

## Hot Damn

### "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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