

# **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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