

# You Should Know (feat. Dwele)

## PRhyme

You Should Know  
PRhyme  
Rock, rock, rock on  
Rock, rock, rock on  
I'm going to tell you the truth whether you like it or not  
Can I prove it?  
Yes  
No more days like those Allow me to put some sense on you coons  
Too much success, um, here comes your doom  
They told you niggas the sky's the limit  
Then they turn around and tell you that there's footprints on the moon  
You rise to fame and die, so they can say that you barely won  
And they keep your masters, your kids become bastards  
Having to ask executives for their daddy records  
Sounding like Blind Mellow Jelly son  
Look in my eyes, you can tell I'm violent  
I might go diving inside a fine female on the Maldives island  
I vow to never fail my phonics until I'm real iconic  
And you can throw me in a cell, I got it  
I go to jail bout eight, go "oh well" then post bail bout nine-ish  
I treat that bitch like it's a hotel, check in it then check out it  
Then tell my niggas, let the rest doubt it  
These rap niggas bugged out like divas  
They drugged out thugged out receivers  
I meet them at their stash place, heat them  
Then tell them they better drag race the fuck away from me  
Or get their mug shot like Bieber  
I catch him at the bus stop while he reading  
This .45 will give him the same hollow Lux got  
I represent the must haves and whatnots  
Niggas that used to cut class to touch cash and buck shots  
You should know  
(But you don't really want nothing)  
You should know  
(Talk a bunch of shit, motherfucker stop fronting)  
You should know  
(So what you saying yo?)  
Keep playing y'all niggas will burn)  
You should know  
(Fuck the whole world) Freedom or jail, clips inserted  
A baby's being born, same time a man is murdered  
The beginning and end

You on a block playing killer with your knife  
Without a gun you're an option  
Be cut out for the game  
Or they're gon play rock, paper, scissors with your life  
I'm usually more spiritual at night  
Cause murder's in the air more like a Pippen Nike  
Whipping white, the white American kryptonite  
Living a scripted life  
A different picket, different type  
Whoever fixing chicken rice, I'll spend the night  
In the morning go home to my wife  
Before she try and sell my shit  
Ninety nine percent sure that she gon' try and smell my dick  
Thirsty niggas is praying to hell I slip  
The baddest bitches, the last bitches you would've ever imagined  
Would've had chlamydia getting dragged to cities  
City after city niggas paying cash for the love of ass and titties  
(Pick it up)

I don't know why y'all so highly regarded  
You rhyme like you're borderline mildly retarded  
I show you what my father done started  
A rhyme on a god level, the godliest artist  
Y'all follow artists who target their audience  
But not me, I target the artist, follow the target  
Holding a strap, pointing it at sinners  
And that's when I tell them like Kobe to Shaq  
You lazy and I'm tired of your jogging  
Shoot at their feet till the dance start  
I'm going H.A.M. in the slaughterhouse  
Fuck you and your damn charts  
And your crowd participation  
I'm putting a land mine under your stage  
Had his place raining fan parts  
And called that shit crowd precipitation  
I'm more premier than my own DJ and Pac's brother  
I came out of my momma's womb with a box cutter  
Lyrical spitting image that mirrors the birth of Slim  
None of these rappers can work with me, I work with them On the vocals  
You have Detroit's own Dwele  
Providing the instruments  
We have  
The incomparable Adrian Younge  
And on the wheels of steel  
DJ Premier  
Yeah  
(I've seen, and I see it again)

I'm not the kind of person who come here and say what you like)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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