

Let Me In

Tech N9ne

Let me in the door
You keep sayin' you hear me knockin'
What you standin' there for?
Who I gotta kill or sleep with?
Cause I'm the worlds best secret
Let me in the door
You keep sayin' you hear me knockin'
What you standin' there for?
Cause I'm the one that do that music you feel
But you still review this
Let me in the door

Right now before my goons have to tear it town
We don't wait in line and we don't stand around
We at Club Zen and drinkin', actin' brand new
Actin' like he never seen my face and I ain't got loot
They know I'm Cash Image and I'm with Tech N9ne
And before the club close, The owner gon' respect mine
Spend a lot of money and that's the bottom line
Ten cars on chrome, Plus the neck shine
Baggy jeans on and J's with a lot of bucks
And you ain't gotta know me
You could tell my dollars' up
Poppin' collars in the club, turnin' bottles up
And all the models in the club wanna follow us
It's Mr. Chevy Man, You hear my song playin'
And every time we in the club
We be spending grand's
First deny Tech then deny me
And I was number one on 103 for forty weeks

You say you hear me knockin'
So why you don't wanna let me in?
But I ain't buggin', So tell the cops to come and get me then
Complain about my shoes, ain't really talkin' 'bout shit
Dude, I spent like three hundred and fifty on this outfit
NV ain't gon' let me in, zen actin' funny with me
What it's gon' cost me, homie?
I brought a little money with me
I don't wear tight shirts, my pants kinda baggy
KC hat tilted, so now they wanna red flag me
I'm by the bar every time, point blank, Period
The door man hatin', takin' his job too serious
Me, Cash Image, Tech and Kaliko about big business
So what I'm talkin to a bouncer for?
The woman see me, Scream my name like announcers, bro
They actin' brand new this week
So I'm about to go to the block and bubble and get plenty cake
I just wanted woman and I don't like this club anyway
So fuck y'all!

I get money from music, Kinda like to spend-spend
When I hit the town, I know they gonna let me ends in
But these other clubs be trippin' like I begin sin
You hear me knockin'? (Oh yeah)
Well let me in then
Cause NV ain't so friendly

They got a gay assembly of femmes
Who think the blacks be packin' Semi's
(That's why they don't sell no Henny)
Stink butts who think bucks
But they don't know my bank account is like a Brinks truck
Could buy it any day
Two poin one on a new building and lease 'em and the N9ne has plenty say
The rhyme, it give me pay
So I resign cause NV gay
And plus NV stands for no vagina's anyway
That place, Me and Lil' Weezy-Wee get no love
That's why when I brought Chingy in there
He peed in your club, not in the toilet either
You don't enjoy the beaver
You'd rather plot on how to get below your boy, The Peter
America's Club and Fase 2, I erase you
My pants are too baggy even though I'm clean and I'm paid too
Orlando South's racist, they treated me cold
And Lucky Strike and Power & Light won't let the N9ne in to bowl
Whoa, guess my Dickies the wrong clothes
Play my music but won't let me and my homies through the doors
Over a million records sold, Lot's of money to fold
They should let me in any club in KC, MO!
And I'm the biggest tipper, bartenders know me well
And waitress's love me, so club owners go to hell!
You got that blow to sell but you want this bro to fail
But it really ain't me 'cause it is your destiny to go to jail
And when you're though servin
You might see work on Club N9ne
When you walk up, you might be hurt
You might skeet-skirt cause you ain't gettin' in
If you ain't got KC hat and a white t-shirt, aye!