

Who's There (feat. Jarren Benton & Dizzy Wright)

Hopsin

I know how long you've waited (Waited for what?)
For the day all these games end
Knock-knock, who's there? H (H who?)
Knock-knock, who's there? O-P
Knock-knock, who's there? H (H who?)
Knock-knock, who's there? O-PA bunch of savages, Hop'll slice the head off a faggot
I wake up in the morning and go raid the medicine cabinet
Every word I spit is murder on the page of this tablet
I spit out a fucking bullet from this gauge at your fabric
I'm not your average Joe, brain pattern is slow
A lot of pain, things changed, now I'm stacking this dope
Exclusive new shit, me and Hopsin we too sick
I crack a hater upside his fucking head with a pool stick
Murdering me is like Hop signing to Ruthless
For a second time and then pigs flying on broomsticks
Michael Jackson crawling out of his grave with two kids
Bitches squirting St. Ides liquor out of they two tits
Fuck a metaphor, basically nigga you ain't doing it
Hand you a mirror before I murk you, check out a view in it
I'm losing it, serial killer lurking the music biz
Without a mask, I want you bitches to know who the fuck it is
Suffering succotash, rims on a hovercraft
Romantic psychopath, I drown whores in a bubble bath
It's Mr. Benton nigga, y'all fall back
And lick the crease between my asshole and ballsack
Yo, locked and loaded
Ready to bring da ruckus
Thuggish ruggish
No other rapper can touch it
I'm disgusted, fuck it
Nah, I'm in a rush to put the pressure on
Let it be known, Ask yo girlfriend who she sextin' on
Better known, It's Mister Knock-Knock the panties down
You a hand-me down, Hammer down what they invested on
Shoulda' left it alone, Shouldn't have left her at home
It gets her off of you, I'm watchin' as she testin' it on
My marijuana scent all up in yo shit
You ain't shit, You as solid as my spit
I gotta couple rappers on my list
Better get established before I get to wrapping up careers

King Dizzy coming to give it to you straight
Taking place, Fuck being different
I care about being great
Nigga kill the hate
I'm coming just to kill it in yo state
Fuck the world, Fuck you
Run in place, I penetrate
We the shit

Yeah, bitch I didn't wake up in a new Bugatti
Just in a room of rotten rappers, gruesome bodies I'm killin' like I'm illuminati
I'm fuckin' out the blue tsunami, nothin' you can do to stop me
I don't care if you knew karate or do pilates
You fools are probably scattered so gather you stupid posse
And get me before I move to Aussie and they crucify me
Fuck your new Versace, you can get a cutthroat and deep-throat a dick 'til it's poking out
through your butthole
Swallow the nut whole, this shit is X-rated
Ya'll kept playin' on devilish ground 'til you met Satan
I stomp on you 'til you chest cave in and neck breaking
You better be keepin' your mouth shut like your breath stinkin'
There really isn't anyway I can be less blatant
So face it, you basically fuck, my brain is corrupt
This little bar — I'm raising it up
And you can watch me catapult after you finish licking Jarren's anus and nuts
It's Knock Madness!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>