

Hop is Back

Hopsin

Your bullshit come off of that
Someone tell these motherfuckers that Hop is back!
I got my du-rag on with my fitted sittin' on it
Now I'm ready to fuck the game up, nigga
They can get it (They can get it)
You can get it (You can get it)
Y'all can get it (It really doesn't matter nigga)The Dark Knight's in this bitch without the mask
and cape
I'm acting ape shit, faggot, embrace it
I just got validation on my ass whooping ticket
I'm that amazing, it's my mad invasion
Of smashing brains in, my fucking pen and pad was anxious
All these haters who mad and be nagging at me
I flip their ass off like an acrobat on a trapeze
And I'll be lashing back like a Shaq attack on these rap beats
You thought that I was done with completely being an ass? Please
Don't think you raw just cause you got success
I'll uppercut your ass so many times you look like you was nodding yes
I'm the only child that my mom regrets, probably best
That you don't buy my album, save your money yo do not invest
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Y'all can get it (It really doesn't matter nigga)I consider my flow a malignant rifle, and strip
survival
And have you screaming like RnB singers who hittin' high notes
It's sick and spiteful, 2Pac's twisted grim disciple
I been this nice yo way before Michael had vitiligo
My ex girl heart is so bruised and burned
Begging me to quit rap, but I'm just not ready to let it loose for her
Am I Hopsin or am I Lucifer?
I didn't blow 'till I started talking a gang of shit, tell me who you prefer
Nigga, you ain't ill in the booth
I'd die and do my next show as a hologram and still be realer than you
I'm the shit like I slithered in poo
I'm sicker than sticking my freaking dick inside a bitch's syphilis cooch
It's Knock Madness
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You can get it (You can get it)
Y'all can get it (It really doesn't matter nigga)I gotta problem yo'
I was ecstatic to buy Yeezus
But I burned it first
Heard it and snapped in 5 pieces
Man Kanye on that bullshit!
That's why the paparazzi made that nigga hit his fucking head that's what that fool get
You think you God now you half assin rap little faggot bitch
Perhaps you suffered brain damage back when you had that accident?
But most importantly, hip hop isn't dead no more you see
Cause Kendrick took the bar and raised it up higher for MCs
Unfortunately the little nigga's like 4 ft 3, the guys a fuckin' midget
His high is still really short to me
Fuck it when my pencil breaks
My mental state tells me to renovate
If you hand me your shit I toss your demo tape
"Hop if your not spreading love then why do you even write music?"
Cause this is how I feel when I ain't rappin on the mic you bitch
Am I supposed to coat it up? Am I not allowed to open up?
I spill the blood of rappers and use Weezy dreads to soak it up
Busting like south central drive byes
Support the guy with white eyes
But nigga don't ride my dick when I'm on that high riseYour bullshit come off of that
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>