# Knowledge Of Self

## Us3

Monkey see monkey do follow this when I cue you
The mic is my wine it helps me cast my voodoo spell
Hell 'cause I'm f-you-n-k-why
Suckers try to flex I say why oh why
'cause 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 soon
Brooklyn is my home, better yet my war zone
Why did I say that? 'cause 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 selfRighteous I live, give props to my mom
Pops raised me like a oner never settled for smaller
I am a prince in this land, not 'cause 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 kisses
Girlies 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 'cause 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

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