

Big Mello

"Knock"

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(*talking*)

Remind me to whoop your ass good, next time I see
you

[Hook - 2x]

I make it nigggy-nigggy-knock y'all
Up and down, the biggy-block y'all
And now you know, it don't stop y'all
And now you know I got ya, all y'all

[Big Mello]

I stick my finger in the ground, and turn the whole
world round
I make all these little playa hating punks, bow down
Move around right about now, I got this locked
My Southside body rock, keep trunks on knock
I rock spots keep it hot, and it's me yo mi caliente
What que paso ese, me el presidente
Don Dada, I set it off like Osama
Blow the spot like uni-bombers, see I bring the drama
My raps attack tracks, emcees back-back
Step to me on that mic, I'm like lyrical anthrax
Deadly track assassin, known for smashing and
crashing
Egotistical rappers, I drop em all like Cassius
Burn they asses to ashes, shatter em like glasses
Whether flipping my tongue, or flowing slow as
molasses
I'm classic like Coke, my flows hook em like dope
And when it's all said and done, it was murder I wrote

[Hook - 2x]

[Big Mello]

It's the return of the body rocker, trunk knocker
Hip hopper, making woofers sing like an opera
When I creep I beat the block up, with my gangsta
boogie
Working wood like a vet, now watch me swang on these
rookies
Lil' cats move around, when my slab come down

I pop a trunk lighting up, Southside H-Town
I'm a 84 swanger, gator backbone crawler
I-10 eighteen wheel, heavyweight hauler
Big boss giving orders, Hiram-Clarke night stalker
Bout it bout it like them boys, way down in New Orleans
See I make the trunk beat huh, break the concrete
My amps overheat, when I peep

[Hook - 2x]

[Big Mello]

I come down chunk the deuce, out the damn Hollywood
Sideways on Rick's, working wood looking good
I swang through the Southside, fuck a god damn vine
I put them swangas in your life, and all you jackers gon
mind

Run up on me I'm dumping, I bar none fade all
I'ma crawl through the South, West, East and the Nawf
Tal'n bout what it do, don't like it nigga fuck you
Swang on me, you get your ass ran through
Already cocked and ready, strap lay by my belly
Coming down knocking Nelly, on biscuit and jelly
Represent the damn South, out of town I act bad
Down here we don't rent, we pay our shit straight cash
All you video cappers, with them borrowed ass
Bentleys
Fuck your motherfucking 20's, what you do don't
offend me
I ain't barring that foreign, I hit the slab on 4's
With them low pro fo's, Southside gon hold

[Hook - 4x]

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