

# Information

Classified

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Bringing information

It's all a thinking process kid  
My mind begins a track  
Frequency above the normal way your head like interact  
Try to counteract  
And wonder how I got up in your brains  
Just before you made your record information was your claim to fame  
but now you talking like you made it off your street life  
Every now and then ?? be leading to freak mics  
So keep tight  
And keep your head from wondering  
I'll be known as Class, the kid that everyone be honourin'  
So by surprise acts, I except with open arms  
Never thinking I'm a God in my soul, I got the high roll  
You define gold selling, a certain amount of records  
Well who's respect did you earn? Baby you got burned  
Haven't you learned that the job you doin's half-assed  
Smash That  
Everybody knows that I'ma last laugh  
so past that on the peoples in your clique  
cause when I be laying rhymes you know it's guaranteed thick

Never slowing down son I got no time for wasting  
Cause Class is all about bringing information  
And when I'm on the mic I speak to every single nation  
Cause Class is all about bringing information

There comes a time in everybody's simple life when everything gets complicated  
try to dodge it and debate it but a  
how do you think we got this far? On are own brain?  
years of fucking signs, blowin' up like it was propane  
I'ma take you to a spot where everyone can see  
givin' props to every person who supported me  
(like who)  
Jolly Green  
Quincy Brun, we still in contact  
Can't forget Jorun for helping me record my first rap  
in the years to come  
Got to speak on different terms  
Never learn  
If we keep repeating on another sermon  
I keep on burning like a candle in the wind  
think my flame is blowin' out? kid I got to much adrenaline  
You'll never hold me down  
So, give up  
And throw the towel in  
Knocked out again, I take home the medallion  
your trialing behind son  
moving to the foreground, so don't talk shit  
puffing up your top lip

So open up your mind, Don't forget about the facts  
Everything ain't what you hear, you got to see to believe it last  
Lots of people talking (Class, I'll be done for years)  
but when I'm bowling through all the people run for clear  
kid I ain't mad at cha, I gotta live my own life  
This is the way I picked my plan I got to hold on tight  
And if I'm right, then I'm right  
if I'm wrong then oh well  
There ain't no pressure on my soul I got to pay my toll  
Every person pays a price, one time or other  
It doesn't matter what your name be or ya colour  
you take your shot, I'll take my chance and we can end at that  
and leave the drama for these kids who wanna try to rap