

Hip Hop Sinister

Hopsin

I'm changing man
I thought I was supposed to be this hip hop savior
But I have turned into a sinister Yeah
Wack niggas prepare to die
You ain't got nowhere to hide
I'm knocking at your fucking door
You scared cause you know hell arrived
Niggas gonna get dealt with rhymes
It's just me, myself and I
I low-key run this rap shit
You don't know cause it ain't televised
This is war, gentleman (kill)
My flow is filled with more venom
Than George Zimmerman in his car chillin'
With a loaded 44 tucked into his drawers
Fitchiting, Itching to find a brand new casket to store niggas in
Ya'll just make me laugh and giggle
Call me out on tracks then bitch I'll pound on you
Like that vending machine that stole my pack of Skittles
Niggas thought the old me dissolved
And I went soft after my album raw
But no bitch I evolved
I'm taking over shit easily
I rarely do collaborations cause ya'll ain't qualified to be in a league with me
Hop just let the beast unleashed
Someone get this freak a leash
I'm snapping on all of you leaving every MC deceased
I'm the motherfucking hip hop sinister
Murder, nigga murder
Cause niggas thought I was done, but I ain't finished up
Murder, nigga murder I'm the motherfucking hip hop sinister
Murder, nigga murder
Cause niggas thought I was done, but I ain't finished up
Murder, nigga murder Motherfucker we making history
A million independently
So kiss my fucking ass
Left or right you get to pick the cheek
You don't ball you just pretend to do to make the chicks believe
Your label is fucking you like Ruthless Records did to me
Stop with the compliments
I've been locked in my momma's den
Plotting when I will be dropping this Hopsin apocalypse

Bombing the competent
Rap goblins mobbing the continent
Gotta be dominant
I'm surprised that God isn't vomiting
I'm wearing a badge tearing your ass
Another vag cutting through sacks till they barely attached
Me and this game are one of the same like Jaren and crack
The darkness is arrived so make a flare with a match
You got skill?
Where is it at?
I haven't seen it
Who dares to attack a genius?
You get managed I'll have you gag your penis
Until you throw up your own liver (nuts)
I don't give a (fuck)
The flow ripper (what)
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Murder, nigga murder
Cause niggas thought I was done, but I ain't finished up
Murder, nigga murder Now if I stop being who I am that would upset me
I'll never change for none of your wack ass deadbeats
I struggled to change for J. Christ to accept me
I don't even change clothes
Shit not even my bed sheets
When I step inside the boot and rhyme
Rappers commit suicide
And jump in front of a moving semi-truck like it was cool to die
Niggas is watered down fuck it
It is time to scuba dive
Better get on your knees and pray to God and hope that you survive
Killing rappers like I condone violence
I murder you and when your soul is floating to hell I ghostride it
You won't last living in this cold climate
So don't try it
I know I'm ill
I don't need no pussies to co-sign it
Commercial niggas thinking they carry the torch
It's going to be very hilarious when I bury your corpse
So next time you spit a fucking rhyme that's too simple
I'll jump kick your ass through the glass of the booth window I'm the motherfucking hip hop
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>