

## Classified

### "The Maritimes"

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Let's take it back to the Maritimes Man  
You cant take yourself so serious  
Do that thing you guys were doing

Failure called the venture  
Roll a Joint up and get fucked  
Ready for a kitchen party  
Welcome to the Maritimes

I'm from the East Coast of Canada, home fo the bag  
pipe  
Known for the fiddle players, beer and out keg price  
Known for Alexander Keiths and the \_\_\_\_  
Home of the Mooseheads but I don't really go there  
We pay a buck for a litre of gas and  
Smokes cost \$10 a pack and  
We always mix our tobacco with weed, its just the way  
its always been shit is natural to me  
So let me tackle the beat and unravel the scene  
Let you people know what you never travel to see  
We got battle MC's, we got story tellers  
And we got awful MC's and corny motherfuckers  
We got everything you wanna hear  
Conscious to Back pack, Commercial to Gangsta  
R&B to Abstract, grunge to Rock, Classical to Country  
So many artist workin' but no one making money  
Welcome to the East Coast, home of the innocence  
Still Pigeon Hold, as a farm or a fisher man  
No mager lake teams, baseball or hockey  
no urban radio just country and poppies  
I'm trying to shake these stereo types  
So give me space please, let me air out my life  
I don't even eat fish, shit I never tried lobster  
Cant play the fiddle, and never was a logger  
But I swam in clean lakes, and enjoyed cool breezes  
But Halifax Harbours like swimming in diseases  
We only known for Anne & Green Gable  
Coal minds to Blue nose and P.E.I. Potatoes  
Maritimes, its better then that  
We livin' in the nether times so dead it with that  
We got universal soul and buck 65 an

The whole UCG and of course Classified  
We got back burner, goo night, alpha flight, Lock Down  
Mic Boyd, first word, tro biz and hell town  
And a million other artist, trying to get there flow heard  
And Let you know that we still workin' on these outskirts  
We trying to blow like Halifax Explosion  
Or maybe Anne Marie I know she's Nova Scotian  
A Hurricane \_\_\_\_\_ blowin from the ocean  
Either way it goes I'm still reppin for my coast man

That's how we do it down here  
Least that's how you think we do it down here  
We all pile in the kitchen  
Do it like this

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