

Do You Know

Erick Sermon

Spike Lee

Wake up

Yeah, word

(Do you know, where you're goin' to) Yes

(Do you like the things that life is showin' you)

Uh, industry uh

(Where are you goin' to) Uh

Aye yo what's goin' on y'all (nothin') whats up?

It's a few things you should know so let's touch up (okay)

I was once one of y'all, I admit

But I never judge a book by it's cover, mine was ripped

Look, most of y'all was a first class member

And now you're gone and it's past November

Word to Wyclef, I test the best

To go against the industry, without plan B

And don't count those that made it

Even those one hundred million bucks still don't equal up

Yo, where you live, you got a crib?

I bet you got some brand Timbs, car got brand new rims

Look, it happened to Prince, it happened to Michael

It happened to Bobby, it happened to Whitney, is y'all wit me?

Yo, things go wrong when there's no hit song

This chorus made for you, so y'all sing along, come on

[Chorus]

(Do you know, where you're goin' to)

(Do you like the things that life is showin' you)

(Where are you goin' to)

(Do you know, what you're goin through)

(Do you like the things that life is showin' you)

(Where are you goin' to)

Second, aye yo I done checked the Vibe on any Rap Sheet

It's the same beefs, even athletes (uh-huh)

There's five types of ballplayers

Volley, foot, soccer, basket, base - all in the same race (to win)

What happen when the clock stop (uh?)

Injury, and no more wicked jump shots (two!)

ESPN ends

There goes your Two million fans and there goes your friends (uh-huh)

They don't care who you are and what you did

You a "Where Are They Now?" VH-1 type kid (it's over)

Major fact is, all the actors mad

Cause they Rolls been takin' by rappers

"How High?" You thought you had it all figured out

Get the car, get the truck, and then get the house (uh-huh)

Touchy subject, I ain't wanna paint this picture

But Picasso's dead, so I did it instead, do you know

[Chorus]

Listen, uh-huh

This is for the nine to five worker, or nine to five hustler

That had to make ends meet, in the kitchen or the street

I wish drugs was food and water was liquor

So you'd kick back, kill thirst and not kill niggas

Every real gangsters dies

Tony, Al Capone, Gotti, Bonnie & Clyde

It's almost done for you, it's about to end

Either linin' six by two, or live in a 8 by 10 of sin

[Chorus]

Yeah, wake up, serious, yeah

Huh, do you know

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