

# The 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 yall need from me  
I'm here to make these fiends believe  
They want it (want it), need it (need it), gotta 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  
Cuz 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 yall is the pieces I bit from  
See I ain't buddy-buddy with rappers because that shit is fake  
Most of yall morals is fucked up, we on a different page  
You get no props just cuz 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  
That just ain't Hopsin, I paid homage, now I'm straight wildin'  
Now turn this shit up while the bass knocking

Now c'mon  
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They want it (want it), need it (need it), gotta have it (have it)  
Woah, (Yeah)  
Knock Madness And I be getting comments like  
"Hop, What's the hold up with your new shit man?"  
You be taking forever son  
Yo I'mma 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 homie, 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'monThe fiends are knocking at my door  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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