Fiends Are Knocking

Hopsin

The fiends are knocking at my door
Should I give them what they're asking for?
They want it (want it), need it (need it), have it (have it)
Woah, (Yeah)
Knock Madness
So what the fuck ya'll need from me
I'm here to make these fiends believe
They want it (want it), need it (need it), have it (have it)
Woah, (Yeah)
Knock Madness

Yeah, I promised you niggas an album
You've been patiently waiting now the day is finally present
I took my time with this shit
I put my mind into every line
Cause when it's out I ain't tryna regret it
Niggas get overhyped and all they hits go stale
Because they shit don't sell
Now that's a big old fail
But the punch is a lot harder when you clip your nails
Niggas, how you expect to drive when you ain't get your L's?
You was the next big thing while I was last
You was popping tags while I was mad
Chilling in my pad with my rhyming pad
Tryna record with no door so I hear my mom and dad
Arguing upstairs so I gotta wait 'til the drama pass
Cause my mic be picking that shit up
But I ain't wanna give up
I'd exhale fast even if I did suck
You want the madness then come and get some
I'm taking the cake
And all that's left for ya'll is the pieces I bit from
See I ain't buddy-buddy with rappers because that shit is fake
Most of ya'll morals is fucked up, we on a different page
You get no props just cause you getting paid
If you garbage we ain't doing business, point blank, I discriminate
And I don't do no bullshit collabs to get my name popping
I ain't even consider the safe option
And I just say Hopsin, I paid homage, now I'm straight wildin'
Now turn this shit up while the bass knocking
Now c'mon

And I be getting comments like
"Hop, What's the hold up with your new shit man
You be taking forever son
Yo I'm a stop waiting
I'm getting my hopes up
With your work ethic it ain't gon' ever come
You had the XXL cover in 2012
And I thought you would soon prevail
But nigga, you ain't doing well
You hit us with that Ill Mind shit
And that was cool as hell
But when it comes to your album
You ain't ever got no news to tell
Your whole career is just a train wreck

You toured around the world for 3 years
But you always performed the same set
I been asked you to come to my city
But you ain't came yet
I guess you ain't in it for love
You just want that pay check
If I was you, then I wouldn't be too proud
You signed Dizzy not too long ago
And he's bigger than you now
You said you saving hip hop
Well save this shit
And all I hear is wack niggas
And I hate this shit
Homie I stopped being a scrub because of you
I stopped playing these bitches in the club and fell in love because of you
My dad heard your song and he stopped doing drugs because of you
I learned to rap and even built a lil buzz because of you
But you take it for granted thinking you have it made
Sitting back in the shade
Hopsin, there's people that you have to save
This is beyond music
You speak life into these motherfuckers
Hop, you have a gift, so when you gon' use it?"
Damn, I have that much of an impact?
My rhymes did that?
Sometimes, I really feel my shit's wack
That's why I kick back
But fuck this shit, yo where my pen at?
I'm about to kill this shit and make niggas just wanna quit rap
I'm causing havoc
Laying the rappers like a hammock
If I want the fucking planet, I can have it
Now try to snatch it
Only God can stop my violent habits
You niggas average
I ain't even in my prime and still I'm twice the savage
C'mon

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