

# Lupe Fiasco, Knockin At The Door

[Intro:]

Knockin' at the door but you can't get in  
Peekin through the blinds but you can't see in  
Knockin' at the door but you can't get in  
Knockin' at the door but you can't get in

[Verse 1:]

They wanna start again, no arguin',  
Guns in the car for them, hit em while they feet on they Altermans  
Off guard, blow em out they Cardigans  
They case hardenin' , they at the table bargainin'  
No time for stuck safeties or shaky targetin'  
Hit the face, hit the safe and the carpet in  
Get the weight, get the cape, get the tape that we starred in  
Escape, hit the interstate partyin'  
They guardians is soft frames as jellyfish  
Give em shirts that they can strain spaghetti wit  
Extra button holes for touchin those  
They rarely kick, my readiness only matched by my pettiness  
Get the change where the couch at,  
Pick pocket fleas, please get the cheese off they mousetraps  
Remember, they holdin' jus like us  
Burners under the furniture, 4-4's and floorboards  
Murderers, burglars, they game just as hood  
And they aim jus as good,  
A little better  
Little Berettas wit suppressors  
And all the etceteras for whatever  
We can pole climb, cut phone lines, the whole nine  
But we got to stay together, thats the key to this  
Even if, its no longer secretive  
They gonna start panicin', when they see that u backstage without the laminent  
Dont ease up, niggaz tend to freeze up, become mannequins  
&quot;What about you?&quot;, don't worry bout me  
I'm averagin 50 shots a game when its cracklin'  
Turn the lights off on they ambulance  
Just, give me room to operate  
They be in operatin rooms wit wounds to contemplate  
Dont speak, no room to commentate,  
Make sure ya sneakers tied, no shoes to confiscate  
Get aways, take the cables out they Sables,  
Slash the tires on they Chryslers, no survivors  
Niggaz can't make it with McGuyver  
Either u get them, or they get u  
No amount of karate class can keep u outta body bags  
So save ya boxing and Ninjitsu  
Dont be cheap, bullets is ten cents apiece  
Give em each a saw buck the instant they reach (UH!)  
Movin on, make sure you know whos who, whos you  
Whos not, and who to shoot upon  
Friendly fire, and hittin innocent standbyers'll  
Get ya enemy wired, and its bad enough  
So dont go gassin em up,  
Leave that for the shells, the 12's from the pumps  
If done correct, the condo's on me  
Gotta go, rock-n-roll, lock and load on 3

[Gun cocked and shot]