

# Let Me In

Tech N9ne

Let me in the door  
You keep sayin' you hear me knockin'  
What you standin' there for?  
Who I gotta kill or sleep with?  
Cause I'm the worlds best secret  
Let me in the door  
You keep sayin' you hear me knockin'  
What you standin' there for?  
Cause I'm the one that do that music you feel  
But you still review this  
Let me in the door

Right now before my goons have to tear it town  
We don't wait in line and we don't stand around  
We at Club Zen and drinkin', actin' brand new  
Actin' like he never seen my face and I ain't got loot  
They know I'm Cash Image and I'm with Tech N9ne  
And before the club close, The owner gon' respect mine  
Spend a lot of money and that's the bottom line  
Ten cars on chrome, Plus the neck shine  
Baggy jeans on and J's with a lot of bucks  
And you ain't gotta know me  
You could tell my dollars' up  
Poppin' collars in the club, turnin' bottles up  
And all the models in the club wanna follow us  
It's Mr. Chevy Man, You hear my song playin'  
And every time we in the club  
We be spending grand's  
First deny Tech then deny me  
And I was number one on 103 for forty weeks

You say you hear me knockin'  
So why you don't wanna let me in?  
But I ain't buggin', So tell the cops to come and get me then  
Complain about my shoes, ain't really talkin' 'bout shit  
Dude, I spent like three hundred and fifty on this outfit  
NV ain't gon' let me in, zen actin' funny with me  
What it's gon' cost me, homie?  
I brought a little money with me  
I don't wear tight shirts, my pants kinda baggy  
KC hat tilted, so now they wanna red flag me  
I'm by the bar every time, point blank, Period  
The door man hatin', takin' his job too serious  
Me, Cash Image, Tech and Kaliko about big business  
So what I'm talkin to a bouncer for?  
The woman see me, Scream my name like announcers, bro  
They actin' brand new this week  
So I'm about to go to the block and bubble and get plenty cake  
I just wanted woman and I don't like this club anyway  
So fuck y'all!

I get money from music, Kinda like to spend-spend  
When I hit the town, I know they gonna let me ends in  
But these other clubs be trippin' like I begin sin  
You hear me knockin'? (Oh yeah)  
Well let me in then  
Cause NV ain't so friendly

They got a gay assembly of femmes  
Who think the blacks be packin' Semi's  
(That's why they don't sell no Henny)  
Stink butts who think bucks  
But they don't know my bank account is like a Brinks truck  
Could buy it any day  
Two poin one on a new building and lease 'em and the N9ne has plenty say  
The rhyme, it give me pay  
So I resign cause NV gay  
And plus NV stands for no vagina's anyway  
That place, Me and Lil' Weezy-Wee get no love  
That's why when I brought Chingy in there  
He peed in your club, not in the toilet either  
You don't enjoy the beaver  
You'd rather plot on how to get below your boy, The Peter  
America's Club and Fase 2, I erase you  
My pants are too baggy even though I'm clean and I'm paid too  
Orlando South's racist, they treated me cold  
And Lucky Strike and Power & Light won't let the N9ne in to bowl  
Whoa, guess my Dickies the wrong clothes  
Play my music but won't let me and my homies through the doors  
Over a million records sold, Lot's of money to fold  
They should let me in any club in KC, MO!  
And I'm the biggest tipper, bartenders know me well  
And waitress's love me, so club owners go to hell!  
You got that blow to sell but you want this bro to fail  
But it really ain't me 'cause it is your destiny to go to jail  
And when you're though servin  
You might see work on Club N9ne  
When you walk up, you might be hurt  
You might skeet-skirt cause you ain't gettin' in  
If you ain't got KC hat and a white t-shirt, aye!