

# Who's There (feat. Jarren Benton & Dizzy Wright)

## Hopsin

I know how long you've waited (Waited for what?)  
For the day all these games end  
Knock-knock, who's there? H (H who?)  
Knock-knock, who's there? O-P  
Knock-knock, who's there? H (H who?)  
Knock-knock, who's there? O-PA bunch of savages, Hop'll slice the head off a faggot  
I wake up in the morning and go raid the medicine cabinet  
Every word I spit is murder on the page of this tablet  
I spit out a fucking bullet from this gauge at your fabric  
I'm not your average Joe, brain pattern is slow  
A lot of pain, things changed, now I'm stacking this dope  
Exclusive new shit, me and Hopsin we too sick  
I crack a hater upside his fucking head with a pool stick  
Murdering me is like Hop signing to Ruthless  
For a second time and then pigs flying on broomsticks  
Michael Jackson crawling out of his grave with two kids  
Bitches squirting St. Ides liquor out of they two tits  
Fuck a metaphor, basically nigga you ain't doing it  
Hand you a mirror before I murk you, check out a view in it  
I'm losing it, serial killer lurking the music biz  
Without a mask, I want you bitches to know who the fuck it is  
Suffering succotash, rims on a hovercraft  
Romantic psychopath, I drown whores in a bubble bath  
It's Mr. Benton nigga, y'all fall back  
And lick the crease between my asshole and ballsack  
Yo, locked and loaded  
Ready to bring da ruckus  
Thuggish ruggish  
No other rapper can touch it  
I'm disgusted, fuck it  
Nah, I'm in a rush to put the pressure on  
Let it be known, Ask yo girlfriend who she sextin' on  
Better known, It's Mister Knock-Knock the panties down  
You a hand-me down, Hammer down what they invested on  
Shoulda' left it alone, Shouldn't have left her at home  
It gets her off of you, I'm watchin' as she testin' it on  
My marijuana scent all up in yo shit  
You ain't shit, You as solid as my spit  
I gotta couple rappers on my list

Better get established before I get to wrapping up careers  
King Dizzy coming to give it to you straight  
Taking place, Fuck being different  
I care about being great  
Nigga kill the hate  
I'm coming just to kill it in yo state  
Fuck the world, Fuck you  
Run in place, I penetrate  
We the shit  
Yeah, bitch I didn't wake up in a new Bugatti  
Just in a room of rotten rappers, gruesome bodies I'm killin' like I'm illuminati  
I'm fuckin' out the blue tsunami, nothin' you can do to stop me  
I don't care if you knew karate or do pilates  
You fools are probably scattered so gather you stupid posse  
And get me before I move to Aussie and they crucify me  
Fuck your new Versace, you can get a cutthroat and deep-throat a dick 'til it's poking out through your asshole  
Swallow the nut whole, this shit is X-rated  
Ya'll kept playin' on devilish ground 'til you met Satan  
I stomp on you 'til you chest cave in and neck breaking  
You better be keepin' your mouth shut like your breath stinkin'  
There really isn't anyway I can be less blatant  
So face it, you basically fuck, my brain is corrupt  
This little bar â€” I'm raising it up  
And you can watch me catapult after you finish licking Jarren's anus and nuts  
It's Knock Madness!  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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