

Dizmas

"Knock, Knock"

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[Chorus]

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

Your not with your crew

What u 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 intimidatate anyone that I choose

Refuse to to lose

Express unlimited contriversal 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

Lets make another thing clear [Overlaps here on
previous line]

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 lets not dwell on that, it's the least of your troubles

[Chorus]

Eh yo considering
The part I play, you wouldn't expect for me me to say I
prefer the day to nights where I gotta
Turn up and play
I rip-off, dusty, sweaty, clotter raised
And 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
about standing right there at the front,
Tryin t' 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 athority you look like a fool
You faulty standard, underdog, you know your own tool
I aint wearin certain shoes so you don't think I look right
(what?)
That's cushdy mate, I'm gettin paid more than you
tonight

[Chorus]

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