

# Make It Classy

## Talib Kweli & Z TRIP

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  
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...

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>