

Classified

"Sound Check"

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Check One, Two
Ya lets do a quick sound check
Ya just put on that beat I had
Drop that beat, ya

Yes yes y'all, back in the place
It's for the heads y'all, ain't nobody safe
Yes yes y'all, I'm back in the place
It's for the heads y'all, heads y'all

I like to welcome ya back, clear your calender
Let me begin, dusting off the record break
And plug my mic back in
Another record from class, deja vu
Came back to drop cuts like DJ Babu
Jump right into the game of boy cott-in the industry
But now a days I'm Boy Cott-in the industry
I play with my rules, take the wins and losses
Make kids get nauseous, when I begin to talk shit
I'm a loud mouth, I say what I be thinkin'
Figure the different I say it, better the words I'm sayin'
So I'm a break it, got a lot of things to prove
Still trying to show that classified is not a group
Only one man, white boy without a sun tan
One ramp, and rock shows with only one fan
I'm Hip Hop
There ain't another way to put it
A product of the culture and stayin' deep rooted
Raised off the music, rhymes beats and rhythm
Harmony's and Melodies, mixed in to be different
That's what kept me listening, I'm ready to go
So let the confetti blow and get the show on the road

Yes yes y'all, back in the place
It's for the heads y'all, ain't nobody safe
Yes yes y'all, I'm back in the place
It's for the heads y'all, heads y'all, lets go
Heads y'all

