

Self Explanatory

Classified

"We be goin, goin down, diggy diggy down diggy down"
"I'm a give it, as far as you can take-take it"
"Class"
"Throughout the east, south, west and the north"
"We be goin down, diggy diggy down diggy down"
"I'm a give it, as far as you can take-take-take it"
"Class"
"Once again"

Yeah, uh, they call me Class - The MC, refresh the memory
Hands in the sky, with the crowd to a frenzy
Whether it's empty or packed like Wembley
I got a track record athletes would envy
No need for jewels or a Bentley
I'm fresher than Dentyne on a ten speed, shoppin at Frenchie's (Class)
I guess you could say I've been green
Since this hemp weed, hope then condemn me
I don't want to be a God damn rock star
All strung out and beaten down like a stock car
I'll agree I'm a bit of a pessimist
Mad scientist mixed with a perfectionist
I find this rap shit acts therapeutically
Without the hourly rate to abuse a beat
And true indeed, do whatever so beautifully
Ever since puberty but never was musically (Class)
They said I was goin nowhere
But look I'm now here and ain't goin nowhere
Fingers in the crates, still diggin for the breaks
In the flesh, fresh is what I'm bringin to the plate (yes)

"Goin down, diggy diggy down diggy down"
"I'm a give it, as far as you can take it"
"Get ya head right"
"Class"
"Throughout the east, south, west and the north"

"We be goin down, diggy diggy down diggy down"
"I'm a give it, as far as you can take-take-take it"
"Class"
"Once again"
"Self-self-self explanatory"

Aiyyo, my head held high as I get in position
Real MC, I fit the description
What I'm spittin out needs no encryption
I am conditioned to vibe to the rhythm
I've been sittin in the back with my eyes on the prize
High, tryin to visualize
A game with no strains, stress, no pain
Got me pullin out my hair, yes, pass the Rogaine (Class)
Push wigs back like Davy Crockett
So touch up your front line like Jamie Foxx did
Shit I'm a problem, honorably honest
But all this braggin and talk is exhaustin (uh)

I've had it, rappers always rappin how good they rap
Now what the fuck is the good of that?
I know, you kill the beat like no one else
But me literally the rhyme speak for itself
I never ran to the States tryin to get signed
For me it was never +Get Rich Or Die Tryin'+
Broke tradition and made 'em go the distance
Signed, sealed, delivered but on my own conditions

And if you don't think I'm the coolest dude, well that's cool too
'Cause what's cool to you, ain't cool to me
And what's cool to me, ain't cool to you
Yeah, Class is in session but school is through
Peace [echo]