

Classified "Politics"

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Yo

It's all about politics

Yo hmmm Yo

Check, check

Steady, steady

Pop, Pop, Pop, Pop

It's all about politics in this game

Who ya know, How to make ya doe maintain

Gotta make them know the last name

Or gotta have a steady back frame

Just to keep yourself up

In my position no one else will help me up

And maybe I'm wrong, maybe I'm not

Maybe I had it up to hear with that

I could get what you got, from your father

Cousin whatever relative, their the ones that got you
signed

And you still ain't sellin' kid

hmm, kinda makes me wonder and frown

Got all these mutherfuckers trying to make moves in
the underground

Trying to make moves, y'all about to lift off

Pretty much the reason why this wackness is hip hop

y'all need to make this shit stop

Put away your gimmickry to act for Chris Rock

I'm sick of hearing rappers trying to spit with no effort

y'all leave me disappointed like the 44 on the corner
record

[Chorus: x2]

Now for my people on the side lines trying to make it
spittin'

Ya need to recognize its steady politicking

It's doesn't matter 'bout your skill, ain't nobody gonna
listen

Unless you know someone, cause its steady politicking

[Verse Two]

Ever since day one I never rhymed for green

never had nobody pullin' strings behind the scenes

And never had nobody with their hand around my
shoulder
teaching me the industry, I learned as I got older
Did it on my own, made a name, kept it true
Never asked your opinion, keep it quiet less your crew
And fuck press reviews, when they talk like they got
lines
Always trying to front, you write articles not rhymes
Don't let it get confusin', but if it comes to me and
we going toe to toe y'all losin'
Lyrically exclusive, verbally abusive, on a class track
makin critics look stupid
This ain't a optic allusion stop the confusion
I'm white and I drop tight music
Over looked, under used stop the presses
y'all in class now and ya failed the fuckin' test kid

Steady, politicking

And either way when I started I lacked vision
You never found class on the mic ass kissin'
I tracks hit 'em with velocity, authority
Doing what I gotta, make it hard for you ignore me
Try to block this out your mind
See what happens when I'm bold to knock you out your
prime
I ain't trying to tell nobody you ignore the rhyme
But if I do, I'll leave your ass broken without a dime
So keep that on your mind

[Chorus]

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