

Praverb the Wyse

"You Know Me"

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I hate the state of hip hop, no Laffy Taffy Waving like
Danny Glover when the taxi pass me So I, tag the beat
with my ability, nobody feeling me Because I haven't
been shot, no street credibility Forget the fact that I can
ride a beat Consumers wanna know if I survived the
streets Of course, I'm living/ black man, restore the
vision Not in prison, doing good deeds, won't resort to
killing Yo!!! I'm really heated, so I guess I gotta speak
on it Never drunk or lifted, but I'm gifted with the flow
Giving clinics to those who lack the skills I won't blast
the steel, I'll put you on blast for real Tired of teens who
rap about being in clubs And suburban cats rapping
about squeezing a gun For real/ and those who think
that believing is dumb Keep playing around, you're
gonna give him reason to come [chorus] 2x You Know
Me For my signature flow You Know Me For my intense
live show You Know Me Man yo, I've always been nice
You Know Me Always repping for Christ The Lord backs
me, I'll never be surrounded I'm well grounded, out for
money like accountants Sike, I like to hear the speakers
pounding Flow fountains, of spring water, taken from
the mountains I'm free-flowing, the speech potent
Aggressive over beats, like a pit bull with his teeth
showing I'm hip hop, east coastish Southern raised, I
release poison From my fangs hangs a green lotus To
make it in this game, I gotta be focused Cause these
soldiers; try to take away my fame These jokers, don't
know me by my name Hip hop is the same, filled with
street posers Your offended by my offensive opinions
I'll knock your teeth out, and give you a package of
lemons I'm not that violent, I practice peace But when
I'm tested, I might sound off like sirens [chorus] 2x

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