

## Three Plus "Unpredictable"

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When I react on tracks I make necks snap with raw rap  
Underrated too much but critics I don't follow that  
You can't even dream of looking through my eyes  
And be compared to the same guy  
Now open up your reservoir, all and all, Draining body  
fluids  
Now watch me do it, or complicate the situation, screw  
it  
Cause how the fuck you gonna play this game  
You took it far enough my turn erasing names  
I'll make an MC flips backwards, even let you rap first  
Blow away your format, how can you ignore that  
Shit, your rap style expired long ago  
Now you falling off plus your peoples like domino  
Here we go again  
Classified saying same shit that he did back when  
Well I'm pissed off and ain't getting no better  
Seeing weak mc's on TV that's the reason that I'm fed  
up

Chorus (2 times)

Who be, I be, Class  
Verbal drug pusher  
Yall can check his pulse through your subwoofer, and  
Who me, what you  
Heart beat provider  
Motivate myself to keep the rest of yall inspired

How's a ritual like this, treated pitiful and shit  
Looking for these individuals to verbally commit  
Take some action on your words, like speaking from  
the heart  
Talk about experience but never played the part  
Got some smart shit to say, don't ya  
Rappers entering this game biting like a vulture and  
saying fuck the culture  
Talking image like that's how you portrayed  
While this cross eyed rapper dudes, reflecting off my  
attitude  
Now drop the eloquence I never had it in me  
And never seen no christyle ever in my city

So pop the great white and let's have a drink or two  
Shit, I'm wasted on half a pint of vodka ain't you  
Damn, I guess that means I'm pussy  
Never had no pressure in my life to push me  
Staying focused on the topic at hand  
To battle back from any mc or man, now that's that true  
shit

Chorus (2 times)

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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