

Lyrics by Gamma Ray

"Knockin at Your Door"

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(Verse 1: U-God)

Thanks for the rap action pack satisfaction
Snatch over match kiss the grand dragon
I'm trampling the mass riddin head champion
Back draft crash landin
Last man standing
All bodies full of swords
Cards of confusion
Killa bee guarantee
The guillotine execution
Revoloution air pollution
New budda diva fairy, beaver, be cleaver, fever, curry
speaker
Sweet creature hurry knockin
Dirty rockin jockin
One stand word is thirty shell shockin
Unlockin fell through the flurries
Hurry, don't worry cherry blow
Go beyond wall rip a hardcore
Right

(chorus: U-God)

Someone's knockin at the door
Someone's bringin the swell
Y'all really want the fuckin war
Golden Arms bringing the swell
Somebody knockin at the door
Somebody bringin the swell
Young guns down for the cause
Golden Arms bringin the swell

(Verse 2: Letha Face)

Last hope Staten force, stack a few thoughts
Burn a mens courts
German imports adapt to the sport
Smash your courts like elevator deaths
Hell raizer checks
Shells faith invest it dwells in the plate in your chest
Facial sweats away in your breath
Scrapin your best patriot blessed warzone
No escapin the death

Snake you inject venom from poison glands
Boy scans destroy mans
The only survivor if the weak hold jams
Boths mans a pyrex measuring cups
Fo' better bust permanent headrush
Body illustrius
Infamous selfdestruct 12 bomb mechanisms
Expertism sets down your power gland systems

(chorus: U-God)
Somebody rockin hardcore
Sombody bringin the swell
Y'all really want the fuckin war
Golden Arms bringin the swell
Somebody rockin hardcore
Somebody bringin the swell
Somebody rockin hardcore
Golden Arms bringin the swell

(Verse 3: U-God)
Titanium bat
Drainin the crainium crack
Strainin your back
Late flap played back flippin
Disco daddy caddy shack
Glad he back, novelty size
Swallow me in poverty pimpin
Finger lickin hood stricken
Muffle detect slide
Shuffle the deck muscle respect, good riddens
Rag time drag through
36 pistons jerk your wrist in friction
Crash y'all since you in fast ball
And gas your last ass-whippin
Ask canned equipment
Risky district sound effect
Kickbox to get lift the gold shipment
The upmost control cut most amounted track
Polish my knaps
Now get simplicity twisted
Guys on top
Won't he despise out the meisor
The crypt tall bricks hit em'
Rip torn the bits got flipped shredded then chipped
over dicer

(chorus: U-God)
Someone knockin at the door
Someone bringin the swell
Y'all niggas really want the war
Golden Arms bringin the swell

Y'all want the fuckin hardcore
Golden Arms bringin the swell
Young guns out for the cause
Golden Arms bringin the bell
Bell, bell, bell, bell, bell...

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