Knockin'

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Feel the bass
You-you feel the bass
You-you-you-you feel the bass
You-you feel the bass
You-you-you-you feel the bass
Cruisin' down the boulevard, feelin' hella good
Smokin' while I'm drivin', you would if you could
So I'ma push, smokin' on this Reggie Bush
Avoidin' the P's, steady tryin' to hit it
(Hit it)
Jesus G's, you niggas don't get it
And she's a tease, you're never gonna hit it
She say she wanna keep her clothes on
I'm not a drummer but this summer the beat goes on
I told her, let me flip this shit, then I'll dip this shit
Then I'll hit this shit, I'm the magnificent
Equivalent to no other, relevant to recover
Sell that shit to your mother
Tell me can, you hear, me knockin', knock, knock-knockin'
I make you feel, be-beat droppin', drop, drop-droppin'
The bass is bangin' out, the place, place, is bangin' out
So can, you hear, me-me knock, knock, kn-knock-knockin'
Me, Luda, yo
(Woo)
You beat it like Ike Turner, I swang it like A-Rod
Up and comin' rappers better keep they fuckin' day job
'Cause I'm the best so they got me mistooken
So clock in and watch this lyrical ass whoopin'
'Cause they got flows that make hoes sleepy like slow jams
My shit rocks
(Cocaine)
Like Lindsay Lohan
Listen to Luda in the Cadillac Broug-ham
Try to turn me down and your nigga's like, "No, man"
Don't you ever touch a black man's radio
'Specially when Luda bust rhymes in scenario
Plat' plaques from Rio to Ontario
Bustin' through your speakers like Tyson's in your stereo, go
Tell me can, you hear, me knockin', knock, knock-knockin'

I make you feel, be-beat droppin', drop, drop-droppin'
The bass is bangin' out, the place, place, is bangin' out
So can, you hear, me-me knock, knock, kn-knock-knockin'
Ugh, I'll plug jumper cables to the bridge
(Bay Area)
Put your lights back in this bitch
(Bitch)
West Coast representative from the label they call Sick Wid It
The best that ever lived it and spit it
And fucked around and got away with it
(Got away with it)
Ugh, ever since the 80's I've been paved with it
Overlooked and underrated
Gotta keep it real wit y'all, I can't fake it
(I can't fake it)
Ugh, I be off-beat then I'm on-beat
Then I'm off-beat then I'm on-beat
And my style is so unique
I gotta have one teeth in my mouth
And sweep a broad up off her feet
(Feet)
Took her down on the couch
Before I had a chance to speak
(Speak)
Skeeted all in her mouth
And then we went for round three
(Three)
We was tied just like the soap opera
At the same time reached our peak
Tell me can, you hear, me knockin', knock, knock-knockin'
I make you feel, be-beat droppin', drop, drop-droppin'
The bass is bangin' out, the-the bass is bangin' out
So can, you hear, me-me knock, knock, kn-knock-knockin'
Knockin', knock, knock-knockin'
Knock, knockin', knock kn-kn knockin'
The bass is knockin'
The bass is knockin'
Bustin' through your speakers
Bustin' bustin' through your speakers like
Bustin' through your
B-bustin' bustin', through your speakers like ugh
Feelin' hella nearly, hella nearly good
Bustin' bustin', through your speakers like
Tyson's in your stereo
Drop, dr-drop, dr-drop droppin'

Dr-dr-drop, dr-drop, dr-drop, droppin'
Drop, dr-drop, dr-drop droppin'
Dr-dr-drop, dr-drop, dr-drop, droppin'
Drop, dr-drop, dr-drop droppin'
Dr-dr-drop, dr-drop, dr-drop, droppin'
Drop, dr-drop, dr-drop droppin'
Dr-dr-drop, dr-drop, dr-drop, droppin'

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