

Silk

"Do You Know"

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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

[Erick Sermon]
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

[Chorus] w/ ad libs
(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)

[Erick Sermon]
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, soccer, 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

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Erick Sermon]

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

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Sermon]

Yeah, wake up, serious, yeah

Huh, do you know

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