

Classified

"They Don't Know"

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[Classified]

(They don't know)

I got these kids in my face like

Now that you found success, what does it taste like

(They don't know)

Honestly it doesn't taste ripe

All of this strife doesn't justify the pay hike

(They don't know)

You really think you figured me out?

I built this up from nothing in my tree house

A kid from the sticks done good

You should be proud but you continually doubt

(They don't know)

We've seen it all before

The young, broke artist finally getting his reward

And the fans he first had were the hardest of hardcore

Now they want to say he's loosing touch with the art
form

(They don't know)

They said he changed too much and the other half said
he hasn't changed enough

I'm doing me; all my bullshit growing as a man

Take a walk in my shoes and I'm sure you'd understand

[Chorus]

(They don't know)

Use your mind we're all one of a kind man

(They don't know)

No they don't know nothing, but they gotta stay
something

(And they don't know) Why I write, what I'm doing with
my life

(And they don't know for they come and they go)

[Mike Boyd]

You got some nerve

Trying to sum me up with one word

I know some people don't concur

But its time to come out from that rock that you've been
hiding under

(They don't know)

I'm from the land of hateful words and racial slurs

Plus I love hip-hop so it makes it worse
Wasn't sure how to take it at first
Til I realized that the mistake was theirs
I never changed my accent to be down with rap and
Never started acting like I'd pop a cap in your asses
I was just a hip-hop addict, that's all, that's it.
It still makes me sick
To see these racist hicks
Droppin' N bombs like it's still the days of the slave
ships
That ignorance still leaves me in amazement
I'm ashamed to share the same skin

[White Mic]

(And they don't know) what it's like for Mike
In my life, I thought I'd see my name in lights
But (they don't know) what this game is like
Shot for the stars but I didn't aim it right
I tried to stay in flight
I crave the mic but I don't know what to say at times
Day and night I sit and think about a way to rhyme
With a wooden pencil that doesn't make a flame ignite
(And they don't know) how it feels to fall
When you got no plan B at all
And when I'm seen on the scene people ask how is he
involved?
If I wasn't was I ever real dog?
I don't need an album completed
I just getting weeded and spitting
And people peep it and listen
And think that I need an opinion
But if you got one, keep it, secret

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