

That Ain't Classy

Classified

You want it you need it, I got it, cuz this is how its goin down you want you need it, I got
itThey call me mr. negativity, call it how I see yes I'm back in the vicinity
Bringing what you need plus all of the amenities
not what you consider thee, running the mill, running the drill, none of it's real, celebrity
I dont let any of it get to me, I am more mystery, mentally and physically,
Yeah I've seen the bright lights ever so vividly
Party with the star types and mingle with the industry
But geez, we don't need another hero, I relate to real people, not these self centered weirdo's
Flamboyant wannabe, o so flashy, if you ask me that really isn't classy
You never see me with my sunglasses on in the club dancing on the tables to my old song,
getting buzzed
And you never see me with a couple bottles of Chris trying to pick up on a chick
Like bitch you want this? That ain't classy
The radio's playing my song,
and I got a record that put me on,
But I still stay classy,
still stay classy,
still stay classy,
I'ma do what I gotta doIf you're not believing this song enough to hate them,
don't care what they're saying,
I ain't changing
That ain't classy,
that ain't classy,
that ain't classy,
that ain't classy
Oh, hey yo, my daily insecurities got me locked down like I'm sitting in security
Getting locked down and it never did occurred to me, it presented perfectly verbally
My certainties could turn into my currencies, you never see my shirt wide open
With the chest hair blowing in the wind I know it
You never see me loose it trying to justify my music
At award shows cause I didn't win I know it
I'm adamant, I won't become extravagant cause you're my management
And the guys are ...with they havening
I'm just an average man who happen to have a plan
That might have the fun of who I am to attract the fan
And don't be mad cause I never pop bottles
I don't waste for money I save my money return and pop bottles
Don't hate, wait, I ain't trying to say, I'm trying to get pay
I'm trying to work earn the money I make, that's classyThe radio's playing my song,
and I got a record that put me on,
But I still stay classy,
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still stay classy,
I'ma do what I gotta do ...If you're not believing this song enough to hate them,
don't care what they're saying,
I ain't changing
That ain't classy,
that ain't classy,
that ain't classy,
that ain't classy
You want it you need it, I got it, you want you need it, I got it
Yeah, now I'm the
one making many beats, pumping in the trunk
I'm the one smoking many trees, smoking in the club
I'm the one getting loose, Friday night, having fun
Spilling drinks on the wifey when I'm a little drunk
That's classy, I guess some the author made them, I'm often hating cause they're all relating
And I don't feel offended, everyone can say their peace
I just really hate pretending so all you get is me, that's classy
The radio's playing my song,
and I got a record that put me on,
But I still stay classy,
still stay classy, still stay classy,
I'ma do what I gotta do ...If you're not believing this song enough to hate them,
don't care what they're saying,
I ain't changing
That ain't classy,
that ain't classy,
that ain't classy,
that ain't classy
You want it you need it,
I got it, you want you need it,
I got it.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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