You Should Know (feat. Dwele)

Prhyme

Rock, rock, rock on
Rock, rock, rock on
I'm going to tell you the truth whether you like it or not
Can I prove it?
Yes
No more days like thoseAllow me to put some sense on you coons
Too much success, um, here comes your doom
They told you niggas the sky's the limit
Then they turn around and tell you that there's footprints on the moon
You rise to fame and die, so they can say that you barely won
And they keep your masters, your kids become bastards
Having to ask executives for their daddy records
Sounding like blind Melle, jelly son?
Look in my eyes, you can tell I'm violent
I might go diving inside a fine female on the Maldives island
I vow to never fail my phonics until I'm real iconic
And you can throw me in a cell, I got it
I go to jail bout eight go "oh well" then post bail bout nine-ish
I treat that bitch like it's a hotel, check in it then check out it
Then tell my niggas, let the rest doubt it
These rap niggas bugged out like divas
They drugged out thugged out receivers
I meet them at their stash place, heat them
Then tell them they better drag race the fuck away from me
Or get their mug shot like Bieber
I catch him at the bus stop while he reading
This .45 will give him the same holler luck's got
I represent the must haves and whatnots
Niggas that used to cut class to touch cash and buck shotsYou should know
(But you don't really want nothing)
You should know
(Talk a lot of shit, motherfucking stop fronting)
You should know
(So what you saying yo, keep playing y'all niggas will burn)
You should know
(Fuck the whole world)Freedom or jail, clips inserted
A baby's being born, same time a man is murdered
The beginning and end
You on a block playing killer with your knife

Without a gun you're an option
Be cut out for the game
Or they're gon play rock, paper, scissors wit your life
I'm usually more spiritual at night
Cause murder's in the air more like a pimping Nike
Whipping bike, the white American kryptonite
Living a scripted life
A different picket, different type
Whoever fixing chicken rice, I'll spend the night
In the morning go home to my wife
Before she try and sell my shit
Ninety nine percent sure that she gon try and smell my dick
Thirsty niggas is praying the hell I slip
The baddest bitches, the last bitches you would've ever imagined
Would've had chlamydia getting dragged to cities
City after city niggas paying cash for the love of ass and titties You should know
(But you don't really want nothing)
You should know
(Talk a lot of shit, motherfucking stop fronting)
You should know
(So what you saying yo, keep playing y'all niggas will burn)
You should know
(Fuck the whole world)(Pick it up)
I don't know why y'all so highly regarded
You rhyme like you're borderline mildly retarded
I show you what my father done started
A rhyme on a god level, the godliest artist
Y'all follow artists who target their audience
But not me, I target the artist, follow the target
Holding a strap, pointing it at sinners
And that's when I tell them like Kobe to Shaq
You lazy and I'm tired of your jogging
Shoot at their feet till the dance start
I'm going H.A.M. in the slaughterhouse
Fuck you and your damn charts
And your crowd participation
I'm putting a land mine under your stage
Had his place raining fan parts
And called that shit crowd precipitation
I'm more premier than my own DJ and Pac's brother
I came out of my momma's womb with a box cutter
Lyrical spitting image that mirrors the birth of Slim
None of these rappers can work with me, I work with them You should know
(But you don't really want nothing)
You should know

(Talk a lot of shit, motherfucking stop fronting)
You should know
(So what you saying yo, keep playing y'all niggas will burn)
You should know
(Fuck the whole world)On the vocals
You have Detroit's own Dwele
Providing the instruments
We have
The incomparable Adrian Young
And on the wheels of steel
DJ Premier
Yeah
(I've seen, and I see it again
I'm not the kind of person who come here and say what you like)

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