

What I Know

Royce Da 5'9"

Unlock ya locks and keep ya keys
The Pac in me got me thinkin' deeply
I got to shock MC's wit my philosophies
'Cause I think very deeply
Where I come from, where you sweat ya pen up
Young gun representer from the epicenter
The microphone fienin' for a microphone
Before he knew what a microphone mean
Wit them four pounds and they soundin' them off
And them slugs, get them thugs and the ground, get the chalk
Niggaz hearts is dissolvin', involved in
What Fara Khan and Jim Brown couldn't solve
I'ma tell you what I know, what I know
It's them boyz in the hood, it's always hard
You come talkin' that trash, they'll pull ya card
Who would have known, that the boy growin' up playin' them cards
Will soon know the music he wrote, it was so true
Who could raise me, after I been amazed by Dre
And N.W.A. and you couldn't pay me
To back the staff for free, I will believe
It ain't nothin' shady in the aftermath
Perhaps when you unwrappin' the plastic
You respect whatever you hear and ya styles is growin'
Them guys is clonin', them pioneers
Rappers wanna be classic, like they Clef, Pras, and Warren
I'ma tell you what I know, what I know

Elvis was a hero to most, but he never meant shit to me
It's statements like that made me gauge, white, black, hate
To make me say, I like when they fight back, they
Me and rap, I vent myself
Leanin' back, not knowin' that I meant myself
A lesson comin' fast, you dudes better catch it
Whenever the future answers ya questions from the past
And hold that, I'm spillin' these cold raps
'Cause I am a throwback, you feelin' the soldier
And keep tryin', to keep up wit the kind of guy
That'll play you until they fatally say that the game's over
I'ma tell you what I know, what I know

Oh my God, I destroy cities like the Blob
Goin' from city to city, seein' who I can rob
Goin' from makin' them poems up, in my garage
Then goin' on major tours wit, me and my squad
Goin' from listenin' to Reggie, to meeting him
Wit my palms sweaty, to him, telling me I'm deadly
Goin' from likin', to spray the club after a night
That didn't go my way, to plug a writin' for Dre
You damn right I was raised, the amazin' handwritin'
On the same page, that you can't type on
So I black out, the usual same way
The old fashion rap, 'til it's no lights on
I'ma tell you what I know, what I know

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