

# Knock Em Out

Clinton Sparks

[P. Diddy]

Let's go (c'mon!) don't stop (B.R.!)  
Let's go (c'mon!) don't stop  
Let's go (Bad Boy yeah) don't stop (no doubt, yeah)  
Let's go, don't stop (we startin over)

[Chorus: x2]

Let's go (knock 'em out the box Black)  
Don't stop (knock 'em out Black)  
Let's go (knock 'em out the box Black)  
Don't stop (knock 'em out Black)

[Verse 1: Black Rob]

Can't please e'rybody all the time  
So I reflect on all the grind and put it all on the line  
Like a scale from one to ten, I move you in  
That paper come up short and I'll do you in  
You avoidin a head-on collision (yeah)  
Pay insert incision, I'm the pinpoint precision  
Nigga play himself short to react  
I'm about to see green, like I'm right next door in a cat  
Up North ain't a option, use your own logic  
I could get a nigga killed for a pair of full [?]  
Funny how they turn dumb  
Like I ain't the one that showed 'em like I ain't the one they learned from  
The teacher, a.k.a. Mr. Fuck-a-Feature  
Next year make you wear, he rock his own fuckin sneaker  
That's what's strivin dude, light blue drivin shoe  
Love when you drivin through

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2: Black Rob]

I'm untouchable, I move with them 'lices  
I'm 'bout to bake my own cake with the icing  
This one of them things to see who the nicest  
Put your money on Black, that nigga priceless  
Niggaz came aboard and they lost it  
Tell me how the fuck you play to win, lose my forfeit  
Now a nigga pokin your stuff  
Guess it coulda been your wife, you just ain't focusin enough  
Last year you were sickin it to 'em  
Said she was spendin your dough, he has in his cell lickin his wounds  
Nigga would, write, write the shit he gon' do to y'all  
Drug program can't do to hold two for  
Ten months is a knock at your do'  
Bustin a bill, almost standin six feet tall  
UPS doo-doo brown suit and hat  
You don't suspect, therefore you sign for the package  
Shook, open up the box and look  
Ten seconds was all it took, then BOOM! [explosion]  
And with that I'll be done  
I ain't gotta pull my gun to make you do run-run

[Chorus: w/ variations, then normal x2]