

Dr. Doolittle

"Hassan Chop"

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["King Just" scratched up]

[Chorus 2X]

Hassan Chop! Yo, I can't stop
Givin you that off the wall hip hop
Hassan Chop! Yo, I can't stop
This the type of shit that you pump on your block

[King Just]

Off top, I came to blow the whole spot
Solid as a rock, my whole style is unorthodox
Astronomically bait, to a state
Where I create rappers rate, snatch ya bodies like the
dirty mate
Wait, til you hear the next album drop
Cuz this shit right here is strictly for the block
Put your hemp pump cock, lick a shot if you wanna
Especially if you drink beer and smoke marijuana
I'm a goner, to this world of society
That's why kids admire me
It must be the sounds that I put in ya ear
Crystal clear, have no fear, in any mic I tear
In half or to pieces, my style is so ill
That my middle name should become Jesus
Oh please kid, this is off the wall terror
A new era, man, I got the illest shit ever
Whatever, if you wanna bring it, let it be brought
And I'mma watch the Mob hold down the fuckin fort
(Hold it down) And show 'em what my skills can do
Real niggas represent from the muthafuckin Zoo

[Chorus]

[King Just]

Don't fuck around buck-o, I'm stickin like stucco
Uh-oh, better get makeover, rhymes is Play-Do
The cradle who rock the hand, I'mma slam
Du-Ra-du-Ra, spinnin like Rodan
No man can hold me down, I'm like Conan
The Barbarian, muthafuckas, I'm crushin 'em
They can't uphold the King Just touch of gold

Now everything I drop becomes a heavy load
I explode on the road, doin shows
Givin pounds to my bro's, chasin after big ol' widows
They know, that I got this rap shit lock
From the Desert Oasis all the way to the Hilltops
At the speed of a hat drop, I make you move ya
bumblera
And make Two-Six buck shots, boy, you fuckin blood
clots
And why not, must I make the music?
As if not man, yo, I just might lose it
Don't confuse it, we all in the same game
You don't know me, you just know my name
Was it the fame, that made me insane in the brain
Drivin this track like a runaway train
All aboard, Shaolin scored
We goin on a world tour, raise ya hand if you're sure

[Chorus]

[King Just]

Now who's true to hip hop?
Cuz if not, I throw 'em in the headlock
And smoke pot, like if I was raised in Woodstock
The hand cot, got me mesmerized
Cesstify, look at the red in my eyes
Oh why, must you test the best of this rap profess
And guess that I would settle for less
Yo, I'm stressed, and it keeps buildin up
What the fuck, roll up, hold up, throw up
The stage, my face is on front page
Now I'm a rage, they let the Zoo niggas out the cage
Watch me raise, and burn shit up like the inferno
Thoughts so deep you need to write them in your
journal
Ask the colonel, my shit is finger linkin
I'm flippin, and ain't enough shit til I put the shit in 'em
And strike like the 5 Deadly Venoms, and dead 'em
Forget 'em, fuck 'em, turn around and uppercut 'em
For frontin, talkin shit and really wasn't sayin nothin

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro]

A new era, a new day and age
Off the wall hip hop
Raow, raow
Once again, peace
["Ahh" scratched up]

