

# Classified "Sound Off"

Visit "[Sound Off](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1]

Ah yo I march to the mic with my hands out

Set and stand out, cut the band out

And let me hype man out

Take the mic stand now, excite hands down

Deleting competition and still stand proud

Constructive, over your head still productive

Got you hanging off my words, Class be seductive

Ya had enough kid, relax and listen

I'm sick of everybody in this rap game bitchin

First off, I'll make a few things clear

Don't be yapping in my ear bout some stupid shit ya  
hear

Take it from the source, Class no other

I'll bring it to your face to keep your mind from getting  
cluttered

Second, to the people disrespecting

Taking me for granite cause I'm unsigned, Fuck you!

I'll cuss who, ever wants to step to this essence

Now feel my presence, in every sentence, a message

[Chorus]

Ground squad, Round off, Prepare, Crowns off

Found War, Now your, in for, downfall

Want war, got war, want more, got raw

Ground squad, sound soft, nah sound off

[repeat Chorus]

[Verse 2]

That's the bottom line right, now you can see where I be  
coming from

See what I'll be dealing with, understanding some of  
them

These people acting dumb to me, and I can't seem to  
concentrate

Then I got these other people, bitchin like they men-es-  
trate

That's my third problem never meant to lay it on ya

But life's a funny thing, I'll probley turn and blame it on  
ya

I need to keep my head straight, can't drink and such

But that's my forth problem, people say I think too  
much

But for the fifth, it's like this

Looking at the large few still ain't seeing shit

Got me wondering what's the reason for my rhyme

And so fucking tired, when people tell me it's a waste  
of time

I told ya, this is my life

If anybody's having any doubts you can die twice

One death for my soul, another for yourself

Now do the mathematics, or rewind and try to figure it  
out

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

And from one point to another, I'm lifting up my  
eloquence

And exercise my past days to see what things was  
relevant

My sixth point, intelligence, no one seems to use it

Wonder if I'm dissing ya I'll tell ya if I do it

Seven deadly sins, plus 9 pedestrians

One squad I represent, defeating us, guess again

It's takes the best of men to overcome the rest of em

Take the lesser men and rebuilt, ain't no questioning

Now who's impressing them, check the truer specimen

Hot like Mexican, take the proper steps to win

Problems next to him, but still will prevail

with a mic in my hand and the skill you should feel

[Chorus] - 2X

Visit [Classified](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.