

## 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