

# Do This Our Way

Classified

Let's show 'em how we do it  
What?  
Come on, let's go

"We do it our way"  
"Each and every day"  
"Y'all know my occupation, I'm puttin in the work"  
"Neck snappin back and forth, 'bout to break that shit"  
"Bre-break that shit"

"We do it our way"  
"Every single day"  
"Y'all know my occupation, I'm puttin in the work"  
"Neck snappin back and forth, 'bout to break that shit"  
"That's to show you how nice I am"

In a matter of rhyme (yeah), I step out and shatter your spine  
Half of the time, I spit just to rattle your mind  
Laugh at your kind with your weak battle design  
You must be out of your mind like tryin to travel through time  
I'm too much for comfort, too much for one word  
Can't be described, so I'm stayin Classified, get it?  
I'm over your head kid and I'm ready to deport you  
You like George Bush, your own country don't support you (haha)  
I get ridiculous, sick with it, you can't see? Picture it  
Do it with no guarantees, it's hit or miss  
Run off initiative, I don't dream, I'm livin it  
My whole mind frame, there ain't a chance you can get with it  
My last album, how am I supposed to top it?  
Only problem with it was not enough people copped it  
If it's hard kid (then follow logic), support the project  
Big up to all the heads who heard my product and actually bought it  
I'm white trash, bald head, skinny, pot head  
With a love for this rap game until the day I drop dead  
You hand fed MCs are gettin ran out  
So go back to the drawing board, draw another plan out

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And there is but one man  
A man who has won more battles than he has fought  
A man who has the confidence of his people

Go easy on emotion  
This kid break beats on backs with backup to battle everybody boastin  
On my coast, I'm still fresh as hell, of course I know the ropes  
You can take the safe route, I'll keep puttin tapes out

But don't show your face (no!), from Vancouver to Saint John's  
I still make songs for these haters to hate on  
It's hip-hop and everybody got a cocky attitude  
If you ain't let 'em know, no one else'll do it for you  
And this is straight true (yo)  
Everybody want to step but hold your breath there ain't no way you gon' play  
Luke  
I stay in plain view, out of sight (then out of mind)  
So I'm stayin busy cause I'm quickly runnin out of time  
And I ain't the star type, I don't have the 'it' factor  
Ain't a pretty boy, I'm a beat maker and sick rapper  
I'll flip the game backwards and change the guideline (back up)  
It's my time, so watch Classified shine  
(Canada), step up, come on we know it's past due  
We need to make a permanent mark on this game like tattoos  
So slow your roll, you ain't ready for the cold  
You ain't ready for this enemy endin your whole flow

Two thousand and [screech]  
"That's to show you how nice I am"