

Hopsin

"Ill Mind Of Hopsin 4"

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Check it, I used to be the goofy man you hounded
The Special Ed kid at lunchtime the bitches wouldn't
stand around with
I would jack off so much back at my parents' house
And now my dick has a permanent imprint of my hand
around it
Life was lame, I had to pay money to f-ck a whore
I couldn't pull a damn anorexic bitch in a tug-o-war
But then I made enough money for me to fund a tour
Now the ladies show me the goodies under their
wonderbra
I'm going door to door, with foreign swords
Causing more than war slaying rappers, commercial or
horrorcore
So hold your head cause I'mma torture yours, leave
them open sores
I promise you it'll be more than hard to ignore the gore
Hip hop's dead, and I'm the lucky savior
I'm kinda mad and I don't wanna pile up the anger
All these no-flow, gimmicky ass fired up behaviors
With wack beats and gap teeth like Tyler the Creator
Motherfucker, you not dope
So you tryna get some attention by cussing and eating
a f-cking cockroach?
And Goblin? You get no props on it
It sucks so much I get blowjobs from it
I been told you niggas, "I'm real!"
If you wack and no one's confronted you on your
bullshit, then I will
Hate on me, but you can't deny skill
I crush all the momentum that you guys build with my
eyes sealed
You faggots got me cussing
And only reason you probably buzzing
Is cause you slave as an Illuminati puppet
Y'all really on one, beat it, you're gone, done
You think real niggas feeling your shit? C'mon son!
I'm the illest and that's fo' shizzle
My flow sizzles, yo boy Hop go hard like some cold
nipples
You niggas are making it so simple

My swag makes the ladies wave like fat stomachs with
bone ripples
I know you niggas wish you could prevent it
Cause I get buck like my Kool Aid's got way too much
sugar in it
You better run like I'm booger flicking
Homie I've been good at rapping, now I'm tryna get
gooder with it
So I'mma just go beast, and bring that West coast heat
Cause I'll be damned if you flex on me
The radio is filled with garbage over techno beats
And all these songs about cash are what we just don't
need
Yo, nobody care about how much money you stack
I murder everything I touch, buddy, move back
Got enough guts to sew trash and bust up your fluke
act
And leave your fans saying, "How the f-ck does he do
that?"
My ranking is vicious, you thinking it isn't?
Come pay me a visit if you feel that you may be
offended
Baby I'm wicked, crazy and sick and with the face of a
nimwit
I'll be calling out names but I ain't taking attendance
Some bitch was like, "Hop, you got me crying
Cause you said I could call you while you out on tour
Shit and I be trying, I even text you, but you not replying
So when your new shit finally drop, that's one album I
will not be buying
What, You're too Hollywood? And you don't even have
two minutes?
Ever since you got your buzz, you don't know how bad
you tripping
You went to that ho's house last night and you said that
you didn't
I seen your pic on Facebook, the skank bitch done
tagged you in it"
I got put on with the beastly flow
Now the sluts, they wanna bone when they see me,
whoa!
So I must, I take 'em home, let the wee wee grow
Then I bust from different strokes like the TV show
See when I be coming through kicking it raw, niggas
like, "Gee, he's dope"
If there's anyone throwing dirt at my name then you
know he be toast
For all of you rappers that be bringing me drama,
homie please be ghost
The only reason I'm being aggressive is cause we need
hope

"Hopsin, I f-cking love you, cause you supply the best rhymes
Since your flow is kinda strange, you should sign with Tech N9ne
You design erect lines, who am I to just lie?
Every single night I play your music right at bedtime
And usually I'm not into dark dick
I wanna do something freaky enough to win your heart with"
I say, "What you wanna do?" She say, "It's simple, Marcus
I wanna blow it before you put it in like a Nintendo cartridge"
Bitch, I'm hotter than a UV ray
Hotter than the thought of Nicki Minaj naked, making her booty shake
Hot enough to pull up to your show and steal your groupie date
Hot enough to melt the ice cream that's on Gucci's face
And now you having hot flashes
All the shit that you ever wanted in one MC, Hop has it
Don't rap if you do not practice
I cockblock wack shit, now get ready for Knock Madness

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