

Classified

"Separate the Music from the Gimmicks"

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Class Class Class Class Class { *3X* }
Ya, turn, turn the heat up
Separate the music from the gimmicks
Class Class Class Class Class

[Verse One]

Now

I'd always told I need a gimmick in this music business
I got no women, just it's me and I'm defying physics
Dissin critics who never listened but more specific
I'm trying to make a living, when I'm spttin' that's my
vision

Now you know how I'm livin' everything I spit I did it
Torn, painted the town, ripped a microphone in every
district

I treat this like a privilege, I sleep in everyday
Traded in steady pay, take a chance anyway
Still movin, I've paid my dues put my work in
Climbing on this bandwagon, ya still got me
discouraged, cause

Ain't nothing worse then when every person
try to jump on my excursion, trying to eat off what I'm
doin'

What's your purpose? You don't deserve this surface
We know that your flow is worthless

I can't believe that you people think your dues can be
purchased

I know - ain't no one perfect, but your going at this half
ass

It's like burning your bridges and buying a mack pass
I ain't the best producer or the dopest MC

I'm the complete package, illist rap artist you still
haven't seen

ain't a cocky guy but I gotta speak truth, you want
proof?

Give me a pen, my beat machines and I'm a give you
loot

Can you hear what I'm sayin?
You seen all the gimmicks
It's time to turn the table

Yo Yo Yo

Turn, Turn the heat up, that's what's real
B M studio
We speak the facts
Spittin Lyrics on tracks

[Verse Two]

Yo when I was young I used to play these games
pretend to dress up
But guess what? I've grown
So I don't put my image on..I live it
Play my cards right, ain't trying to be a statistic
Kid with quick lip who opens you up on every visit
I never pimped a hoe, never sold no crack
Never caught a bullet, never dissed my parents on a
track
Guess they raised me right, Huh?
This Aint as simple as it sounding?
I stole a lot, lot a lot
Every two weeks I was grounded
And that's why now I'm grounded
I got my head on straight
Spittin' what I know, ignitin
mics and always detinate

(Hip Hop, Hip Hop)

Is my fate, whether or not you relate
It doesn't make a difference, either way class is doing
great
Now watch those moves you make
Cause everybody's lossin face
Smokin it up so much how they look, these people got
no music taste
Your gimmicks fuckin' played, what you really don't see
it
Trying to play us out like dummies
Son we just don't believe it

EASY!

Sometimes I loose control, and get a bit excited
But this is life, kid if you don't live it, then don't write it
I'm sayin' too much I'm the first one to admit it
I'm just really trying to separate the music from the
gimmicks

Can you hear what I'm sayin?
You seen all the gimmicks
It's time to turn the tables

Turn Turn The heat Up
Separate the music from the gimmicks
Thats all you got? {*3X*}

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