

# Knock

Tech N9ne

The Strange god is on top  
'Cause the brain is inflamed, it drains cortisone shots  
Then came water flown snot  
And I blame smokin' strains with thangs spotted on pot  
My names lauded thrones watched  
I bang on you lames, ya main squatted on jocks!  
The pain brought, it won't stop  
On the cane, that's arranged by Dame got it on lock!

You're the copy, I'm the original  
How you wiggle is sorta saucy, you need a bit more to top me (Pause)  
Had hordes of thotties, some order stopped me  
No more to lock me for debauchery, good auras taught me  
The Moors, the Ahkt's galore ya brought me, any lord on across me  
Ignore the mockeries, it's Porta Potty, but go on explore ya hobbies  
From me, I tore the folly, now the core, the body is door to jolly, 'cause i  
n every town I hit, I score the broccoli  
No copssee or Tekashi's  
Every time I flow, it's disaster shown  
Solo now when I put the murder down, yes, I act alone  
Tryin' not to outrap the song, red flag, say rag ya wrong  
Lad to grown, color in the uniform of Pat Mahomes  
K.I.N.G. lotta people don't see he got hip hop in his ligaments  
All the negative chat and they wonder where the positive nigga went  
But I gotta deliver this I'm the greatest  
When I dominate it, never compensated, and you know I'm the best, then you s  
ay another is, that's cognitive dissonance

Look, we used to be 'caine shoppin' for whole blocks  
Now them Griselda gang niggas, they got it on lock  
Where them young niggas pull switches on they glocks and load mops  
My man went through them niggas hood and shot the whole block  
He disses, he gettin' dumped before his album gon' drop  
Another rapper dead, but shit, now he gon pop  
Now look at the face of his homies and momma all shocked  
It's DrumWork, I bet now they know that's how them boys rock, ah!  
Talk to them niggas KING, yeah

You know I make the music niggas with felonies sing  
But lately the ladies been all on me and tellin' me things  
Like, "Con, you my everything"  
Ask 'em, who that nigga right now? And they yellin' Machine  
And not just from the flawless stones in the desolate ring  
Jottin', flows hit like body blows the impact severe your spleen  
Don't wanna hear your coat raps, you broke niggas ain't sellin' a thing  
Talk to 'em, talk to 'em  
Play with me if you want and you gettin' spilled  
You niggas act like ya'll the only niggas that did a drill  
The difference, we don't brag on Internet when we get a kill  
I'm headlinin' over niggas 'cause I'm the bigger deal  
So when it's contract time' I get the bigger deals  
But I'ma do it indie, that's how I get the bigger mills  
My music hit different if you really was in the field

Knock, knock, knock  
Till the shit in ya mama's china cabinet drop!  
Knock, knock, knock

I'm tired of knockin', so I'm kickin' in the spot

Every time I Busta Rhyme, that's When Disaster Strikes  
Got an original flow and never cared what none of you bastards like  
You punch a line lyin' about committin' a bunch of crimes  
Ended up cryin' after them people signal Rico wit' a bunch of time  
I'm the blue addition to Strange Music's new edition  
Yes, I had to clear my eye to improve the vision  
That's a homophone, though the west coast is where I'm known to roam  
You can catch me in KC havin' challah and provolone  
Get that money mane!

When Tech N9ne passed the mic, I caught the Holy Ghost and recited the last  
half of the passion of Christ In Aramaic  
Aromatic, walked in, yo' girl stated I'm fragrant  
Flagrantly disregardful of you, hella blatant  
Dubious! Pass the light, let's blaze it and lift it up  
My duty was to crush the track, who's the best? It's truly us  
Strange! Deranged in the membrane, them Plain Jane rhyme schemes is thin, ma  
yne  
Like yo 'skin, I'll get under it like a splinter  
Yo' membership is mainly in relation to your kin's fame  
Nepotistic  
So your dopeness ain't somethin' that I consider  
Nephew, I propose that we pose and take a picture  
So when they forget that, you can say you knew X and Tech and they'll rememb  
er  
Dismember your temper, my temperature's hotter than an ember  
And that hatred burnin' all in your spirit right in the center  
I'm The Son, SOLAR, the polar opposite of the winter  
I'm Mithra, I die and I'm born again on the solstice in December  
May I enter?

Knock, knock, knock  
Till the shit in ya mama's china cabinet drop!  
Knock, knock, knock  
I'm tired of knockin', so I'm kickin' in the spot

Yeah, this rap shit got me tired and I've been tired since  
Been thinkin' 'bout retirin', all this winnin' gets tirin' (Facts)  
And I admit, I've been too obsessed with tryna win  
That I killed the old me, it was suicide, it's a violin  
And shit, if I could do it all over, I'd die again  
And get out the game, 'cause half these niggas is cap with a giant brim (Cap  
)  
They say I'm corny, I think it's funny, 'cause I am him  
And all yo' favorite rappers call me and say I inspire them  
I'm outta my mind, I think that I have to find it  
They told me I'm absent minded  
Dissin' my pain and I mastermind it (Whoa)  
And I'm one of your class curriculum, nigga, they studyin' me tryna figure o  
ut why I keep shittin' on niggas  
They hate when I pick on these niggas, but I'm really just sick of these nig  
gas  
I hate to get back to violence, but couldn't find me, your moment, that's fe  
lonies, niggas, I had to time it, uh  
If my life was whip, then I'm ridin' they shit till my axels grinded  
Standin' ontop of the mountains of death, I had to climb it  
And my diamonds match the climate (Bling)  
So don't come near us, I'm to lit, you can't compare us  
You took trips and went to Paris, I bought houses for my parents (Real shit)  
Damn, this shit way too overbearin', but I'm still gon' shake the dice (Tech  
, what up, nigga?)  
Nigga, what you know 'bout eggs and rice?

I turned somethin' outta nothin', this a fuckin' paper kite  
If I threw out all my jewelry, you gon' see them Vegas lights  
This is fuckin' poltergeist, this ain't happen overnight, nigga, Joyner

Knock, knock, knock  
Till the shit in ya mama's china cabinet drop!  
Knock, knock, knock  
I'm tired of knockin', so I'm kickin' in the spot