

## Hopsin

### "Funk Volume 2013"

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feat. SwizzZz, Dizzy Wrigh

[Hook]

Finna throw the whole game out of focus  
And beat it in the head 'cause the flow sick  
Finna throw the whole game out of focus  
And beat it in the head 'cause the flow sick  
Let 'em know  
We'll never fade away  
We just keep on movin'  
And we ain't afraid of bitch niggas talkin' slick  
Act up and you can get it  
So sit down and pay attention, nigga

[Verse 1]

I ain't in the building, I'm base-jumping off of it  
It's Wrizzle, bitch, time to take my balls at your  
esophagus  
I took a break and became the topic of all the gossipin'  
Dummies takin' shots get mad 'cause I don't  
acknowledge 'em  
Yeah, I started in '08 and still ain't fuckin' dropped an  
album  
Circumstances have sent me back, and I'm buzzin'  
without one  
Perceived as the hype man in the back, but I'm the  
founder of this shit  
And now look where it's at! I  
I'll let you have it like I'm generous, nigga  
Shit, my existence alone is such a benefit, nigga  
Rewind the clock a couple years, I'm still ahead of you  
niggas  
It's 2013, I'm makin' bets for you niggas  
So sleep soundly - three Z's, hoe  
I'm in the booth lettin' it spill - BP flow  
Punch lines knock 'em out like Deebo  
You niggas ain't ready to stop me from runnin' at Tim  
Tebow  
Oh boy!

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Greatly awakened, I'm comin' straight out of Vegas  
Besides from takin' over, we plannin' assassinations  
The craft, I'll take it, I'm poetry in the Matrix  
We know the industry fake and we slowly about to  
break it  
See they embrace it 'cause Hop was just in his  
basement  
He secretly hired killers that's killin' collaborations  
2012 I took this shit back to the roots  
Shit-bag, with your bitch-ass, you can get trapped in  
the booth  
Hardest out, I'm hardly out, but talked about  
Stoner out the group, my home smell like Bob Marley's  
house  
I found it out and you can count me out  
These rappers weak, y'all lyrics drier than cottonmouth  
The problem child, you surprised that I'm next  
Nigga said he's goin' global and I swear that I ain't lied  
to you yet  
Neighbors callin' 'cause they tryna invest  
It's 2013, and the first thing they ask is if we signin' the  
check  
Nahâ€!

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Hello, y'all - it's the bully - in a Trayvon Martin hoodie  
And a bunch of gynecology dudes to operate on you  
pussies  
Ain't no killer, but please don't push me  
The day you fags belittle me  
Is the day that Hopsin joins a group with Souja Boy and  
Lil' B  
Overseas they call me a sick cunt  
I'm hungry, and I just missed lunch so I could FV 2013  
songs a day  
And the world ends this month  
I'm crazy as Big Pun on a fifth of rum  
Stormin' the house pissed  
'cause his wife hid all his sharp knives and his guns  
I'll kill a nigga for Hop, Swizzle, Dizzy or Dame  
A hopper, this ain't a label bitch, this a gang  
Psyche - wait, did I say that?  
All the fans'll be like "Hop, you a hypocrite"  
"Why'd you sign Jarren? He's ignorant"  
Ain't goin' nowhere, get used to me  
FV gang ain't what it used to be  
'Cause we makin' moves, about to hit the top  
Shinin' just like jewelry

Yeah - fuck you haters who ain't with it and you labels  
that shitted

Homie, we did it independent, bitch

[Hook]

[Verse 4]

This was somethin' that you couldn't prevent  
I threw my fuckin' life away to get a foot in this bitch  
I see some dedicated haters and they lookin' to dis  
I know the fuckin' solution, an ass whooping is it  
I got the industry all shook and it's stiff  
Since I ain't loanin' my soul,  
you know it's something that they wouldn't admit  
I made a change and the devil said I shouldn't commit  
But the lifestyle, the offers ain't as good as it gets  
Man, I ain't just another rapper on the list, mackin' on  
the chicks  
Doin' big collabs every track to own a hit  
I'm the captain of the ship, plus I'm back up on my shit  
Take a note of it and stick it to a magnet on your fridge  
So your asses don't forget that my purpose is  
astronomic  
I enlighten those who hurtin' and lackin' knowledge  
The burden is bad to pocket, I'm certain I have to stop it  
The fire is burnin' but I'm emergin' through ashes  
fallen  
My image made all you folks doubt  
But I made it through the vicious cold drought  
Now all you niggas get to see my flow sprout  
Sorry, Mama, but I got a role now  
I made some cheese - now I can finally afford my own  
house  
I seen niggas speakin' on shit that they don't know  
about  
I excel in places they failed so they think I sold out  
But this is what the fame does  
We came up and made our name buzz  
Now they mad 'cause they ain't us

[Hook]

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