

Knock Knock

Ruff Ryders

Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh huh, yeah, yeah, yeah

Knock, knock, who is it? Knock, knock, who is it?
Knock, knock, who is it? Nigga, let me the fuck in
Knock, knock, who is it? Knock, knock, who is it?
Knock, knock, who is it? Nigga, let me the fuck in
C'mon

Somebody open this door, I'm trying to get in this game
I go by the name of Choc, belong in the hall of fame
In the type of game I'm in, I belong next to Wilt Chamberlain
I'm not at all a baller but I do know all the rules

I refuse to let you be the reason that I lose
And I ain't never been afraid of another MC that's just as dope as me
You must be outta your mind if you think you come close to me
I could rhyme, I could write, I could rap, I could sing, nigga, I can do it
all

Got guns, got knives, got bats, ain't a thing to go to war
You could get your baddest, biggest niggaz that you running with
I'm equipped with 16 hollow tips to fill up in this clip
I got a whole lot of niggaz that'll ride, you don't want to collide

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Y'all going to make a nigga kick down your door
Snatch your bricks, smack your bitch, sawed off
Everybody, hit the floor, anybody move, I'm poppin' off
Double R get shit jumping off, here's a brick bitch, nigga, pump it off

We the niggaz when it comes to war
When it comes to these streets we done it all
Damn niggaz say they don't like this verse
That's a quick way to catch a ride in a hearse
Skip the hospital, skip the nurse, get the casket, get the dirt

Dump the body with the shottie
When it comes to this shit, I spit the best
Fuck the rest, I spit the slang
And I got shit that'll split ya vest

I call the shots, you call the cops
Y'all niggaz never gave me all my props
I don't give a fuck if I ball or not
I'll get a motherfuckin' baller popped

Before a nigga let the mag pop
Get off Drag's cock
Since I came back niggaz mad, huh
Double R got a nigga back, huh, nigga

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May God be my witness by the time I'm finished my business
I'ma put my foot through the door, knock this bitch off the hinges
Soon as I step on the floor, I'm surrounded by women
Shoulda let me in in the beginning, too many beginners pretending

I can't believe how the industry keeps signing
Niggaz that ain't got no type of flow
They drop a little mixtape cop a little
V8 now think they got some dough

I wanna know what your problem is
I'm gettin' tired of executives
We belong in the record biz
Choc Ty that's is who it is

Black eye is the entertainment
Everything we drop you know is flaming
Straight to the top is where we aiming
Changing the game is what we claiming

We the best around
Let the games you playing around
I'm tired of knocking on the door
I'm 'bout knock it down

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