Daz Dillinger, Who's Knoccin' At My Door

[Daz intro]
(Who is it?) Mac Shawn
(Who is it?) The Mac!
(Sup? What you need) I don't know quarter, half or something, what? Fifty?
(Oh you need a fifty sac?) Yeah get me the fifty
(Hold on, I got half for $250) Cash?
(Dropping zones is $500 more) Oh my God
(So what you need is what I got) Man, give it to me now

[Daz Verse 1]
I get up early in the morning, I'm yawning, I'm tired as f**k
My body aching, thanking God that I made it as much as I need
Bread, my mamma covered me under the shadow
With the niggas that I meet on the street that I have to battle
At a celebrity status, opportunities I'm grabbing
If it's weed, or a better life I got to have it
With my homies I'm smoking, I'm taking away the pain
With the problems that hold me down, and it seems to be strange
It ain't no thang to handle my situation just like a G
Without them dollars, I could say that my life is incomplete
And to the world I'm a dogg pound gangsta
Making paper, who gives a f**k if I'm busting on playa haters
I can't stand an infiltrater who's suppose to be your homie
But later, in the end realize that he's a phony
To the police that raided my shit, making my shit hot again
I relocated, came up on a jack pot of ends
Got to hand it to myself, giving it all that I got
Everyday I gain money nigga, come up on glocks
You know, but I guess that I'm up on thangs for sure
And I hear money knocking at my door

[Chorus 2X]
But I guess that I'm up on thangs for sure
And I hear money knocking at my door
Can I hear money knocking at my door
Can the police be coming for the weed and the yo
Can it be a customer looking for a dub
I think they out just to set me up

[Daz Verse 2]
I'm more popular than ever, take me out nigga never
Will I die clocking a million on my way up to the ladder
It don't matter nigga, what the f**k did I do
Plus I got to keep it real and to myself stay true
I'm draped in blue and gray but I'm straight making it happen
Robbin' or slangin' or I got to stay focused on rapping
It's all about the legitimate way to make ya pay
No fun in LA, or Long Beach, or compton, or Watts
Wherever I lay my head down to sleep
Thanking God for my children and my soul's at peace
Yeah, am I the father I try to be?
Between me and the mamma it's drama won't let it be
See I'm on my own, got's to move on
Bitches to lend on, use 'em and then just get the f**k on
If I boned, I f**ked, it ain't no thang
Like the pussy is attracted to the fortune and fame
Running bitches like a video game, it ain't no thang
Had the freak of the week last week, it wasn't no thang
It's like that, freak nasty
I know you fine but you look like lassie BIATCH!

[Chorus 2X]
But I guess that I'm up on thangs for sure
And I hear money knocking at my door

Can I hear money knocking at my door
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[Daz Outro]
Y'all know when y'all selling dope
And everybody knocking at the mother f**king door
You don't know who it is
It could be your mother, could be your brother,
could be the police, could be the feds,
and it could be a nigga coming to smoke your ass
So watch who you open that door for, Aight, Ok, Alright!

Yeah, this game is like a bubble
There's always a player hater that wants to prick it
But you got to let that bubble rise to it's highest level
Away from the bullshit
Let it float, let it flow
The way smooth shit go, with or without a low
Without money or without a whore
Because the highest power's gonna see you through it
For sure, because that's where belief comes in with self
Let it go, let it flow

(you know what, you right)