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) Uhh, industry uh
(Where are you goin to) Uh

Aiyyo what's goin on y'all (nuttin) whassup?
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

(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, aiyyo 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, soocer, 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 2 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

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 niggaz
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

Yeah, wake up, serious, yeah
Huh, do you know

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