

Dizzee Rascal

"Knock, Knock"

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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 intimidatate anyone that I choose
Refuse to to lose, express unlimited contriversional 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 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 let's not dwell on that, it's the least of your troubles

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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 croud 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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