Class Is In Session

Young Buck

Good evening! ("DJ Whoo Kid on Hot97! ")
I'm glad you all could make it.
Now please have a seat!
Obey the rules!
Hahaaaaa!

Raise ya hand fore ya ask a question!
Betta have ya weapon, cause homie class in session.
And I don't tolerate - any rappers that are fake, [police sirens]
You get kicked out my class, if ya make one mistake! {YOUNG BUCK! } [gunshot]

We gon' start with the haters. (OK!) - Really that's what made us (yeeah!)
Cause if it wasn't for them we wouldn't be this major. (hahaaa!)
Ya pay em back later! (WHAT?) - Or pay em no attention. (YEAH!)
Get ya a good lawyer (heeeeey) - And pay em they commission. (MONEY!)
I know katrina victims (fo' so'!) that wasn't in the storm (uh-uh!)
My projects is a prison, I've been here since I was born. (YEEEEAH!)
Hoes runnin packs (hahaaaa!) niggas is bitches too (heeey!)
He might didn't tell on them but he might tell on you. (DAMN!)
You should write what you do! (fo' so'!)- Or even what you done. (DO!)
The fake get a break but dying alone, run. (BOOM!) {Whooooooooooooooo Kiiiii iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid! }
In the outcome! (WHAT?) Is a nigga like me! (hahaaaaa!)
I hold down the Unit! I'm a mothafuckin' G! - KHALED! [gunshot]

Raise ya hand fore ya ask a question! (YEEEAH!)
Betta have ya weapon, cause homie class in session. (C'MON!)
And I don't tolerate - any rappers that are fake, (naaaah!)
You get kicked out my class, if ya make one mistake! (HEEEEEEEY!) {G-UNIT RADIO! }

Real niggas! (real niggas...) Jack boys! (Jack boy...) Dope dealers! (yeeah!)
OK, now pull ya paper out! (yeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaah!)
Real niggas! (real niggas...) Jack boys! (Jack boy...) Dope dealers! (yeeah!)
OK, now pull ya paper out!

We gon' write a couple names on the chalkboard (on the chalkboard!)
Then tell the teacher what ya need to knock him off for. (knock him off for!) (HEEEEY!)
I would invented the O-Zone! (Yeeeah!) But Joe was like: "Hold on! " (WHAT?)
And bring Buck something gon' {GOD-... } go wrong! (hahaaaaa!)
Cowards go home! {DAMN! } - You ain't even from Miami, hoe! (YEAH!)
The South my house, bitch! The Bronx my family! (WHATTUP NIGGAS?)
Buck with NBA stars 'till they start gettin' smart
And realize [police sirenS] how much ya using up they black card. (OH? NO!)
We the best! (WHO?) We! - G-U-N-I-T! (YEEAH!)
Put me to Kanye - and he won't outsell me! (NOOOOO!)
But the outcome - is the nigga you see. (WHAT ELSE!)
I hold down the Unit! - I'm a mothafuckin' G! - JOE! [gunshot]

Raise ya hand fore ya ask a question! (YEAH!)
Betta have ya weapon, cause homie class in session. (C'MON!) ("DJ Whoo Kid..
. ")
And I don't tolerate - any rappers that are fake, (naaaah!) ("on Hot97! ")
You get kicked out my class, if ya make one mistake! (HEEEEEEEY!)

Real niggas! (real niggas...) Jack boys! (Jack boy...) Dope dealers! (yeeah!
) {CAN'T FORGET... }
OK, now pull ya paper out! (yeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaah!) {HAULYNNE! } [gunshot]
Real niggas! (real niggas...) Jack boys! (Jack boy...) Dope dealers! (yeeah!
)
OK, now pull ya paper out! [shot] {DAMN! }

Before the bell ring there's something that I gotta do (I gotta do!)
There's nothin' worser then a rapping prostitute. (yeeeeah!)
You know it's hard to spot 'em! - But trust me the game got 'em! (fo' so'!)
His daddy's stealing from him, he come to me with his problem! (heeeeeey!) (
NOOOOO!) {HAHA! }
Some niggas blowed up fore they growed up. (OK!)
They got some money and act like they don't know us. (CA$HVILLE!)
So now you know what? - You ain't gotta know Buck! (UH!)
You ain't no man, nigga you ain't got no nuts. (HEEEEEEEEEEEY!) {DAMN! }
Uh-oh! - Here we go! He standing by Ja Rule!
Forgettin' me and Baby used to drop him off at school! (hahaaaaa!)
I'm a leave you with' this last line - and I'm out!
I've never even kissed my own son in the mouth! - WAYNE!

Raise ya hand fore ya ask a question! (YEAH!)
Betta have ya weapon, cause homie class in session. (C'MON!) {WHAT? }
And I don't tolerate - any rappers that are fake, (naaaah!)
You get kicked out my class, if ya make one mistake! (HEEEEEEEY!)

Real niggas! (real niggas...) Jack boys! (Jack boy...) Dope dealers! (yeeah!
) {CAN'T FORGET... }
OK, now pull ya paper out! (yeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaah!) {RHINE STERN! }
Real niggas! (real niggas...) Jack boys! (Jack boy...) Dope dealers! (yeeah!
)
OK, now pull ya paper out!

Class is all fucked up!
REAL NIGGAS DO YA THING!
Jack boys our boys, SUCKERS!
Dope dealers get that money! [gunshot] {DAMN! }
Soon you got the mark...
Make sure you do ya homework!

Hahaaaaaaaaaa! {Whooooooooooooooooooooo Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
iiiiiiiid! }
YOUNG [gunshot] BUCK [gunshot] NIGGA!
You wanna see me, nigga?
I ain't hard to find! [beat fades out]
Holla at me nigga! [gunshot] [beat stops]

CAN'T FORGET... ROGER!

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