

You Should Know

PRhyme

Rock, rock, rock on
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I'm going to tell you the truth whether you like it or not
Can I prove it?
Yes
Why no more days like those?

Allow 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 Mellow 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 hollow Lux got
I represent, the must haves and whatnots
Niggas that used to cut class, to touch cash and buck shots

You should know
(But you don't really want nothing)
You should know
(Talk a bunch of shit, motherfucker 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 with your life
I'm usually more spiritual at night
Cause murder's in the air, more like a Pippen Nike
Whipping white, the white American kryptonite
Living a scripted life, a different kick, a 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 to 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

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(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
I 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 yo
ur jogging"
Shoot at their feet 'til the dance start, I'm going H.A.M. in the slaughterh
ouse
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

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On the vocals
You have Detroit's own Dwele
Providing the instruments
We have
The incomparable Adrian Younger
And on the wheels of steel
DJ Premier
Yeah
(I say, and I'll say it again
I'm not the kind of person who come here to say what you like)