

Hodinem

"Hit 'em Up [Part 1]"

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Go Hodyy
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Aiiyo!!

First off fuck you bitch and the shit you say,
Diss me but at least I don't binge ad ain't gay
You claim to be big-boned but you'll fuck up your life
So fuck you fatboy drop the food lets fight
Plus, I'll pay your liposuction your stomachs full of shit
You fat cunt and white lard-assed dickhead
I'll keep on punchin' you think its fnny when your lettin'
off a kef
Eatin' more food while I'm punchin at your chest, you
need to rest
Die later, go ask the slimfast high leaders about their
five ways to eat that you don't see when they released
Yo, Sweeney you shouldn't fuck around with me, coz
you ain't ready for your next eat...
So fuck leeks, I'll let ya fat-ass know we iz rivals for life
But you might fuckin' die tonight (HaHa)
Fatboy killed himself on a big steak grill
Fuck wit me and get your stomach drilled...
You know

CHORUS: Grab 380's when ya see Hodson
Call the cops when ya see Hodson
You ate all you could at the picnic
I hope you relapse any minute
Motherfucker, you eat 'em up

Yo check this out your fat-ass ain't even on my level,
I'ma finish my fuckin' rhyme, you fat lard-assed faggot

Yo!
Eat all ya can, yo.
Eat all ya can, yo
One day your heart'll stop
Hodinem, fightin' back, you'll have a heart attack
Ben Sweeney gettin' his fat-ass floored for talkin' back
loads

Fat-ass I'll murder ya, I'll show ya where the burgers
are, at my own restaurant while you get the piss-took
Drop, the Mars, then ya heart'll stop, call the cops,
I'ma beat ya fat-ass Sweeney watch.

Now I Got all my homies makin' fun of ya Sweeney
Where's ya fuckin' mother now, there's only one of ya
Sweeney
You a fat bastard, you can't fuckin' chase me,
While I run for seven minutes to the motherfuckin' P-U-
B.

CHORUS: Grab 380's when ya see Hodson

Call the cops when ya see Hodson
You ate all you could at the picnic
I hope you relapse any minute
Motherfucker, you eat 'em up

You got a fat-ass but you ain't on no mission
Still, this ain't no freestyle of Ben gettin' killed with his
stomach open
Eatin' more and more shit, I hope you iz just chokin'
You'll have a stroke, an now we know why you never
fucked with me after that time
Coz you a fat motherfucker, you should cut down on
the slim
Talkin' 'bout ya fuckin' dinner, it iz funny to me
You never get in trouble, I hope you choke on your tea
I'ma hard-headed fuckin' G,
I hope ya choke on ya fuckin' tea
Hey Ben, remember when I told you to fuck off that
day?
It was obvious you'd eaten gravy
Now its all dessert, you gave up fuck all
49 thousand chips covered in gravy
While my songs makin' records break
2 and a half million sales by the second week
Motherfucker, you eat 'em up!

I'm twattin' ya now cuz I can't shoot you in school
Fuck that shit, I got an uzi in my bag
Get this shit off your dinner plate
Your pupils are dialated, you are pervailated
You will never get appriciated
I hope I watch 'em bury you, bastard
Cuz fat cunts get fucked up and choked up
If that don't work you'll get your throat cut
"What tha fuck?"
Iz you stupid?
I choke ya Sweeney with a fuckin' guitar chord and

stuff ya in cardboard
Chopped up in a box, wit all ya flabby parts
I'll stomp on ya heart
Hodinem up in here, kill ya mother while you watch
If I were you I'd lock ya doors
Cuz I'll beat ya up worse than Tupac Shakur

You a fat bastard
Gettin' heart attack seizures
I'll feed ya cheese-burgers from McDonalds and
McGreases
Fat bastard
Fattened up fuck up
Hodinem will always be
I'll kill ya and leave the country!!!

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