

## Hopsin "Break It Down"

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Intro: Echem, lets go

Chorus: Break it down, down, down, down, Down,  
down, down, down, get up (Get  
up) Say what? Get up (Get up) Say  
what? Break it down, down, down,  
down, down, down, down, down now  
get up (Get up) Say what? Get up (Get up) Say what?

Verse 1: Now may i kick a little flow for y'all,  
thats slow and raw, for niggas who  
thinkin the west coast fell off, but first  
id like to give a little toast to all whos  
souls was lost, up in the rap flows and  
all (Yeah) Back to my original topic, fuck the  
bullshit, you shuld be gettin wit Hopsin  
on that real rap shit, man forget the  
imposters, y'all destroyed hip hop good,  
mission accomplished, now im gon make  
em regret the shit, bringin back all the  
elements, makin these fellas swell up  
gon tell em that Fucken hell has hit, i gotta focus  
though,  
and come down on all my zonins yo,  
because im prone to blow, and destroy  
alla my lyrics chromasones, i told you  
folks that its over, so go and roll up your  
soldiers, and be up out of this bitch, like  
hokus pokus, im so furocious, i had the  
potion but no one noticed, and now  
im bout to Blow up even bigger than my nose is

Chorus:

Break it down down, down, down, down,  
down, down, now get up (Get up) Say  
what? Get up (Get up) Say what? Break  
it down, down, down, down, Down, down, down, down,  
down now get  
up (Get up) Say what? get up (Get up)  
Say what?

Verse 2: id like to bust another verse if i may, the

mess i made, make rappers wanna catch  
my fade, im just not sane, all Y'all effect my brain, so  
dont be tryna  
run up puttin me in head locks man, its  
like i pin em like a poster, get em and  
then roast em, when it comes to these  
verbal abuses do not approach em, i  
toast em, bury em in an oasis, then  
write a book on how i did it like OJ did  
(Stupid Stupid) Im that new nigga all the kids  
gon look up to wit a middle finger in the  
sky screamin "Fuck school" You dont  
want yo child bumpin hop nigga fuck  
you, whos a better dad, you or me? Let  
ya son choose, Girl, why you actin so  
passionate? You smilin at me like i was Attracted to fat  
women, shit, go get yo  
ass up in the cut wit ya big butt, come  
to think about it, nevermind, i could use  
a nut

Chorus: Break it down, down, down, down, down,  
down, down, down, down, get up (Get  
up) Say what? Get up (Get up) Say what? Break it down,  
down,  
down, down, down, down, down, down,  
now get up (Get up) Say what? Get up  
(Get up) Say what?

Verse 3: Still the same nigga, still Usin fruity loops,  
play this shit up in the  
club watch what her booty do, i aint  
gotta fuck wit all that high-tech shit, i  
keep the kitchen grimy cookin up my  
next hit, i guess its how i was raised, and  
now i get paid, to go and write some  
bullshit a couple hours a day, i juss pop a Tune on, and  
the music come on me, my  
message is deeper than this if you listen  
closely, yo i gotta habit for smashin  
faggots in fact imma dashin rappin  
savage assassin who has a passion to  
just, see em, then read em, eat em, beat  
em, then flee em to feed em to muselina,  
i seem to be the most Heated speaker i defeat your  
leader,  
freak your diva, then freakin leave her,  
Hopsin he a demon, y'all knowin that he  
a beast, what? How tha fuck am i  
suppose to act? Shit, tha west coast is  
back (West side)

Chorus: Break it down, down, down, down, down,  
down, Down, down, get up (Get up) Say what?  
Get up (Get up) Say what? Break it down,  
down, down, down, down, down, down,  
down, now get up (Get up) Say what? Get up (Get up)  
Say what?

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