

Los

"Knock Me Down"

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[Los]

Can I get a Woosah please?
Though I'm cooler than a poolside breeze
They make me get so oog-a-lee
When they acting like the truth not me
Let me show these n*ggas who I be
I'm the new Ali, the future Jay Gollochu?
Kobe, shoot your jay like Swiss, I'm Swiss, I'm switching
modes
Diss these chicks to get this dough,
I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick for sure
Schizophrenic with the flow, been busting rhymes since
Busta's rhyme
Let me bust this rhyme trying to get some more
Baby sip this more, hit this Chris with this piff, try this
ex
Drink this lean, try this crack, yup my swag as high as
that
Your favorite rapper, he's a joke, n*gga, I don't even
smoke
I knocked on hip hop's door, no one was home, I had to
leave a note
Like b*tch, I'm here, this my year, disappear, go get
some skills
I'm smooth, I'm cool, I'm slick, I'm chill
I'm dope, I'm fresh, I'm sick, I'm ill
N*gga, rap is mines, it's like these rappers mimes
Cause they ain't saying sh*t
I'mma need to talk to these rappers' moms,
What's on these rappers minds?
Why all these rappers lying? It's like a bunch of lies
All in these rappers lines, I leave these rappers
schooled
Welcome to Swagger School and you ain't sh*t
Without the big whip and flashy jewels, I'm whatever's
after cool
Then whatever's after that, I ain't on no funny sh*t
You the one I'm laughing at, L-O-L, O-M-G, your
jealousy is showing me
That you could never grow to be as cold as me and
vocally

My potency's Metallica, you Jodeci, pussy n*gga
ovaries, who over me?
I oversee from the U.S. to overseas and back again,
platinum certified
I murder guys then burglarize from Swaggerville
Mass appeal, black Chevy, classic grill, black desey,
bastard chill
You bugging the master still, you sucker get clapped
for real
Now clap for real, applaud the King, I'm trying to bring
my squad a ring
You Carl Malone, long and gone, b*tch I gets my
balling on
Watch what name you calling on and that's just a
principle
Or you gon' be in trouble like the principal just called ya
home
Off the dome, pen or pad, iPhone it, Sidekick it
Write it in your Blackberry or ancient hieroglyphics
I kicks it dooper, iller, lyrically Los a killer
And I done stomped the monkey sh*t outta most
gorillas
'Cause they just baby apes, heart made of plastic
Like some Bathing Apes, figure deal me real is real,
fake is fake
N*ggas lied on me, b*tches stepped on me
Cowards hated on me, Diddy slept on me, Diddy-Diddy
slept on me
It could of broke my spirits, I could of broke down
But I'm a nightmare, I bet these b*tches woke now
Or die dreaming, I being fly meaning
Can't fall 'cause I'm often sky walking, guys barking up
the wrong tree
You can't one on one me, n*gga, better zone me
Yeah, I kill at hype anger, I'm a life changer
And you so Ray J, you must like Danger
I tell these n*ggas that it's worse for the K
I just murdered this sh*t like First 48 and I'm gone

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