

# Break It Down

Hopsin

Let's Go

Break it down (down down down down...)  
Gotta get up (get up), say what  
Get up (get up), say what

Now may I kick a flow for y'all  
That's slow and raw  
For niggas who thinking the west coast fell off  
But first, I'd like to give a little toast to all  
Who's souls was lost up in the rap flows in all (gee)  
Back to my original topic  
Fuck the bullshit you should be getting with Hopsin  
On that real rap shit man forget the imposters  
Y'all destroyed hip hop (good) Mission accomplished  
Now I'm a make them regret this shit  
Bringing back all the elements  
Making these fellas swell up  
And tell them that fucking hell is hit  
I got to focus though  
And come down on all my zoning's yo  
Because I'm prone to blow  
And destroy all my lyric chromosomes  
I told you folks that it's over  
So go and roll up your soldiers  
And be out this bitch like hocus pocus  
I'm so ferocious I had the potion but no one noticed  
And now I'm about to blow up even bigger than my nose is

I'd like to bust another verse if I may  
The mess I made, make rappers want to catch my fade  
I'm just not sane, all y'all affect my brain  
So don't be tryna run up puttin me in headlocks mayne  
It's like I pin em like a poster, get em and ya roast em  
When it comes to this verbal abuses, do not approach him  
I toast em, bury them in an oasis  
Then write a book on how I did it like OJ did (stupid stupid)  
I'm that new nigga all the kids gonna look up to  
With a middle finger in the sky screaming "Fuck school"  
You don't want your child bumping Hop? Nigga fuck you  
Who's a better dad? You or me? Let your son choose  
Girl, why you acting so passionate?  
You smiling at me like I was attracted to fat women  
Shit, go dance your ass up in the cut with your big butt  
Come to think about it, never mind I could use a nut

Still the same nigga, still using fruity loops  
Play this shit up in the club, watch what her booty do  
I ain't got to fuck with all the high tech shit  
I keep the kitchen grimy cooking up my next hit  
I guess it's how I was raised, and now I get paid  
To go and write some bullshit a couple hours a day  
I just pop a tune on and the music will move me  
My message is deeper than this shit if you listen closely  
Yo, I got a habit for smashing faggots  
In fact I'm a dashing rapping savage  
Assassin who has a passion

To just see 'em, read 'em, eat em  
Beat em, flee em then feed em to muselina  
I seem to be the most heated speaker  
I'll defeat your leader  
Freak your diva then freaking leave her  
Hopsin, he a demon  
Y'all knowing he a beast (what!)  
How the fuck am I supposed to act?  
The west coast is back!