

## Us 3 "Knowledge Of Self"

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Rock

Ge-ge-get down, yeah

Please listen to this [Incomprehensible]

Listen to the [Incomprehensible]

Monkey, see monkey do, follow this when I cue you  
The mic is my wine it helps me cast my voodoo spell  
Hell 'cos I'm F U N K Y  
Suckers try to flex I say, "Why, oh why?"  
'Cos I don't bother nobody, I chill and hardly party  
Now and then I might go out, puff a blunt and sip  
Bacardi  
But if not I'm in my room pumpin' tunes  
Waitin' for the payday, it's coming soon

Brooklyn is my home, better yet my war zone  
Why did I say that? 'Cos it's a mutherfuckin' fact  
Kids around the way know what's up, they can't front  
Kids are getting' smoked up like blunts  
All over nonsense, brothers die constant  
I'm looking for an answer, I can't find it  
I think we need a little help, word  
Brothers gotta find knowledge of self

I got mad knowledge of self  
You gotta get with knowledge of self  
I got mad knowledge of self  
You gotta get with knowledge of self

I got mad knowledge of self  
You gotta get with knowledge of self  
I got mad knowledge of self  
You gotta get it, you gotta get it

Righteous I live, give props to my mom  
Pops raised me like a winner never settled for smaller  
I am a prince in this land, not 'cos I have a grand  
Got knowledge in my dome  
In command of my life, never ever live trife  
Thanks to my man fifty grand money Spike  
Now I'm on my road to riches and bitches  
The world of fake hugs and fake ass kisses

Girlies wanna get with me, is it for me or because I MC?  
I don't give a damn anyway  
Hey, skins are skins I stick 'em any day  
But anyway enough about that  
I think it's about time for drip to rip the rap  
Let me pause for the cause 'cos the chorus comes first  
And with the quickness the verse will disperse, like that

I got mad knowledge of self  
You gotta get with knowledge of self  
I got mad knowledge of self  
You gotta get with knowledge of self

I got mad knowledge of self  
You gotta get with knowledge of self  
I got mad knowledge of self  
You gotta get it, you gotta get it

Some brothers think they're it when they really ain't shit  
Talkin' 'bout their new car and that their pockets are  
thick  
But c'mon, you don't have a job, I know you're frontin'  
hard  
Borrowed the ride from mom  
What's the reason for the teasin', who the hell ya think  
ya pleasin'?  
You lack self-esteem so you try to front and cream  
But that ain't workin' 'cos I'm smirkin' thinkin' how  
you're such a fool  
I keep a stern face as you're fakin' moves

I'm this, I'm that, I'm hip, I'm phat  
Know what you are? Wick wick wack!  
A brother with no colour 'cos all I see is gray  
If you knew who you were this road you would not play  
Around the way I must stay with my people  
Chill at some clubs, though that was lethal  
Now I got my mental health, word  
I got mad knowledge of self

I got mad knowledge of self  
You gotta get with knowledge of self  
I got mad knowledge of self  
You gotta get with knowledge of self

I got mad knowledge of self  
You gotta get with knowledge of self  
I got mad knowledge of self  
You gotta get it, yo, you gotta, gotta get it  
Yo, you gotta, gotta get it, yeah

You don't stop  
You don't quit  
You don't quit  
Word up, yeah

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