

Unpredictable

Classified

When I react on tracks I make necks snap with raw rap
Underrated too much but critics I don't follow that
You can't even dream of looking through my eyes
And be compared to the same guy
Now open up your reservoir, all and all, Draining body fluids
Now watch me do it, or complicate the situation, screw it
Cause how the fuck you gonna play this game
You took it far enough my turn erasing names
I'll make an MC flips backwards, even let you rap first
Blow away your format, how can you ignore that
Shit, your rap style expired long ago
Now you falling off plus your peoples like domino
Here we go again
Classified saying same shit that he did back when
Well I'm pissed off and ain't getting no better
Seeing weak mc's on TV that's the reason that I'm fed up

Who be, I be, Class
Verbal drug pusher
Yall can check his pulse through your subwoofer, and
Who me, what you
Heart beat provider
Motivate myself to keep the rest of yall inspired

How's a ritual like this, treated pitiful and shit
Looking for these individuals to verbally commit
Take some action on your words, like speaking from the heart
Talk about experience but never played the part
Got some smart shit to say, don't ya
Rappers entering this game biting like a vulture and saying fuck the culture
Talking image like that's how you portrayed
While this cross eyed rapper dudes, reflecting off my attitude
Now drop the eloquence I never had it in me
And never seen no christyle ever in my city
So pop the great white and let's have a drink or two
Shit, I'm wasted on half a pint of vodka ain't you
Damn, I guess that means I'm pussy
Never had no pressure in my life to push me
Staying focused on the topic at hand
To battle back from any mc or man, now that's that true shit

I'm so sick with this microphone I feel ill
Like I got 30 different people wanting shit like I was retail
I'm done giving favors give back the pad and pencils
Perform accapella getting no more instrumentals
Fuck potential son
Cause you ain't got the heart or drive
You can talk what you want I'll emerge with a darker side
My marker glides covers wide spread
Plus reflect life on paper, the verbal vibrator
Bringing pleasure to these ears of these hip hop heads
Now fuck it Class bring it to everyone who is not dead
Shit you killing me, now forget the credibility
Let's compare stability, and willingly, lyrical ability
Production wise, I can't be touched (I can't be touched)

And on the microphone I ain't the dopest, but still dope as fuck
Conceited, and cocky, I call this confidence
Innerself compliments with no equivalents, Now