

Class Trip

Sampa the Great

Think I'm looking at my passport
Pass for, passed for Indian once
A pin in him bunch my guy with a lyrical much
He's given much he's taken
A pin in the bunch, I underestimated being in touch with myself
And who the hell was on the other side of self
Late night conversations talk to myself
Get outta your mind, like a minute I was outta my time
I still out of my prime, my journey while I'm walking in line
Is a journey that I'm walking in time
Throwback to the miners I can find
And them ghetto got the giggles who would shot at their arm
Just a ripple in time, just a measure of mine
Just beginner in the challenge of life, life, life, life

So I simmered up and supper sorted
And all my dreams I dream I sit inside as I forgotten
Like who the hell am I to see myself in summer solace
Class trip the basics reality is what you make it
Reality is what you make it
Reality is what you make it
Bite your tongue, bite your tongue
Bite your tongue, bite your tongue
Bite your tongue, bite your tongue
Bite your tongue

Think I'm looking at my passport
Pass for, passed for ignorant once
I book all bunch my God how the ego did crunch
I prolly would have taken
I lived in a box, I underestimated living life larger than myself
Like who the hell stole the knowledge that I pre-
existed previously to myself
To whom knowledge seeks knowledge finds
I'm was outta my mind, I'm still outta my time
I journey wide welcome to life, it's a journey that I'm walking in ti
me
Throwback to the miners I can find
And them ghetto got the giggles who would shot at their arm
Just a ripple in time, just a measure of mine
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