

# Sag My Pants

## Hopsin

Yeah, Hopsin, Fuck all you, C'mon  
Keep sleeping on me  
Hollywood ass rappers, bitch ass females?  
Huh, that's enough to make a nigga flip  
I erupt like a bomb, so give up the baton  
I'll slap you after bustin' a fuckin' nut in my palm  
Why you muggin' me like something was wrong?  
Just take a puff of the bong  
And let me leave your mind corrupt from the song  
See you can't stop me, cuz I'mma brainwash teens  
And create false dreams cuz it pays off clean  
I'm just an idiotic, ironic, symbolic, Illuminati product  
That's gonna be killed if I talk about it (shhh)  
This industry business is all screwed up  
I have no favorite rappers because all you suck!  
I sever the weakest niggas who not on my pedigree  
Cuz on a tombstone is as hard as their name will ever be  
I'm judged by my wild image a lot  
And everybody seems to think I have a sinister plot  
I do! Be offended by every sentence I jot  
I got some militant thoughts, and you ain't killin' 'em off!  
So listen I sag my pants until my ass shows  
I even slap hoes (Bitch)  
Yeah, I'm an asshole  
Yeah, yeah And your parents hate me 'cuz I love you (So?)  
Tell 'em I said "Fuck you!"  
Yeah I said "Fuck You!"  
Yeah, yeah  
I snuck in Drake's house when he was alone inside  
You can say I have a bogus mind  
I dimmed the lights down and closed the blinds  
Around his neck is where my rope was tied  
I yanked on it 'till it broke his spine (Yeah!)  
Lately I been fucking pissed off (Why?)  
'Cuz everybody sayin' Lil Wayne spits raw  
I'll start a big brawl, and slam his ass into a brick wall  
And have a fat nigga sit on him, Rick Ross (Boss!)  
I don't play with this rap shit  
I got no life, I stay in the attic  
Fuck your rap career, I'm waiting to smash it  
Soulja Boy you got a corny flow  
So you can suck my fucking dick through a glory hole

I'm just being me, what you tryna hate for? All you niggas is faker than Lupe Fiasco claiming he skateboards

Yeah right, that nigga can't even ollie  
Push him away on the dolly, not even Satan can stop me!

What? I sag my pants until my ass shows

I even slap hoes (Bitch)

Yeah, I'm an asshole

Yeah, yeah

And your parents hate me 'cuz I love you (So?)

Tell 'em I said "Fuck you!"

Yeah I said "Fuck You!"

Yeah, yeah I'm probably the sickest motherfucker who don't get recognized

Eazy-E's wife's life somewhere now jeopardized

She signed me and I was set aside

For like 3 and a half years, I don't think I remember why

I'm fucking dope and this is my reward?

That's wacker than the 500 dollars you signed me for!

Eazy's dead now, yeah the label's finally yours

Too bad he never knew that you were just a grimy whore!

You can't maintain what Eric built

I know he's in his grave turning like a ferris wheel

Don't think you cool just cuz you inherit mills

Bitch bare of skills

I'm Hopsin, I spit shit so unfair and real

I got some deep, dark issues within All because you lied and tried to pretend you a friend

Fuck Ruthless! Bitch, I'll never lend you a hand!

And I'mma make sure nobody ever sign with you again!

You know why? I sag my pants until my ass shows

I even slap hoes (Bitch)

Yeah, I'm an asshole

Yeah, yeah

And your parents hate me 'cuz I love you (So?)

Tell 'em I said "Fuck you!"

Yeah I said "Fuck You!"

Yeah, yeah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>