

# Who's Knoccin' At My Door

Daz Dillinger

(Who is it?) Mac Shawn  
(Who is it?) The Mac!  
(Sup? What you need) I don't know quarter, half or something, what? Fifty?  
(Oh you need a fifty sac?) Yeah get me the fifty  
(Hold on, I got half for \$250) Cash?  
(Dropping zones is \$500 more) Oh my God  
(So what you need is what I got) Man, give it to me now

I get up early in the morning, I'm yawning, I'm tired as fuck  
My body aching, thanking God that I made it as much as I need  
Bread, my mamma covered me under the shadow  
With the niggas that I meet on the street that I have to battle  
At a celebrity status, opportunities I'm grabbing  
If it's weed, or a better life I got to have it  
With my homies I'm smoking, I'm taking away the pain  
With the problems that hold me down, and it seems to be strange  
It ain't no thang to handle my situation just like a G  
Without them dollars, I could say that my life is incomplete  
And to the world I'm a dogg pound gangsta  
Making paper, who gives a fuck if I'm busting on playa haters  
I can't stand an infiltrater who's suppose to be your homie  
But later, in the end realize that he's a phony  
To the police that raided my shit, making my shit hot again  
I relocated, came up on a jack pot of ends  
Got to hand it to myself, giving it all that I got  
Everyday I gain money nigga, come up on glocks  
You know, but I guess that I'm up on thangs for sure  
And I hear money knocking at my door

But I guess that I'm up on thangs for sure  
And I hear money knocking at my door  
Can I hear money knocking at my door  
Can the police be coming for the weed and the yo  
Can it be a customer looking for a dub  
I think they out just to set me up

I'm more popular than ever, take me out nigga never  
Will I die clocking a million on my way up to the ladder  
It don't matter nigga, what the fuck did I do  
Plus I got to keep it real and to myself stay true  
I'm draped in blue and gray but I'm straight making it happen  
Robbin' or slangin' or I got to stay focused on rapping  
It's all about the legitimate way to make ya pay  
No fun in LA, or Long Beach, or compton, or Watts  
Wherever I lay my head down to sleep  
Thanking God for my children and my soul's at peace  
Yeah, am I the father I try to be?  
Between me and the mamma it's drama won't let it be  
See I'm on my own, got's to move on  
Bitches to lend on, use 'em and then just get the fuck on  
If I boned, I fucked, it ain't no thang  
Like the pussy is attracted to the fortune and fame  
Running bitches like a video game, it ain't no thang  
Had the freak of the week last week, it wasn't no thang  
It's like that, freak nasty  
I know you fine but you look like lassie BIATCH!

But I guess that I'm up on thangs for sure  
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Y'all know when y'all selling dope  
And everybody knocking at the mother fucking door  
You don't know who it is  
It could be your mother, could be your brother,  
could be the police, could be the feds,  
and it could be a nigga coming to smoke your ass  
So watch who you open that door for, Aight, Ok, Alright!

Yeah, this game is like a bubble  
There's always a player hater that wants to prick it  
But you got to let that bubble rise to it's highest level  
Away from the bullshit  
Let it float, let it flow  
The way smooth shit go, with or without a low  
Without money or without a whore  
Because the highest power's gonna see you through it  
For sure, because that's where belief comes in with self  
Let it go, let it flow

(you know what, you right)