

## **Knoc-turn'al F/ Dr. Dre, Missy Elliott**

### **"turn'al F/ Dr. Dre, Missy Elliott - Knoc"**

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Whatchu want?  
Whatchu want?  
Get off me

[Knoc] I pull quick, it's useless  
[Knoc] I'm fully clipped, 6 fo' fully dipped  
[Knoc] Throw chrome whip with three freaks and full  
hips with firm tits  
[Dr.D] Yeah we fully chipped, been on gangsta shit  
[Dr.D] It's ruthless, drunk off toothless  
[Dr.D] Who make hits? (Dre)

[Knoc-turn'al]  
Who we wit? (Knoc)  
Westcoast parties don't stop  
Who drop head-boppers? (The head doctor, bed-  
rocker)  
Police pursue me in squad cars and helicopters  
Checkin lockers, Mexican connect to play soccer  
PH's and cockblockers  
Ho-hoppers, weez niggaz is off the rocker  
Sippin cranberry juice on rocks with vodka  
We're pocket popperin, red foxes die (for real)  
Takin names and takin orders  
Ya fake ya name, and I'm all up on ya  
Nigga that's Cali-fornia  
Palm trees and 6-3's on deez  
Rims dip to make the spokes go to  
Slangin boulders, thought I told ya  
True soldiers, comin from the motherfuckin shoulders  
(WOOP!)

[Hook: Missy Elliott]  
Take it ea-say! (ea-say)  
Cuz it's the motherfuckin KNOC!  
Hotter than yo' block fulla motherfuckin COPS!  
Bow down when ya see me!  
Knoc the truth best believe it!  
Take it ea-say! (ea-say)  
Cuz it's the motherfuckin KNOC!  
Hotter than a freak who givin head who won't STOP!

Bow down when ya pass thru!  
Knoc-turn'al God damn you!

[Knoc-turn'al]

What's the difference between us? (Nah not that again)  
New songs, and new cars, and new broads, and new  
thongs  
On Crenshaw Boulevard - Line 'em up at the bar  
Girl you know who we are, hip-hop superstars  
Roll deep? Nah, we roll hard and deep  
Bogart yo beef get the fuck off my street  
Getcha motherfuckin ass beat  
L.A., Compton, Long Beach, whooptie-whoop nigga  
what?  
I don't give a fuck  
Hustlers, hood-rats, sick-ass thugs - Crips and Bloods  
(Hell nigga!) All my real niggaz raise it up  
Nuttin but dubs, you got a sack, nigga what?  
Raise it up

[Hook: Missy Elliott]

[Knoc-turn'al]

Bitch you ain't 'bout shit, my bad  
Turn off the lights, don't trip  
Give a nig' some ack wipe, and act like..  
You might.. lick balls tonight  
Girls all pause, hell nah, girls drop draws on site  
Do drugs, shroom cups, smoke bud, all night  
That's right, I like.. my sexual women, fuck dykes  
Suck dick? No, but your father might  
Fuckin hermaphrodite!  
Duck the IRS, fuckin Howard Stern's wife  
In traffic, bitch gave me head in real life  
L.A. city lights, C.A. get it right  
Westcoast on the grind, these niggaz done lost they  
minds  
Straight loungin in the sunshine  
Here's one thing you bitch niggaz must know  
Fuck you! Please believe that, and I mean that

[Hook: Missy Elliott]

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