

The Final Time

Classified

Name is Classified, MC and producer
been doin this for a couple years now, still tryin to get through to ya
Born in Nova Scotia close to 25 years ago or so
started spittin around 15 and puttin beats down at 16
I was one in a million, no one ever tried what I did
there was no real hip hoppers doin shit like this in the place that I live
I came to Halifax and I've been here for like half a decade
Tryin to earn the respect of MC's, didn't worry about tryin to get paid
And I won't lie, the reception I got was kinda lukewarm
But I stuck with my craft, perfected it in true form in every new song
Now I'm doin shows and tourin straight across the country
Supportin myself with music and startin to make a little money

"Cla... Class... Right here, right here, Class. I just want to know
what you think about hip-hop these days, in your eyes, how do you see it?"

Well if you ever listen to a track by Class, you'd know how I feel
But let me put it to ya plain and simple, I hate this shit for real
there ain't no skill, ain't no wordplay, just mimics and clones
They all say they're keepin it real, but won't admit that they're wrong
And we got underground cats who are trying to be different... That's respect
able
But it's a fine line between being different and good'n and different and pi
tiful
Your beats are made with pots'n pans and they don't hit
And if you can flow on a beat then please just leave and don't spit'n that's
it
I got nothin else to say about this rap shit
I'm doin me now, forget everyone else, I'm already passed it
Now it's about the masses and gettin my music out to'em
So I careless about these so called, "MC's" screw'em, next question

I'm hearin all the same questions, same things, different interviews
Just another day goin by, same reply comin outa Luke
Let me tell ya for the final time...

"Could you tell me something no one else knows about you?"
"Classified, could you tell me who inspires you?"
"What's your real name?"

"Class, when did you first start rhymin?"
"Who are you workin with right now?"
"Class, Class... Where do ya, where do ya got to go next... what's next?"

Still writtin, still droppin bangers
still spittin, still trying to enlighten
Doin beats for everybody from no names to Maestro Fresh Wes
Did a few songs on his new album, some are sayin their his best yet
Toured with Ludacris, that was dope but pissed his management off
I'm a hard act to follow, at least that's what his management thought
I careless who I'm playin with, I still give 100%
I'm finally gettin recognized but still have trouble payin my rent

Workin on my tenth record, my tenth demo, call it what you will
Still recordin in my bedroom studio without a record deal
But things will change, I'm a patient guy, I know what I'm workin with
This record industry's funny, you can't keep me behind curtains kid

"Class, Class, excuse me, you've been doin this for a little while now
what are you going to do if it doesn't work out?"

Well a job ain't for me, I'll tell ya the truth I'm a lazy cat
So if this hip-hop shit don't work out I got nowhere else to fall back
Ain't trying to go to school, or go back to doing computer support
I FUCKIN HATED that job so of course it'll be my last resort
I'm trying to make some cash, through rap so I can support my ass
But never change my style for anybody, still the same old Class
And if I make it or not, it doesn't matter I'll still do this
Just behind closed doors the way I started with this music

"Class, tell me what makes you different from everyone else?"

"Where did you grow up at?"

"How old are you?"

"Do people compare you to Eminem?"

"Classified, how would you describe your music?"

It's hip-hop... That's it... Stop askin the same questions