Knock, Knock

Lyricc

Knock, knock who?s there? Dizzee
Dizzee who? Ras
And I kick ass, kill a MC fast
Knock, knock who?s there? Bad
Bad who? Boy
I?m here to annoy, take away your joy
Knock, knock who?s there? Jack
Jack who? You
You're not with your crew, what you gunna do
Knock, knock who?s there? Big
Big who? Gun
Point me to the sun, watch your fassy run
I?m Dizzee Ras nightmare from the big E A S T
I?m exactly what your parent don?t want to see on your TV
I nicely, precisely intimadate anyone that I choose
Refuse to to lose, express unlimited contriversial views
Your average boy or girl on the street might be familiar with my beat
And, or familiar with my sound, I?m formerly from the underground
And it's clear, for a year, I?ve been turing up the heat
Made you get up and out of your seat
Shake your fists and shuffle your feet
And now I?m here, let's make another thing clear
They didn?t bun me up enough I?m still here
So what was the perpose of your little charade
Your little charade was whack
Just about hurt me, you should of merked me
I was on a rampage now I?m back
Five stab wounds, couple scratches, bruises and some pains
Four half-hearted fassies, four poor is no brains
Did it two weeks before my album came out helped me sell double
But let's not dwell on that, it's the least of your troubles
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Point me to the sun, watch your fassy run
Eh, yo considering
The part I play, the position I'm in
You wouldn?t expect for me me to say
I prefer the day to nights where I gotta turn up and play ya
Rip-off, dusty, sweaty, clotter raised
Where the audience, all screw faced, and promoters don?t want to pay
And half of the boys in the croud wanna blast me
And half of the girls wanna show how little they care
By standing right there at the front tryin' to look right past me
It gets depressing thinking 'bout it even more
Knowing that I?m gonna face the usual hassle at the door
Because as well as lippy hags, I hate cocky bouncers
I ain?t here to rave I?m here to get paid, look
You search me up rough like im any common crook
My names on the flyer man, forget the guest book
Abusing your authority you look like a fool
You faulty standard, underdog, you know your own tool
I ain't wearin' certain shoes so you don?t think I look right
That's cushdy mate, I?m gettin' paid more than you tonight
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