

# Knock

Jean Grae

Yo, this shit keeps weighin me down, beatin me up  
Like every day's governed by Murphy's Law  
It never drops, but inside I'm, tied up  
In stress knots and chains and bills that ain't paid  
I damn near work for Dun & Bradstreet  
Keep a bank card and a wallet for show, I hate empty spaces  
Fill 'em with MetroCards that's been already took me places  
Fun Passes, loose changes, gum wrappers, maybe numbers  
Battery covers to CD players, and that's it  
I got some plastic  
But can't even use it, the bad credit's so drastic  
Ask me bastard if I'm signed, I rhyme sick  
But niggas is quick to turn they back on spitters with clits  
Hit em with this, and ridiculous phrase flow that exit my lips  
Hey yo, I mean my face, though  
They still want chicks with tits and ass out  
My respect is worth more than your advance cash-out  
I'm f\*\*kin you right in the ear  
If these chicks did it you'd be catchin gonorrhea  
The only thing I spread is tinnitus  
Just tryin to keep this shit right  
And for all of y'all askin when my joint droppin  
Watch me this year

It's like.

Hustles don't get knocked, except the ones that  
Fuck with my business and dough, you can forget that  
I told you once it's not gangsta, it's just right  
Don't get it f\*\*ked, I don't like to spit my shit twice  
Keep your fake thuggin, afraid to get in fist fights  
Glittery knuckles never made me shiver, buckle never  
Knocka, this how I get down

I'ma have to do that again, so y'all can hear it

That's what I said, yeah yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah

It's crazy how I'm still catchin with no major distribution  
Slice through like guillotines, I'm precise with a execution  
The definition of artist, past the hype and the business  
So I paint the track like a canvas in post-impressionist style  
Time keeps gettin postponed like Emmy Awards  
My moms cataloguin my shit like she's Afeni Shakur  
Many of y'all ain't even worth a penny for thoughts  
So I ignore the rumors and the biters  
More than y'all ignore the Unsigned Hype in The Source  
Peace to Steady Rock and Tyson And a big f\*\*k you to bitch Chris Lombardi at  
Matador  
And every A&R that turned me down  
Props to kids who stayed loyal since "Baseball" dropped  
And copped the underground, see, the barrel was facin me  
Now I turn the gun around and it's got unlimited ammunition  
I dare you to question, now they'll know I'm dressin  
So don't skip through the record

But if you're lookin for some shit to bump in the ride, you should check it

Alright, alright

One more time

One more time

What

What

What

What

What

Get it?

Got it?

Good

Let's get on with it then