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 kissesGirlies 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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