

Lavern Raphael

"The Way I Am"

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[Intro - Knoc-turn'al - talking]

Yes

I'ma do me

I'ma do me

You gon' do you

You gon' do you

I'ma do me

I'ma do me (yes)

You gon' do you

You gon' do you

I'ma do me

I'ma do me

[Verse 1 - Knoc-turn'al]

I, I've been ridin for five years with D-R-E

You minor, I'm major league

But what y'all didn't expect to see

is me on TV with Snoop D-O double G

Smoke weed, get a buzz, show a young G love

If you don't give a fuck (what?)

Put your hands up (what?)

Party like it should be done

You leavin at 2 girl? You know the night's just begun

The after hours spot is off the hook

The ugly crows buy the bottle of Crook

The fly crows keep smokin the kush

So you know I got a bird and a bush

You run up, you get stomped and mashed

Look it here, I talk to God, I don't pray

When I want somethin, I don't play

It's Knoc-turn'al with a capital K

Best believe it's a brand new day

And if you feel me sunshine, come around my way

[Chorus - Knoc-turn'al]

Put your hands up, come off them grams

I ain't trippin that's the way I am (the way I am)

And if you see me with heat in my hand

You better duck that's the way I am (the way I am)

I can't believe ya got up in them pants

Sexy lady gon' do that dance (*breathing noises*)

Come on over when your sick of ya man
And we can chill that's the way I am (the way I am)

[Verse 2 - Snoop Dogg]

Light blue shoes (shoes), dark blue pants (uh)
Four, five bitches and they all wanna dance
I don't get down bitch, that ain't my program
I don't hold hands and I don't slow jam (uh uh)
I sleep walk in the park with the fellas
And make suckers jealous cause they can't out sell us
You wanna join us? Well here's a few pointers
About them riders from the state of California
(Knoc-turn'al), knock on wood
Eastside, LB, shit it's all too good
in the hood, he's so "Confidential"
With the way that we get you and the shit that I hit you
And spit you, split you, sit you down
Click, cock, pop at you, rock you and knock you down
Pimp slap you and sock you down
Lifestyles of the motherfuckin Dogg Pound, now
(*echo*)

[Chorus]

[Break - Knoc-turn'al]

I don't know that girl I just met her
Sippin on sour Amoretta
She gon' do her thing if I let her
But I'ma bounce cause her friend looks better
I like the way she knows me
I like the way she got herself in V.I.P
If she sees K-N-O-C
She gon' chill and wait out front for me

[Verse 3 - Knoc-turn'al]

Who do you know that rides for the coast
With a new breed and style of rap like me?
I had the patience to study the game
Dr. Dre made two Chronicles and this is Chronic Three
I make classic hits and buy classic cars
And see classic hoes at classic bars
(Now I just step in the spot and the girls all pause)
Magic stick, I break down walls
Got my heat if some shit jumps off
Really you steppin to me is a lost cause
Party animal, here since a quarter to ten
Babyface, six-two with a L.A. brim
I got shell toes on, I don't wear them Timbs
I got hoes, got weed, and a gallon of gin
Ain't no tellin what I might get in
The first night, do it right, I'ma do it again

C'mon

[Chorus] - 2X

[Outro - Knoc-turn'al - talking]

You know where we be, in da club

Come find me, I ain't trippin

Air is free, so what ever you wanna do

For real though

Huh, it's just the way I am

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