

# Knock, Knock

Dizzee Rascal

Knock knock who's there? Dizzee  
Dizzee who? Ras  
And I kick ass  
Kill a MC fast  
Knock knock who's there? Bad  
Bad who? Boy  
I'm here to annoy  
Take away your joy  
Knock knock who's there? Jack  
Jack who? You  
Your not with your crew  
What u gunna do  
Knock knock who's there? Big  
Big who? Gun  
Point me to the sun  
Watch your fassy run  
I'm dizzee ras nightmare from the big E A S T  
I'm exactly what your parent don't want to see on your tv  
I nicely, precisely intimadate anyone that I choose  
Refuse to to lose  
Express unlimited contriversional views  
Your average boy or girl on the street might be familiar with my beat  
And/or familiar with my sound, I'm formerly from the underground  
And its clear, for a year, I've been turing up the heat  
Made you get up and out of your seat  
Shake your fists and shuffle your feet  
And now I'm here  
Lets make another thing clear They didn't bun me up enough I'm still here  
So what was the perpose of your little charade, your little charade was whack  
Just about hurt me  
You should of merked me  
I was on a rampage now I'm back  
Five stab wounds  
Couple scratches, bruises and some pains  
Four half-hearted fassies  
Four poor is no brains  
Did it  
Two weeks before my album came out helped me sell double  
But lets not dwell on that, its the least of your troubles

Eh yo considering  
The part I play, you wouldn't expect for me me to say I prefer the day to nights where I gotta  
turn up and play  
I rip-off, dusty, sweaty, clotter raised  
And the audience, all screw faced, and promoters don't want to pay  
And half of the boys in the croud wanna blast me  
And half of the girls wanna show how little they care about standing right t  
here at the front,  
tryin t' look right past me  
It gets depressing thinking bout it even more  
Knowing that I'm gonna face the usual hassle at the door  
Because as well as lippy hags, I hate cocky bouncers  
I ain't here to rave I'm here to get paid look  
You search me up rough like im any common crook  
My names on the flyer man, forget the guest book

Abusing your athority you look like a fool  
You faulty standard, underdog, you know your own tool  
I aint wearin certain shoes so you don't think I look right (what?)  
Thats cushdy mate, I'm gettin paid more than you tonight