

# Knock, Knock

[Anita Lipnicka & John Porter](#)

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 porpose 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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Knock, knock who's there? Big  
Big who? Gun  
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 crowd 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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