

Three Beats & a MC

Classified

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{"Something Comes Close"}  
{"I'm This Much Faster"}  
{"Faster"}  
{"Something Comes Close"}  
{"I'm This Much Faster"}  
{"This Is My Lifestyle Come Recognize Style"}
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Yea, Ha
Eh Yo Whos That Kid?
Wont Slip, Cock Shit
Bust Lips Hittin Hard
Tear The Legs From Ya Hips
Can Ya Bang With The Click?
Im Gonna Bang Till Ya Sick
Till Ya Cant Take It Son
I Remain On The List
Watch Me Blow By
Mc's Neva Had A Chance
If Ya Reach For The Mic
Then Im Severin Ya Hands
Im Betta Then Ya Mans
Ya Cousin And Ya Idol
Im Takin Every Title
Go Ahead Shoot Ya Rifle
Still Want Sutff?
And I, Keep It Movin
Eh Yo, Blast On Ya Track
Class Laugh If Ya Lose It
Yo Fuck Tryin To Prove From Ya Skills
Im Bored Down
Stopped In Ya Tracks, And Re-Track Its 4th Down
I Spit One Verse And Get A Technical Knock Out
Get Pounds All Around
Wear My Jacket N Walk Out
I Walk Out The Game
Ya Get Knocked Off Ya Frame
Ill Creep In Ya Classroom N Burn It To Flames

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Now I Got 40 Different Ways That I Can Take Off Ya Airways
Spit My Shit Rough And Only Landed On Ya Fairway
(Class) I Aint Tryin To Practice Fairplay
I'm Tryin To Blind Fold My Enenmy's
N Chuck Em Down A Staircase
Crash Land, On Every Last Man
From Here To Afghan, Yall Can Catch The Back Hand
'cept For A Class Fan
I Blast Mans With The Rhymes
That I Use Into Ya Mind, Get Confused, Ya Need A Catscan

And Im Just Askin
Why Empty's Always Wanna To Talk
When I A'int Up In The Place They Try To Tell Me Off
Call Ya Next Day
U Act Like Ya Shook
Keep My Name Out Ya Mouth
Ill Fill Ya Mouth With My Foot
Im Stompin On The Seen
N Got My People On The Side
We Used To Do A Lot Of Things
But Now Our Brains Gone N Fried
But Real Calm Inside
Keep This Rap Shit Together
I Started Off Of Skill
But Now Im More Dope Then Eva

Damn, I Need My Weed Lit
Before I Spit This On The Remix
If Ya Dont Like It Eat Shit
I Mean This
If It Aint Broke Then Leave It
We Tryin To See Chicks On The Floor
Untill They Knees Split
Ill Flow Till Ya Sea Sick
And If Ya Man He Steppin Up
He'll Get His Teeth Split
Scream Fuck You!
Cross A Club, Hope Any Weed Slips
I Dont Just Spit, I Breathe This
The Game Aint Got A Recess
Yo Im Goin Full Out, Untill I Pull Out And Leave This
Yo Blowin Up The Scene
So When I Spit Its More Then Bomb Threats
Crack U In The Back, With These Tracks And Foreign Objects
Travsereses In Topics Combine With More Then Concepts
Its Gaurenteed To Make These Mc's Vote Wuth The Contracts
Class Aint Waitin For These Record Labels To Call
Im Waitin For These Mutha Fuckin Rappers To Fall
Im Askin Ya All
You Ready For The Trash Talk? Ya Hands Saggin
Kid From The Old Back
Who's Dope And U Know That?
I Got My Shit Togetha More Then Explosive
Quit It, I Know Where The Dope Is
I Swear Sometimes Its Hopeless
And I Always Keep It Grounded
Spittin Out Frustrations
Im A Very Picky Person So I Got Enough Patients
So I Fuck The Wait, And I'll Do This By Myself
Wrote My First Rhyme
And Dropped My First Beat With No Help
So Go To Hell
Thanks For Nothin I'll Remember
Exactly What U Did (Nothin!)
Yea Ill Remember