

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