

# Classified

## "Quit While You're Ahead"

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[Chorus:]

You better quit while you're ahead  
Ah that's what I said, or you're better off dead  
Hey eh, you better quit while you're ahead

[Verse 1: Choclair]

I told ya (yeah)  
I did (I did, I did)  
Now, a lot of MC's walkin with no knees  
They persistent with fuckin with me  
I'm just that real laid back, chill bat, smokin them trees  
But yo I turn into some African bees (if you're fuckin  
with me)  
I'm unmatched, unpassed, since way back  
Up upon them blocks, rockin MCM hats  
Just spittin at these people like I'm swingin a bat  
At Scarborough Village, where the pillage was at  
(You better quit while you're)  
All them girls in them pum pum shorts, where they  
wanted it fat (yes)  
Yo, I ain't braggin, I'm just spittin the facts  
No exaggeration (naw), no grippin on my balls for  
charm  
A Big Mac with no lettuce and sauce  
Now my collar bone is filled with stars and got stripes  
down the arm  
Got Class in the cut, pull the pin out the bomb, brother  
Yo, so let them horns blow (yeah)  
We're reppin this here because you all asked for it, so  
yo

[Chorus x2: w/ ad libs]

[talking behind Chorus: Choclair]

I told ya  
I told ya

[Verse 2: Classified]

I ain't goin nowhere, I got my people in here  
We still got it after all the smoke clears  
Now speakin mathematically, there's no comparin to  
my strategy

Tryin to measure up, I appreciate the flattery  
But half of these rappers are half of a beat backwards  
Claimin they on point man, ch-check the stats first  
I've dropped 12 albums with at least 12 songs in the  
last 12 years  
Do the math right there  
That's 144, on a one a month average  
And that don't even count what I produced for other  
rappers  
(You better quit while you're)  
Done 5 tours, with 20 shows or more  
And that's only dating back to 2004  
Let's not forget the other years that don't apply to  
Now name another rapper tourin Canada like I do  
I know I am, on the top of this  
And I know I have, many accomplices  
If the numbers add up you can't get rid of me  
So kid, know your past or your future will be history

[Chorus: w/ ad libs]

[Verse 3: Maestro]

The Maes, the Maes is smooth and here to soothe you  
when  
MC's lose, he keeps improvin  
'Cause he keeps comin back with more and more hits  
(Ahh shit), suckers better quit  
When you touch my first record, then we can talk  
Start prayin, start fastin, then we can walk  
I'm makin movies now, while rappers still runnin their  
lips  
Get off my dick, I'm tryin to study my script  
(You better quit while you're)  
I got politicians callin 'cause I'm influential  
Beat makers want my voice on their instrumentals  
Rappers makin mixtapes, then they get out of line  
Except I've never seen a record yet do better than mine  
They just keep recyclin, not excitin  
Never the less I just put it to rest 'cause Wes keeps  
enticin them  
'Stro fans wonder how he's gonna flow next  
But all you gotta know is that he so Fresh Wes  
(Godfather, God bless), still I spark the flame  
Only rapper from Toronto on the Walk Of Fame  
Now who you think Toronto trusts more - me or you?  
Who you think Toronto loves more - me or you?  
Son I'm not tryin to say that I'm better than y'all  
I'm just on another level than y'all, so just move

[Chorus x2: w/ ad libs]

[Verse 4: Moka Only (Classified)]

Man y'all can't talk about stats without puttin your boy

Moka in

(Yo, that's why I got at you man, let 'em know)

You see my braggin rights could be wrote on the

longest list

The most prolific rapper in the world that fits

In my palm like this, my likeness is ubiquitous

36 albums underneath my belt

I whip 'em off like they Bisquick biscuits bitch

And ain't many that can deal with the heat that's felt

Rappers on the thing underneath my briefs and belt

I said (you better quit while you're ahead)

Mok a kept on with the keep on

You can't sleep on, so get gone and go get my coffee

gopher

The girls on my toblerone, the bone her

Head stat on your cold toner

I've got the Junos and the platinum plaques back at

home

7 MMVAs, I can hold my own

A known felon when it come to the microphone chrome

Choclair, Class, Maestro and Moka Only, let's go

[Chorus]

[talking behind the Chorus: Moka Only]

Man we got stats

Comin at ya like some baseball bats

You fall flat, fall back nigga

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