The Knoc

Knoc-turn'al

Whatchu want?
Whatchu want?
Get off me
I pull quick, it's useless, I'm fully clipped, 6 fo' fully dipped
Throw chrome whip with three freaks and full hips with firm tits
Yeah, we fully chipped, been on gangsta shit
It's ruthless, drunk off two fifths
Who make hits? Who we wit?
Westcoast parties don't stop
Who drop head-boppers?
The head doctor, bed-rocker
Police pursue me in squad cars and helicopters
Checkin' lockers, Mexican connect to play soccer
PH's and cockblockers
Ho-hoppers, weez niggaz is off the rocker
Sippin cranberry juice on rocks with vodka
With 'Pac and Poppa, and Redd Fox's doctor
Takin' names and takin' orders
Ya fake ya name and I'm all up on ya
Nigga that's California, palm trees and 6-3's on deez
Rims dip to make the spokes gold-a
Slangin' boulders, thought I told ya
True soldiers comin' from the motherfuckin' shoulders
Take it easy
'Cuz it's the motherfuckin' knoc
Hotter than yo' block fulla motherfuckin' cops
Bow down when ya see me
Knoc the truth best believe it
Take it easy
'Cuz it's the motherfuckin' knoc
Hotter than a freak who givin' head who won't stop
Bow down when ya pass thru
Knoc turn'al god damn you
What's the difference between us? Nah, not that again
New songs and new cars and new broads and new thongs
On Crenshaw Boulevard, line 'em up at the bar
Girl you know who we are, hip-hop superstars

Roll deep, nah, we roll hard and deep

Bogart yo beef get the fuck off my street

Getcha motherfuckin' ass beat
L.A., Compton, long beach, whooptie whoop nigga what?
I don't give a fuck
Hustlers, hood-rats, sick-ass thugs, crips and bloods
Hell nigga, all my real niggaz raise it up
Nuttin' but dubs, you got a sack, nigga what? Blaze it up
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Bitch, you ain't 'bout shit, my bad
Turn off the lights, don't trip
Give a nig' some ack right and act like
You might lick balls tonight
Girls all pause, hell nah, girls drop draws on site
Do drugs, shroom cups, smoke bud, all night
That's right, I like bisexual women, fuck dykes
Suck dick, no, but your father might
Fuckin' hermaphrodite
Duck the IRS, fuckin' Howard Stern's wife
In traffic, bitch gave me head in real life
L.A. city lights, C.A. get it right
Westcoast on the grind, these niggaz done lost they minds
Straight loungin' in the sunshine
Here's one thing you bitch niggaz must know
Fuck you, please believe that and I mean that
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