

## **Classified "Unpredictable"**

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I'm so sick with this microphone I feel ill  
Like I got 30 different people wanting shit like I was  
retail  
I'm done giving favors give back the pad and pencils  
Perform accapella getting no more instrumentals  
Fuck potential son  
Cause you ain't got the heart or drive  
You can talk what you want I'll emerge with a darker  
side  
My marker glides covers wide spread  
Plus reflect life on paper, the verbal vibrator  
Bringing pleasure to these ears of these hip hop heads  
Now fuck it Class bring it to everyone who is not dead  
Shit you killing me, now forget the credibility  
Let's compare stability, and willingly, lyrical ability  
Production wise, I can't be touched (I can't be touched)  
And on the microphone I ain't the dopest, but still dope  
as fuck  
Conceited, and cocky, I call this confidence  
Innerself compliments with no equivalents, Now

Chorus (2 times)

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