

Make It Classy

Talib Kweli

Make it classy, make it classy
Pick yourself up off the floor and make it classy
Make it classy, make it classy
You now rocking with the best, I make it nasty

Way too dirty to be washed up
You need a spotter, get your bars up
I know you famous, I will run up on a star, what!
Fronting on me the quickest way to get starstruck
Half of y'all hating on me, half of y'all waiting on me
I make money, money don't make me
You chase money while I make money chase me
Stick to the bottom line like the bass, bass, bass
Get your face girl, why you after that dude?
No, ain't nobody that cute
You got a face for radio
Look around, you gotta face the ratio
Don't let these Brooklyn niggas cold reach ya
What they keeping in the creases of exclusive 'Lo pieces
Got it bouncing like (fat titty[?])
Try to rap with me, it's a wrap city
Rap city, bitch, rap rap city bitch
Dejour, Joe Clair, Big Tigger shit
Throw your money in the air if you nigga rich
Stop that stupid ass shit, you kids getting big
Studio at the crib got a nigga rigged
Weed loud, rude, inconsiderate
On the Bradley Cooper, I'm limitless
Faster than a state trooper, I get it in
Four dudes, one bottle, that'll never win
Fly girls at the rope, homie let 'em in
Shorty make 'em pitch a tent like a [?]
All in the conversation, meddling
That's when the wondering eyes start settling
Savage, savage, ooh gentlemen
Word to God, got a look so devilish
This a fourth quarter shot and I never miss
Swish, nothing, but, net
Swish, nothing, but, net
Swish, nothing, but, net
Swish, nothing, but, net
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