

Classified

"Specifications"

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[Verse 1]

Shit I'm up late
Tryin' to re-record my dub plate
It's love hate and this game is in a rough state
Some kids hate and wanna show up at my club dates
Go and talk shit I'll shut you up with duct tape
This is goin' out for deejay's with vinyl
For every hip hop head, black to albino
Record executive who still got they spinal
Drop this for the kids who wore their pants low in high school
(C'mon!) nothin ever comes for free
I'm send this out for everyone who runs with me
Help me build up and live life comfortably
I'll remember everything that you've done for me
So let me talk clear up my brain and give props
Spit this for kids with a real love for hip hop
Fuck all that blah blah blah same thing
Everybody says the same thing, I can't stand that!
This is for the girls who gots they mans back
And can appreciate a song that ain't a dance track
Spittin this right here for everyone who's original
Drop somethin' different, not the same ol' shitty flow

[Chorus] x 2 (WITH VARIATIONS)

{"Ya'll know the name"}
{"Class"} {"You hit 'em up"}
{"Claimin' that you pack heat"} {"What?"} {"The
Fuck"}
{"Represent hip hop"}
{"Emcees, Deejays"} {"Graffiti"}

[Verse 2]

Yo I'll admit life is tricky
I know some kids in this game who'd die to hit me,
jealous bastards!
Open your mouth and your gettin slapped backwards
Drop this for kids who have a beer and are plastered
Spittin' this for the marijuana smokers
For anybody high drunk or sober
I drop this for ?painters? and every street breaker

The fifth element of hip hop: the beat makers
Got beef? we'll meet later
I've got more important things to do, than start shit and
swing

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