

## **Leaders Of The New School "Classic Material"**

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Classic, Busta Rhymes is  
Classic, Dinco D is  
Classic, Charlie Brown is  
Classic, Milo in the dance is  
Classic, backspin is classic

Cut to the monitor, monitor to the cut  
What? Milo in the dance

Bust this as I construct this like a blunt  
Ropie dope, first quarter just start  
Now people in the dance me au beh uni  
Uni uni, fe big up in '92  
No link to dust, watch brain cells bust

As I flip the script, I could make a Rev feel lit  
You walking on shakey ground, call it warned  
Now big up your chest if you could test L.O.N.S.  
Mr. Distress take a long rest  
And I never never never wanna  
See you no more, see you no more  
See you no more, got classic material wall to wall

Hey, running through computer chips, leaving trails of  
flesh  
Disectable satons, crucial to summing quest  
Less, yes, bust press on the drumpads  
Caress chest may relieve stress, so  
Consider the inner outta don't know if you oughta  
doubt a  
Seat a eater Peter, what you saying after hours?

Players pop pills, pop stars blunt fanatics the dramatics  
Come running up to me, the D to the O  
(Why it gotta be you, D?)  
Which sees for insight within the C down

With an  
(Oh my gosh)  
And a  
(Oh C.B.)  
10-4 not Milo

(Follow me)

Cuss, you mean us, Leaders  
As you see, you an MC, you an MC  
Well no time to play, LP it in time  
It's just another case, hey but I place  
Place another fact and exact I come  
(Oh)  
Classic Material we reign number one

Classic material, classic material  
L.O.N.S. with the classic material  
Classic material, Classic Material  
Everybody, we got the classic material

Hey, a new frontier, pioneer to steer  
Ripping and rhyiming, ripping and rhyiming every single  
year  
365, 24/7, Stomp romp stamp amp floor keep stepping  
Merely, yearly, my base is always 1st, not 3rd, word  
Catch the patch in the latch of the hook of the book

Perhaps?  
(No haps)  
If so (Hip-hop!) Make 'em make 'em clap  
Last class, I alphabetized the re-rap  
A boy came down every day  
A-B-C-D-E, now see what I say  
C. Brown reflections of black  
(And)

The shade of the lyrical, here to kick facts  
Give me a hit  
(Hit)  
For the classic elastic splastic dope on plastic  
No illusion no confusion, undecided  
I'm invited delighted and bite it

Material madness, raw for the core imperial  
As I come with an aerial  
Power from the L-shaped room  
L.O.N.S., L.O.N.S. we smoke boom

When I make my music, I got the classic material  
When I grab the microphone you know I'm reigning  
imperial  
Wake up in the morning, eat my whole wheat cereal  
Historical styles combines with new musical  
L.O.N.S. wreck shit as usual

When we make a presence yes we got to make it visual

Mental, physical, then we come spiritual  
Follow this shit here, cause this shit is emotional  
We express an emotion through a style they call lyrical  
Mysterical, we make it complicated and technical

Numerical as we move down like a decimal  
(East coast stomp)  
Cause you know that is the principle  
Look at here, what you see is four individuals  
This time, you know we're going to form in institutional

So that we can become one  
And become more powerful  
You're living mystical  
Identify yourself as you face the universal

Ripping it at will and it's done with no rehearsal  
Moving like you're dusted and you're  
Caught up in something trivial  
T.I.M.E. is eternal when you have the

Classic material, yes material, yes material  
You know we got material, classic material  
Yes material, yes material, classic material

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