

Classic Man

Chipmunk

I'm a good guy, why these niggas wanna kill me?
I love my own bars, I don't give a fuck if you feel me
There was wine at the last supper, drinking don't kill me
I've got weed, alcohol and the holy spirit in me
Always ask me where I'm going, I don't know but I'm spazzing
I do rap, I do grime, I've got tekkers, I can balance
Yo, miss me with the muscle man ting, I can't stand it
Lyrically I will shake the protein out these rappers
Look, niggas get the sports confused, I can't stand it
This is rapping, this ain't benching, raise the bar, you won't
balance
Classic man, I don't copycat, I can't stand 'em
If you ain't from Atlanta and you rapping, why you dabbing?
Ayy, I just say the things everybody's shook to say
And if you don't like the truth, I guess you won't like my tape
Turn me off, I don't care, ten years, still here
One pen, no fear, let's get one ting clear

I'm a classic man
You can be mean when you look this clean
I'm a classic man
Calling on me like a young OG
I'm a classic man
Your needs get met by the street, elegant
Old fashioned man
Yeah baby, I'm a classic man
I burn through-

Ayy, I beg you play my favourite part of the song please, fam
Yeah, that part

Even if she go away, even if she go away
Even if she go away, even if she go away

I'm a classic man
You can be mean when you look this clean
I'm a classic man
Calling on me like a young OG
I'm a classic man...