

Keep It Classy

O.S.T.R.

Keep it classy...
So classy
No matter what it is in life you choose to do
You gotta keep it classy
Keep it classy, yeah, keep it classy

Yeah, Dat X on the European tour
I'm give you much more than your average whore
Now, what's poppin'?
You should go copy when this joint come out
You need to pull out the gun, cause that's 74 year
Gimme some smoke and a bottle of beer
And we're good, send my check when you could
The sooner, the better, your wife gave your ex some head
Then you should get her
From Warsaw to Cracow, the chemist have no limits
Wave the polish flag in the air
When i go there, yeah, cross the Atlantic on a bird
My passport is good, so fuck what you heard
The professor similar to Lech Wałęsa
I move all the masses plus shake their asses
The skinny man with glasses, giving no passes
You gotta earn the shit, fuck around with the Dat
Now, I'm a burn your shit
It's like that, yo, and you don't stop
I'm Dat X and gurantee the hit, sure shot
It's like that, yo, and you don't quit
I'm Dat X getting all that i can get like that

No matter what it is in life you choose to do
You gotta keep it classy
And if you wanna be respected by the people for what you do
You gotta keep it classy
And everytime that you step in a booth, you got to speak the truth
Then keep it classy
Because the lord gotta plan for me and gotta plan for you
So keep it classy

Znam tysiąc sposobów jak zrobić dobry track
Fakt, pierdolę nierobów, co widzą tylko hajs
Brat, dziękuję Bogu, walczę jak Szogun
Ale przede wszystkim jeśli mogę wspieram zawsze ziomów
Znasz, przecież rytuał piątkę, a bluba i ogień dodaj
Tabasco plus sok z kielonka na spodzie
Jeśli masz swoją drogę rób to szczerze
Obojętne kim jesteś burdelmama, księdzem, ja w to wierzę
Bóg, Mahomet, Budda ktoś mnie do nieba zabierze
I nie mam zamiaru utrudniać
Wiesz co mnie wkurwia, to niemal jak klątwa
Do dziś podchodzą w klubach bym im sprzedał na jointa
To nie kwestia skąpstwa, a klasy, którą masz
Wiem, że kiepsko wyglądam i mam podejrzaną twarz
Brat stać mnie, by na koncertach dać wszystko tu nim padnę
Nowy Jork, Londyn, Warszawa, Łódź w transie
Non-stop na trasie tryb życia Polaka
Co wciąż jara się rapem, ale boi się latać
Jeśli boli wrzuć APAP, to nie Papa Dance czy Kombi

O.S.T.R.'y, Sadat X niszczy my tandetę jak węglik

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