Unexpected

Classified

I'm the type of kid who wears jogging pants to your downtown scene
Stay comfortable with a pound of brown weed
Lounge around streets and down a few Keiths,
Pound a few beats, ya'll know the sound is unique
Now, who is this, Class, last man standing
Gas can in hand trying to blast Grand Canyons
What, I gotta act hard to be a rap star?
I grew up in the sticks fighting hicks in my backyard
Ain't nothing pretty, far from the grimiest
Started in the 90's and it's still hard to find me
Sitting on the benches, still independent
But a Halflife artists, attacks mics hardest
So open up your eyes, hold back, stop the talking
I speak to individuals so listen through a walkman
I know I say it often, hard to understand
But I'm sick of doing shows in front of 25 fans

We know, ya'll ain't ready
People, won't expect me
Class, stay ahead of this
Ya'll, reap the benefits
Your whole steeze is devilish
And that's why, we ending it!

Now I don't walk with a limp, I walk with a swagger in my step
Nova Scotia kid putting majors to the test
Behavior is a mess, stressed, wanna put this dagger in your chest
Feel like laying ya to rest
But I calmed down and keep my head up
Ignoring all these wack rap cats who got me fed up
Doing this for class so fuck all the challengers
You wanna get your talent heard, well let me mark it on my calendar
And we can do this, rhyme for rhyme, who's fluid
I let me frustrations out strictly through music
That's why I'm laid back when I talk all the time
But I'll smash you in the melon if you cross that line
Listen, I ain't trying to make this physical now
Ya pitiful pal, comparing to my lyrical style
A mile a minute, moving, keep running laps
Making heads turn till I hear something snap

{We will be here}
{For}{Ever}
{Better recognize and try to analyze this}
{Get what i'm saying}

Yo, Grade 6, smart mouth teen
I thought I was the shit wearing acid wash jeans
Now I'm trying to take over this rap and rock scene
Testing all teams when I'm letting off steam
Effecting ya'll beans, my flow is to dope
If I smoke another rapper, I'll need a hole in my throat
Never smoked weed all through senior high school.

It just wasn't for me, I wrote rhymes recorded beats
But now, ah yo, I'm known to get stoned quick
Get up on the net and start bootlegging my own shit
Grown kid, still throws fits
Attack tracks with rap and stay focused

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