

Boy Meets World

Erick Sermon

I want to know of you, I want to know of you
Xross Breeds in the house representin Queens
Im gonna send this out to, um, those fake
So-called keepin it real, ha ha, check it outI gets the urge to let loose on shit
Bringin the vibe like Phife Dog and Q-tip
Midnight black darkness, its the area
Or place that's distinctive enough to traceThe bass, my tune throughout the room
And if you want it, its here to consume
Now lets warm things up for instance a witness
As I break it down up in this sentenceHe, who shall not follow the funk shall fall, on they face
Not able to dip di in the place, my style is vintage
Doper than any wine on the market
Mics I spark it, flying tracks is my target
(Def squad)I handles my situation without lyrics form Jason's
I still get's ill, beeotch even from the jealousy I recieve
You can't hold me back, I won't retreat
I'm determined to be the nicest creation since devices
Or Italian ices, no matter what the problem is
I still, ah 1-2, in your face like I'm BizBoy meets world, I want to know of you
I want to know of you
I wanna know if you feel me though
I wanna know if you feel me thoughI wanna know if you feel me though
I wanna know if you feel me though
I wanna know if you feel me thoughI wanna know if you feel me though
I wanna know if you feel me though
I believe in the power of the conscience mind
And if you think something then it becomes something like
If I had to battle a whole crew, if I couldn't beat them
Then my conscience would defeat them, yeahI wouldn't put my career in jeopardy
But I will let something off
If these people keep stressing me
This is madness, I wish I was around
When that midnight train to Georgia picked up GladysListen close, life is just what you make of it
If you wanna be happy like Mary J.
Then hey, then get rid of negativity in your circumference
Or outside your realm in mass abundanceKnowing that the industry is fulling up
With drama got some hype
(Fakness from people of all types)
Even the so-called keepin' it real type

Stars are frauds, get the sword And the question is asked
Who is the fake nigga? Who is the fake brother
That is always fuckin' up your shit
You wanna know how a niggas fake? Check it out, sit back and you focus
Your shit from a general perspective
And if your shit ain't lookin' tight There's a fake nigga in your circumference
And that's word is born for the 9-5 area
'Cause Def Squad forever, reigning much terror

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