

# Dizzee Rascal, Knoc Knock

[Chorus]

Knock knock whos there? Dizzee

Dizzee who? Ras

And I kick ass

Kill a MC fast

Knock knock whos there? Bad

Bad who? Boy

Im here to annoy

Take away your joy

Knock knock whos there? Jack

Jack who? You

Your not with your crew

What u gunna do

Knock knock whos there? Big

Big who? Gun

Point me to the sun

Watch your fassy run

Im dizzee ras nightmare from the big E A S T

Im exactly what your parent dont want to see on your tv

I nicely, precisely intimidatate anyone that I choose

Refuse to to lose

Express unlimited contrivernal views

Your average boy or girl on the street might be familiar with my beat

And/or familiar with my sound, Im formerly from the underground

And its clear, for a year, Ive been turing up the heat

Made you get up and out of your seat

Shake your fists and shuffle your feet

And now Im here

Lets make another thing clear [Overlaps here on previous line]

They didnt bun me up enough Im still here

So what was the perpose of your little charade, your little charade was whack

Just about hurt me

You should of merked me

I was on a rampage now Im back

Five stab wounds

Couple scratches, bruises and some pains

Four half-hearted fassies

Four poor is no brains

Did it

Two weeks before my album came out helped me sell double

But lets not dwell on that, its the least of your troubles

[Chorus]

Eh yo considering

The part I play, you wouldnt expect for me me to say I prefer the day to nights where I gotta turn up and play

I rip-off, dusty, sweaty, clotter raised

And the audience, all screw faced, and promoters dont want to pay

And half of the boys in the croud wanna blast me

And half of the girls wanna show how little they care about standing right there at the front, tryin t look right past me

It gets depressing thinking bout it even more

Knowing that Im gonna face the usual hassle at the door

Because as well as lippy hags, I hate cocky bouncers

I aint here to rave Im here to get paid look

You search me up rough like im any common crook

My names on the flyer man, forget the guest book

Abusing your athority you look like a fool

You faulty standard, underdog, you know your own tool

I aint wearin certain shoes so you dont think I look right (what?)

Thats cushdy mate, Im gettin paid more than you tonight

[Chorus]