

Lupe Fiasco "Knockin' At The Door"

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[Intro]

Knockin' at the door but you can't get in
Peekin' through the blinds but you can't see in
Knockin' at the door but you can't get in
Knockin' at the door but you can't get in

[Verse 1]

They wanna start again, no arguin',
Guns in the car for them, hit em while they feet on they
Alterman's
Off guard, blow em out they Cardigans
They case hardenin' , they at the table bargainin'
No time for stuck safeties or shaky targetin'
Hit the face, hit the safe and the carpet in
Get the weight, get the cape, get the tape that we
starred in
Escape, hit the interstate partyin'
They guardians is soft frames as jellyfish
Give em shirts that they can strain spaghetti wit
Extra button holes for touchin' those
They rarely kick, my readiness only matched by my
pettiness
Get the change where the couch at,
Pick pocket fleas, please get the cheese off they
mousetraps
Remember, they holdin' jus like us
Burners under the furniture, 4-4's and floorboards
Murderers, burglars, they game just as hood
And they aim jus as good,
A little better
Little Berettas wit suppressors
And all the etceteras for whatever
We can pole climb, cut phone lines, the whole nine
But we got to stay together, that's the key to this
Even if, its no longer secretive
They gonna start panicin', when they see that u
backstage without the laminent
Don't ease up, niggaz tend to freeze up, become
mannequins
"What about you?", don't worry bout me
I'm averagin' 50 shots a game when its cracklin'
Turn the lights off on they ambulance
Just, give me room to operate

They be in operatin' rooms wit wounds to contemplate
Don't speak, no room to commentate,
Make sure ya sneakers tied, no shoes to confiscate
Get aways, take the cables out they Sables,
Slash the tires on they Chryslers, no survivors
Niggaz can't make it with McGuyver
Either u get them, or they get u
No amount of karate class can keep u outta body bags
So save ya boxing and Ninjitsu
Don't be cheap, bullets is ten cents apiece
Give em each a saw buck the instant they reach (UH!)
Movin' on, make sure you know who's who, who's you
Who's not, and who to shoot upon
Friendly fire, and hittin' innocent standbys'll
Get ya enemy wired, and its bad enough
So dont go gassin' em up,
Leave that for the shells, the 12's from the pumps
If done correct, the condo's on me
Gotta go, rock-n-roll, lock and load on 3
[Gun cocked and shot]

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