

What I Know

Royce da 5'9"

Unlock ya locks, and keep ya keys
The Pac in me, got me thinking deeply
I got to shock MC's, wit my philosophy
Cause I think very deeply
Where I come from, where you sweat ya pen up
Young gun rep-resenter, from the Ep-icenter
The microphone fiening, for a microphone
Before he knew what a microphone mean
Wit them four pounds, and they sounding them off
And them slugs, get them thugs, and the ground, get the chalk
Niggas hearts is dissolving, involved in
What Farakhan and, Jim Brown couldn't solve

I'ma tell you what I know, what I know

It's them Boyz In the Hood+ it's always hard
You come talking that trash, they'll pull ya card
Who would have known, that the boy growing up playing them cards
Will soon know the music he wrote, it was so true
Who could raise me, after I been amazed by Dre
And N.W.A., and you couldn't pay me
To back the staff for free, I will believe
It ain't nothing Shady in the Aftermath
Perhaps when you unwrapping the plastic
You respect whatever you hear, and ya styles is growing
Them guys is cloning, them pioneers
Rappers want to be classic, like they Clef, Pras, and Warren

I'ma tell you what I know, what I know

Elvis, was a hero to most
But he never meant shit to me, it's statements
Like that made me gage, White, Black, hate to make
Me say, I like, when they fight back, they
Me and rap, I vent myself
Leaning back, not knowing that I meant myself
A lesson coming fast, you dudes better catch it
Whenever the future answers ya questions from the past
And hold that, I'm spilling these cold raps
Cause I am a Throwback you feeling the soldier
And keep trying, to keep up wit the kind of guy
That'll play you until they fatally say that the game's over

I'ma tell you what I know, what I know

Oh my God, I destroy cities like the Blob
Going from city to city, seeing who I can rob
Going from making them poems up, in my garage
Then going on major tours wit, me and my squad
Going from listening to Reggie, to meeting him
Wit my palms sweaty, to him, telling me, I'm dead meat
Going from liking, to spray the club after a night
That didn't go my way, to plug a writing for Dre
You damn right I was raised, the amazing
Hand-writing on the same page, that you can't type on
So I black out, the usual same way

The old fashion rap, til it's no lights on

I'ma tell you what I know, what I know