

# Gotta Know

Styles P

I just wanna talk to you  
Sometimes I just wanna talk  
Just want you to hear me out  
Shit like that, you know

If I'm gonna die in the morning, who give the warning to me?  
Who? I bet it wouldn't be the reaper, homie (I bet that)  
And you know I love rhyming to you (Hahaha)  
But this shit is getting deeper, homie  
I used to hustle for that sneaker money, working the speaker  
Then the crib turned to Sneaker Dome (Sneaker's heavyweight, nigga)  
But I should've thought of buildings below Orleans  
I'm still building, why you think I'm seeking for 'em?  
And I should've [?] geek  
But the handgun was sleek and my palm no reach  
(Don't you fuckin' move)  
Middle of a robbery, louder shit would bother me  
But wasn't used to speakin' on it (I ain't speakin' on [?] God)  
In the hood, it's aggressive shit, I ain't really stressin' shit  
I just light the reefer for it  
But then I had to change it  
Face all my fears, but I didn't get weaker for it

Gotta know your weakness, gotta know your strength  
Are you built for the war? Can you go the length?  
Hopped off the stoop, climbed every fence  
Stayed on the grind, shine ever since  
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Tears stain the face and blood stains the body  
And drugs stain the [?] and dirt stains the stoop  
So none of us is clean but all we want is green  
So all of us will rule (We ruling)  
It's fucked up, on the drive (Fucked up)  
Knowing some of us could die and some of us could blow  
It's a rollercoaster ride, no amusement in the park  
When you runnin' from the narcs, gun'll spark and you could go  
To the pearly gates in Heaven or the flames down in Hell  
But you ain't live to tell, so we don't really know  
The show will go on and the flow will go on  
Just like that in the slums, but you already know that  
They don't give a fuck about 'em so, or the fuck about us [?]  
Why you think they give a fuck about you?  
But he don't give a fuck, so I don't give a fuck  
In a room with some niggas, they don't give a fuck, too

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