

# Knockin' Doorz Down

Pimp C

Knockin, knockin doors down, showin parts of rhyme  
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I'm a, I'm a come through and show my wood pine  
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Knockin, knockin doors down

R.I.P., R.I.P., R.I.P. to Robert Davis he the king of the South (South)  
Anything else said need to shut ya fuckin mouth (mouth)  
I'm down with Lil' Flip and I'm down with T.I.P.  
If them niggaz come together know how much paper we could see?  
Slim Thug and Z-Ro, y'all s'til bullshittin  
Need to sit down, take a tour, there's too much money to be get (money to be get)  
Paul Wall and that Koopa s'til ain't talkin (uh!)  
Money speak, all that bullshit keep walkin (uh!)  
Y'all niggaz got the game fucked up (up!)  
All you record company people need to shut the FUCK UP! (shut the fuck up!)  
'Cause y'all keepin up that bullshit rappin (uh!)  
The white people laughin at 'em, that's was happ'nin (that's was happ'nin)  
The same stupid ass niggaz s'til ain't figured it out  
Long as they stay divided, man we gon' run the South! (uh!)  
Y'all need to get up out the dumb shit (out the dumb shit!)  
I got a bread truck, get up out that crumb shit nigga!

Hey, I got the bass quakin', trunk shakin' like tambourines (tambourines)  
In the H, where them paints sweet as tangerines (tangerines)  
Where they bouncin on 4's like trampolines  
It's the great state of Texas so I can't believe (what?)  
All the conflict and plex that we carryin  
It's time to get rid of the beef like vegetarians  
I'm 'bout stackin bank, everyday  
So I pay attention to the vets and I ain't talkin 'bout a Chevrolet (no)  
Keke the Don, Pimp C a king  
Lil' J, the owner of the squad, H-Town we the team  
It ain't no "I" in that, you tryin that ya be fatigued (yup!)  
But if we man up and press we could lead the league  
We some All-Stars, the roster is sick man  
I ain't gotta start, P.O.P'll be the sixth man (sixth man)  
Rap-A-Lot's a Southern empire for the assist man  
Three, two, one swish ANHH!

S.U.C... you see the slab outside, it look good don't it?  
Masterpiece, dripped out with the 4's on it  
Trunk air tight, speakers and them show lights  
Holdin! Cops around, nigga get ya shit tight!  
Lemme tell ya the meaning of coming through  
When the seats off cream and the candy is dark blue (dark blue)  
Approachin downtown, knockin doors down  
Tint eleven slabs in a single file line  
Flossin, swervin, the rims is glistening  
They gotta see the wood 'cause the top is missing  
I sleep on dreams 'cause it's paper I'm chasing  
My roots come from Texas, this Pimpalation

The barre is tasty, the Benz is spacey  
I gotta show my class so these haters can face me  
Ridin up the Boulevard, crushin the sidewalk  
Showin my chagrin while I'm knockin the doors off

[Hook]