

Leaders Of The New School, Classic Material

CLASSIC! Busta Rhymes is
□CLASSIC! Dingo D is
□CLASSIC! Charlie Brown is
□CLASSIC! Milo in the Dance is
□CLASSIC! Backspin is CLASSIC!

Cut to the Monitor, Monitor to the Cut, what? Milo in the Dance!

(Milo)

Bust this as I construct this like a blunt
Ropie dope, first quarter just start
Now people in the dance me au beh uni
Uni uni, fe big up in '92
No link to dust, watch brain cells bust
As I flip the script, I could make a Rev feel lit
You walking on shakey ground, call it warned
Now big up your chest if you could test L.O.N.S.
Mr. Distress take a long rest
And I never never never wanna see you no more, see you no more
See you no more, got classic material wall to wall

(Dingo D)

Hey, running through computer chips, leaving trails of flesh
Disectable satons, crucial to summing quest
Less, yes, bust press on the drumpads
Caress chest may relieve stress, so
Consider the inner outta don't know if you oughta doubt a
Seat a eater Peter, what you saying after hours?
Players pop pills, pop stars blunt fanatics the dramatics
Come running up to me, the D to the O (Why it gotta be you, D?)
Which sees for insight within the C down
With an (oh my gosh) and a (oh C.B.)
10-4 not Milo (follow me)
Cuss, you mean us, Leaders as you see, you an MC, you an MC
Well no time to play, LP it in time
It's just another case, hey but I place
Place another fact and exact I come (Oh!)
Classic Material we reign number one

□Classic Material, Classic Material
□L.O.N.S. with the Classic Material
□Classic Material, Classic Material
□Everybody, we got the Classic Material

(Charlie Brown)

Hey, a new frontier, pioneer to steer
Ripping and rhyming, ripping and rhyming every single year
365, 24/7, Stomp romp stamp amp floor keep stepping
Merely, yearly, my base is always 1st, not 3rd, word
Catch the patch in the latch of the hook of the book
Perhaps? (No haps!)
If so (Hip-hop!) Make 'em make 'em clap
Last class, I alphabetized the re-rap
A boy came down every day, A-B-C-D-E, now see what I say
C. Brown reflections of black (And!)
The shade of the lyrical, here to kick facts
Give me a hit (Hit!) for the classic elastic splastic dope on plastic
No illusion no confusion, undecided, I'm invited delighted and bite it
Material madness, raw for the core imperial, as I come with an aerial
Power from the L-shaped room
L.O.N.S., L.O.N.S. we smoke boom!

(Busta Rhymes)

When I make my music, I got the classic material

When I grab the microphone you know I'm reigning imperial
Wake up in the morning, eat my whole wheat cereal
Historical styles combines with new musical
L.O.N.S. wreck shit as usual
When we make a presence yes we got to make it visual
Mental, physical, then we come spiritual
Follow this shit here, cause this shit is emotional
We express an emotion through a style they call lyrical
Mysterical, we make it complicated and technical
Numerical as we move down like a decimal
(East Coast Stomp!) Cause you know that is the principle
Look at here, what you see is four individuals
This time, you know we're going to form in institutional
So that we can become one and become more powerful
You're living mystical, I-
dentify yourself as you face the universal
Ripping it at will and it's done with no rehearsal
Moving like you're dusted and you're caught up in something trivial
T.I.M.E. is eternal when you have the

- Classic Material, yes Material, yes Material
- You know we got Material, Classic Material
- Yes Material, yes Material, Classic Material!