Unexplainable Hunger

Classified

Hahaha, excellence
What up east coast!
My man Classified, holla at your boy

(I feel a warm breeze)
(It moved my life)
The M.I.C. baby
(It feels closer now)
It's called Unexplainable Hunger
(As I get older)
From U.S. to Canada
{Mic check one, two}
(I feel a warm breeze)
Of course my name is Royce 5'9"
(It moved my life) {yeah, yeah, yeah}
(It feels closer now)
(As I get older)
{You want to set this off? }
Yeah, yeah {let 'em know}
(I feel a warm breeze)

Once upon a time in the city of crime
A nigga named Nickel Nine, came in with the nine
Flamin, with the rhyme, the flame quick as the nine
Aimin at the game sayin "the city is mines" (now)
He looked like the type you underestimate
He's never a suspect, no one investigates (uh huh)
He be beatin them charges with mothers and fathers goin {older, older}

It should be a felony to be this vicious on the beat
I'm dope, I'm sellin D like a Piston on the streets
Yellin "D! ", for the cheddar cheese
The cheddar I brought, letter B
Like a spelling bee, the pathetic bark, let it be (be, be)
Or get ya chain snatched y'all (y'all)
Jaw cut is a stain of train track scar (scar)
Whoever think of talkin shit to me'll be a memory
His train of thought will stain that car {I feel a warm breeze} (uh)
I will stretch your dreams from the front seat to the back seat, if I
Could blow a brain that far
Niggaz want to get to know me all 'cause the way I be spittin
Every ho, every bitch in the city be goin...

(I feel a warm breeze)
{"With these rhymes that are classic"}
(It moved my life)
Yeah, Royce 5'9"
(Feels closer now)
{"It's, it's hard to explain"}
(As I get older)
{"Hard, hard, it's hard to explain"}
(I feel a warm breeze)
{"with these rhymes that are classic"}
(It moved my life)

Next up to bat is my homeboy Classified
(I feel a warm wind)
(Got to move me to the other side)
Show Canada how you live
Show the U.S. how it is
You know how we do

Yeah, I'm from a place where it snows six months of the year
Coldhearted, livin off a blunt and a beer
Bodyslam MC's, have 'em runnin for clear
And I'm a skinny white dude, I ain't nothin to fear (Class)
More advanced than you technical cats
Your literature's littered, (literally) edible trash
You rappers gone nuts? Get your testicles back
I got the competition sweatin more than sexual acts {I feel a warm}
Now take your shot, you think you gettin me?
It's like Snoop Dogg really goin out and quittin weed
I'm always gettin louder man, never thought you'd listen
Leave you walkin different, without a pot to piss in
Came in this game, no plan and no structure
No love from labels, so basically "fuck ya! "
Learned to play my part for the love of this art
Spittin with the same passion I did at the start
I feel a warm breeze

(I feel a warm breeze)
{"With these rhymes that are classic"}
(It moved my life)
Yeah
{"Classified"}
(It feels closer now)
{"It's, it's hard to explain"}
(As I get older)
{"Hard, hard, it's hard to explain"}
(I feel a warm breeze)
{"With these rhymes that are classic"}
(It moved my life)
Oh we ain't done
{"Cho-Choclair"}
(I feel a warm wind)
(Got to move me to the other side)
{"What up, what up, what up, what up"}
Talk to 'em

Check me out y'all, yo, yo, Choclair, see, shit ain't sweet
Cheese sandwiches for lunch, two jeans by week
A dollar short for the bus fare again this week
Deprivation from the sleep 'cause them barrels speak
I tried to elevate myself, got a nine to five
But yo it's hard when you makin three ninety five (yeah)
You turned crosseyed, take your eyes off the prize
Lose focus, lose balance on this fucked up line
So, grab your gruff dog, pull yourself up (yeah)
'Cause these haters just waitin to take your spot up (yeah)
Brush your shoulders off, pop your collar (yeah)
Make some power moves and then get dollars
Then these girls go and leave their scent on your collar (word)
Bring their scent home, then wifey's gon' holla (yeah)
She say you let consumers just dip into the product (uh huh)
But really you be showin your supporters that you got 'em

So daps for the fellas (yeah), hugs for the ladies (yeah)
Some kiss me on the cheek, some act a little crazy (whoa)
+Parking Lot Pimpin'+ and they call pumpin Jay-Z
Yo, it's just a summer, make me want to cop a Hummer {I feel a warm}
But yo, it's just shocks with a trailer load of lumber
Got the hot tracks that hit every summer (summer)
Yo, it's just Royce Nickel Nine, with my boy Classified
Yo it's Ch-Ch-Ch-Choclair [echo]

(I feel a warm breeze)
{"With these rhymes that are classic"}
(It moved my life)
{"Royce 5'9""}
(Feels closer now)
{"It's, it's hard to explain"}
(As I get older)
{"Hard, hard, it's hard to explain"}
(I feel a warm breeze)
{"With these rhymes that are classic"}
(It moved my life)
{"Classified"}
(It feels closer now)
{"Ch-Choclair"}
(As I get older)
{"Starvin MC"}
(I feel a warm breeze...)
(I feel a warm wind)
(Got to move me to the other side, side, side, side...)

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