

Knowledge of Self

Us3

Rock

Ge-ge-get down, yeah

Please listen to this [Incomprehensible]

Listen to the [Incomprehensible]Monkey, see monkey do, follow this when I cue you

The mic is my wine it helps me cast my voodoo spell

Hell 'cos I'm F U N K Y

Suckers try to flex I say, "Why, oh why?"

'Cos I don't bother nobody, I chill and hardly party

Now and then I might go out, puff a blunt and sip Bacardi

But if not I'm in my room pumpin' tunes

Waitin' for the payday, it's coming soonBrooklyn is my home, better yet my war zone

Why did I say that? 'Cos it's a mutherfuckin' fact

Kids around the way know what's up, they can't front

Kids are getting' smoked up like blunts

All over nonsense, brothers die constant

I'm looking for an answer, I can't find it

I think we need a little help, word

Brothers gotta find knowledge of selfI got mad knowledge of self

You gotta get with knowledge of self

I got mad knowledge of self

You gotta get with knowledge of selfI got mad knowledge of self

You gotta get with knowledge of self

I got mad knowledge of self

You gotta get it, you gotta get itRighteous I live, give props to my mom

Pops raised me like a winner never settled for smaller

I am a prince in this land, not 'cos I have a grand

Got knowledge in my dome

In command of my life, never ever live trife

Thanks to my man fifty grand money Spike

Now I'm on my road to riches and bitches

The world of fake hugs and fake ass kissesGirlyies wanna get with me, is it for me or because I MC?

I don't give a damn anyway

Hey, skins are skins I stick 'em any day

But anyway enough about that

I think it's about time for drip to rip the rap

Let me pause for the cause 'cos the chorus comes first

And with the quickness the verse will disperse, like thatI got mad knowledge of self

You gotta get with knowledge of self

I got mad knowledge of self

You gotta get with knowledge of selfI got mad knowledge of self
You gotta get with knowledge of self
I got mad knowledge of self

You gotta get it, you gotta get itSome brothers think they're it when they really ain't shit
Talkin' 'bout their new car and that their pockets are thick
But c'mon, you don't have a job, I know you're frontin' hard
Borrowed the ride from mom
What's the reason for the teasin', who the hell ya think ya pleasin'?
You lack self-esteem so you try to front and cream
But that ain't workin' 'cos I'm smirkin' thinkin' how you're such a fool
I keep a stern face as you're fakin' movesI'm this, I'm that, I'm hip, I'm phat
Know what you are? Wick wick wack!
A brother with no colour 'cos all I see is gray
If you knew who you were this road you would not play
Around the way I must stay with my people
Chill at some clubs, though that was lethal
Now I got my mental health, word
I got mad knowledge of selfI got mad knowledge of self
You gotta get with knowledge of self
I got mad knowledge of self
You gotta get with knowledge of selfI got mad knowledge of self
You gotta get with knowledge of self
I got mad knowledge of self
You gotta get it, yo, you gotta, gotta get it
Yo, you gotta, gotta get it, yeahYou don't stop
You don't quit
You don't quit
Word up, yeah

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