

## Classified "Sibling Rivalry"

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Rivalries...

Rivalries...

Oh, here we go again  
Mike's pissed off  
Rhyme for a year,  
Think he's all hip hop

Well excuse me, please  
Mr. Ten-year-veteran  
It looks like the fame  
Might be goin' to your head again  
Look, I've had it up to here  
Always talkin' me down,  
Bossin' me around  
Scared I'm takin' your crown?

Not even in the slightest.

Yeah, we'll see.

Man you wouldn't write shit,  
If it wasn't for me.  
You would have no CDs,  
No free beats,  
No trips  
You ain't grateful,  
For none of that shit.

Wait, run it back, kid  
You ain't paid me a buck  
Why you think I never ever  
Had money for that stuff?

Cause you can't keep a job!

Man, neither can you!

I left home in '98,  
Ma and Pa still your crew.  
Fuck it,  
I'll get personal,

Put it in perspective.  
You grew up with a silver spoon,  
Never learned a lesson,  
Everything was handed to you.

That wasn't my choice,  
Mom and dad only had enough money to put in one  
boy.  
And that's me,  
More skill, more sick, more ill, more spit, more flow,  
lets go, no joke.

No bro,  
Let me tell em how it really is,  
I'm more ill, more balanced, more real and more talent.

We constantly have these rivalries... (rivalries)  
We constantly have these rivalries...  
We constantly have these rivalries... (rivalries)  
We constantly have these rivalries...

K, enough with the singin' man  
I thought you were an MC...

Yeah I spit raw,  
And sing a smooth melody!  
I'm multi-talented,  
You stick with the basics,  
You find what you're good at  
And never, ever change it.

Yeah I found what I'm good at,  
I say I got a formula,  
Still keep it fresh,  
Not the same old boring stuff,  
Every day you call though...  
"Bro, you're the sickest man, just give me a beat man,  
come on I'll fuckin' rip it!  
Some things never change.

Yeah, I'm still gettin' hand outs  
Just got my first pair of hammer pants now

You a second-rate rapper

What? Getting fed up?  
Cause I rhyme for a year,  
And your boys think I'm better?

Oh, I'll give you credit,  
You can rhyme,

But you've only just started and already in your prime.  
You only goin' down,  
While I'm slowly goin' up.  
Gettin' higher in this game,  
While you only smokin' up.

Fuck you!

Fuck you, bitch  
I had it with your attitude

Yeah, well I'm your brother,  
So really what can you do?  
You're still gonna give me beats for free

Yeah, you're right,  
I hope you blow up,  
Just get signed to HalfLife.

And that's me,  
More smart, more sick, more art, more spit, more  
flows, lets go, no joke.

Nah, bro  
Let me tell 'em how it really is  
I'm more ill, more balanced, more real, and more  
talent.

We constantly have these rivalries (rivalries)...  
We constantly have these rivalries...  
We constantly have these rivalries (rivalries)...  
We constantly have these rivalries...

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