Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Ol' Dirty Bastard "Hippa to da Hoppa"

Visit "Hippa to da Hoppa" on MotoLyrics.com

My beats are slammin'

My beats are slammin' from the rugged programmin' My man, Bob Marley, hey, my man, 'l'm Jammin' You could never touch the stamina, while I'm rammin' the

Hip hop crowd makes me rrah rrah rrah

Other MC's got flipped with the ease Beggin' me for mercy, stop the music please No, 'cause I'm a pro, rap to the convo Make a crowd say hoe, at a strip show

Represent, my name is Ason, keep calm Rhyme's too smoky, funky like a stink bomb Boom, blowin' up niggaz, better than pullin' the trigger So you betta run for cover

Niggaz better loosen they ass, felt the glass A forty ounce bottle, yo, yo, yo, money, yo, pass Woo woo woo, I sweat it live MC gonna live God? No, the nigga dies

The maximum of MC's are populatin'
The minimum of those MC's are dominatin'
Now all an' together now, to what, what, who?
Rhymes come stinky like a girl's poo poo

Hippa to da hoppa an' you just don't stoppa Hippa to da hoppa an' you just don't stoppa

Ahh, shit, here I go once again Rhymes get shitty from the time that I spend I come old like toe fungus mold Ask my grandpop, Pop Duke gave my soul

Then I came with that old Al Green shit Sadie, taught me the ballistic I get you blurry in your eye with a high note Down to the Brownsville, oops, you got smoked

The shit I'm droppin' is stinkin' up your area

When I shoot it through like a messenger carrier I keep my breath smellin' like shit so I can get Funky, baby, I'm not havin' it

Hippa to da hoppa an' you just don't stoppa Hippa to da hoppa an' you just don't stoppa Hippa to da hoppa an' you just don't stoppa Hippa to da hoppa an' you just don't stoppa

Help, Master Dragonfist Horsefist Bastard, I didn't know who you were

Visit Ol' Dirty Bastard page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.