shooting for the stars, like a telescope lens.
I ain't talking 'bout rap, I'm talking 'bout where I'm at in
my life,
accelerate until the road ends.

(Keep it real) Used to be the sayin'
Now it's fake it and see who can make it, I'm just sayin'
My fan base changed, but my sounds still classic,
show me anybody else this passionate

I'ma no cast, a blast from the past,
I'm pasty as hell, and my fashion is trash.
Ain't nobody matchin' the passion of Class

So I don't need your props, or the pats on the back
I'm good

[Chorus:]

Some get high, and some get low,
I give you my heart and soul
I give you passion, my passion
I give you my pa-pa-passion!

Some get high, and some get low,
I give you my heart and soul
I give you my everything
Until I lose control

And then I gotta let, GO!

Too the left then, too the right and,
Too the left then, too the right and...
I've never felt this way before (yeah)
I've never felt this way before
Uh
Yeah

Now every morning when I wake up, I wake up ahead
Aches and pains, I break the chains
Split personality, razor cane
And I don't get your reality, David Blaine.

You gotta go hard, or go home, feel the pressure
But every now and then, get away, go adventure
Drink that spiced rum, smoke 'til the nights done
But don't say where you got the advice from

Yeah, I'm a great role model, 'cuz I don't quit shit,
I'ma sip the whole bottle
I'm so thirsty, I'm hungry, my belly keeps rumblin'
Tryin' to make something out of nothing.

The mix master, made it in the game,
Never had to dis rappers
However, if after, I pull the plug on your misconception
And I ain't even talkin 'bout my skin complexion

[Chorus]

I had this kid ask me if I really write my rhymes (wa-
WHAT?!)
I guess it's just a sign of the times.
Lemme check (one-two) Yeah these rhymes is mine
It's the life of the party kid, we wine and dine.

Get your hands to the sky, high, rise and shine
And keep your eyes wide open 'til the blinds recline
Half man and an animal, designed to grind
I'ma mix into other mankind combined (I'ma beast!)

And the passions, coming from the sunnn

Yeah, I'm the compulsive obsessive,
with a small touch of OC
Always on the go so, watch as we proceed
And I will never OD

But my flow leaves slow from my soul,
like a nose bleed
No sleep late nights gettin crows feet,
I can't quit it man,
this passion controls me

[Chorus]

I never, I never...
Yeah
Inside the place, with all the bass
with all all the bass
with all all the bass

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