

## John Scatman

### "Classic Verses"

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\* [Verse One] -- from the Show & A.G. "Full Scale EP"

\* [Verse Two] -- from the DJ Clue CD "The Professional"

[Verse One]

Yo, my squad is honored like Elijah Muhammad  
But I'm God-retarded, ain't no righteousness in this  
heart of violence  
Hard as diamond but I'm in the ruff, listen up  
If you ever see me with the Feds you can bet it's in the  
cuffs  
Ain't no snitch in us, bitch in us  
Unofficial-ness, everything we outside you wish you  
was  
Official thugs in the drug profession  
Drug connections, drug addictions  
Still seein the judge for drug possession  
The four-D's, all these is more reas'  
to either get big, or leave and let live  
We the best there is T.S., ain't nobody else  
We probably Dove, cause we all way on top of the shelf  
I'm lockin your wealth with the master keys, freeze  
Don't try to breeze, or I'ma squeeze and blast the back  
of your knees  
Just pass the cheese, please don't test the toaster  
My tech'll roast ya body faster than Ferrari's Testarossa  
You're gettin closer to death, Reaper's got a hold on  
your breath  
You goin straight to hell as you sell your soul for your  
flesh  
You was posin a threat, now you froze in the bed  
Minute ago, you was poppin shit, holdin ya dick  
Now what's the problem, you ain't nuttin like you said  
on your album  
I thought you was wildin bustin your guns and runnin  
the island  
You was't violent, you was silent tryin to get college  
credits  
How pathetic, did it to get out of the calisthetics  
I'm +Dianetics+ combined with lyrics  
My matureness is my insurance  
Kill my appearance, I'm a shinin spirit

You gotta fear it, cause every last gem is poison  
You gotta cheer it, you can't win you better join em  
I'm head-annointin niggas like the Holy Gospel  
I'm the only vato loco to smoke you with fire-blowin  
nostrils  
Watch for the toast, when you see it, you better draw  
yours  
Warlords, callin The Giant, it's all yours

[Verse Two]

Fuck all y'all non-believers; I roll with God, the Squad  
and T.S.  
Out with the B.S. we platinum, they even doubted Jesus  
Niggas is 85%, I'm 400 solid  
Brain-bolic with knowledge, cock-diesel scholars  
Holdin it down, walkin around with gold by the pound  
Frozen and drowned with diamond boulders all in the  
crown  
Talk of the town, soakin you down wit toast 'til you  
drown  
Ghost you and pound your corpse with a force that'll  
open the ground  
Save the jokes for the clowns, I'm on the serious tip  
You keep playin.. and I get furious quick  
And now I take you for a walk through the ghetto  
Either spark your metal or get outlined in chalk by the  
devil  
I rep the borough that mothered this rap shit, I used to  
clap shit  
Now I just lay back and mack on some mack shit  
I used to have to pack a mac in back of the Ac[ura]  
Now I relax and stack platinum plaques in my shack  
It's like that, but don't think I won't counter act  
My niggaz is strapped and quick to lay a bitch on his  
back  
I'm swift with the mac, quicker than Kung Fu  
with the reflexes of a cat, and the speed of a  
mongoose

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