

Free Meal

Hopsin

Horseshit Gang is amateurs
For real, like from a real artist's perspective they are fucking amateurs
They have no idea what they're doing
They just rap fast and think it's dope

You're now about to feel the wrath of Hopsin, Dizzy Wright and Benton
Your careers was ended the moment that I was mentioned
This rap shit is my religion
Sorry Crooked I but sending Horseshit in to diss us wasn't a wise decision
It's a setback for sure
Not only on they weak careers but it's a setback on yours
So step back, endure the rain, the suffer and pain
You want a problem?
Here's a death match, it's war
Fuck Horseshit Gang they straight lame, all four suck
I put 500k on this battle, you put yours up?
You poor bums couldn't afford a sweater from Nordstrom's
After this shit is finished, niggas better reward us
My girl's 'gram has more likes than yours does
How does it feel to have never been on a tour bus?
It's probably similar to alcohol on a sore cut
You niggas suck; in other words niggas, you're fucked
You really thought we wouldn't stop you? Please
Fuck you mean? We'll puncture you and watch you bleed
See I patrol the game daily like the cops do streets
I'm too beast, niggas we will rock you; Queen
For real, it's like your buzz is invisible, dang
You don't even have residuals, game
From your predictable lane
Your song sucks so you ain't getting no fame
Nobody even knows you nigga's individual names

Y'all done stepped in some horse shit
I'll turn you horseshoe niggas to corpses
For a dollar and a snack I bet they blow a horse dick
I ain't want to murk them but fuck it, you niggas pushed me
I'd let you fuck my wife but I'm sorry, she don't like pussy
I'm bending corners, let you broke niggas ride along
What bunch of fucking gangsters, but they can't afford a firearm
I know you need guap, take a moment to breathe Doc
Bet they do the drive-by on a bike with a slingshot
Y'all basic, lookin' like you need bathing
Call me cause my grandmama got room in the basement
You could never shit on me, you should lend your bitch to me
We stock you up with canned goods and give you free publicity
500K but we doin' this one for charity
Stackin' bread like I'm Sara Lee, you should be very scared of me
Fire marshall build, you faggots can get extinguished
On Sway lookin' like some broke R&B singers
What you? Ron, Bobby, Ricky and Mike?
Must be smokin' that hard and sniffin' that white
See this rap shit ain't workin', you niggas should get a fuckin' job
Nah seriously, niggas get a fuckin' job
I feel bad for any man that can't afford a meal
Tell Mike Trampe to learn how to count a half a mil'
(What about that half a million though?
Ah listen man, I'm already workin' on it, I got about 225 right now,

Sway, so we can come up with the other 225, we're ready to go)
Houston to Horseshit, come back down to Earth
Ain't you niggas in your 40s like this rappin' gon' work?
Aye your bitch said she tired of hearin' them lame rap dreams
Pay a bill, nigga, shit is not happening
Damn, homie
In high school you was the man, homie
Fuck happened to you?
Bitch I'm back in the booth and I'm spittin' it for the homeless
Serial killer, I murder all my opponents
Let me break it down, don't think you niggas gon' make it
You got a better chance at gettin' hit by a spaceship
But I'ma pray for 'em, dear Lord, please bless the bum niggas
I know they're starvin', please help 'em out with a lunch, would you?
Drop 'em all, linoleum, who gassed 'em like petroleum?
Get murked by me, Dizz and that nigga from Nickelodeon
Dame said he hirin', we need some custodians
I bet your label fuck you in the ass with no petroleum
Mr. Benton, I'll abort you lames
Can somebody spare some change for the Horseshoe G.A.N.G.?
Bitch

Look man, I didn't wanna do it to y'all niggas, man
I liked y'all niggas, you know what I'm sayin'?
But goddamn, y'all pushed us, man
We didn't even call your name
We know y'all niggas ain't got money
Your goddamn Motown, Philly, suit wearin' ass nigga
Old goddamn Boyz II Men lookin' nigga
MC Brain, goddamn tied shirt wearin' ass nigga
Old goddamn r&b singer lookin' mothafuckas
Man, aye fuck this shit, Dizzy
You niggas done fucked up
I'ma light the dizzy, OG
I'ma let my lil' nigga get you
Bad career move, nigga
I ain't even wastin' no time, we got canned goods, nigga
We gon' help feed y'all niggas
Let's go!

So you the fuck niggas that want it first
My stomach hurts so somebody finna get shitted on
My vision long and I coulda seen this from a mile away
You niggas is endin' your careers, we comin' up out the gate
Now you can't escape, the nerve of this man
I'm El Chapo sendin' these Donald Trumps their surgery plans
Emergency land
You can tell we the current demand
Y'all ain't hungry, you bitches thirsty, here's a courtesy can
You niggas obviously not hungry enough, it's tough to see it
So how can you believe a crooked eye certainly can?
Yo fuck a Horseshit Gang., this a burglary
We studied niggas thoroughly and I promise y'all won't make it this far
Let me bird, you pussy niggas shoulda just stayed in the car
I'm breakin' laws, jaws 'til faces get taken apart
I'm appalled, you fuckboys done stepped out of your league
Y'all ain't makin' no moves so it's awkward you wanna battle with speed
Now what the game need? Not another offbrand Shady group
Half a mil'? Y'all label got you out here eatin' baby food
Fuck it, now I'm your necks, y'all borin' so you're formin'
Formulatin' checks, I heard the diss, but ain't nobody take the bet
We crowded around the mic, playin' games with your life
All four of y'all sound alike, we blowin' up like dynamite

Nigga that's a high explosion
We gettin' booked for the same shows that y'all was tryna open
Homie knowin' that I'm flowin'
Stop it with the foolishness, middle finger up
I'm screamin' fuck your group of duplicates
I'm on my King Kunta shit
Ready for the battle, Shady nigga better skidaddle
You're in someone else's shadow, guarantee this make 'em fragile
Cause I'm an active activist
Y'all got a platform with no fan base
No hate but how mothafuckin' sad is this?
How's this happenin', aren't you niggas concerned
Y'all sound like every fuckin' fast rapper that I've ever heard
But I ain't mad at all, I checked out y'all catalog
Haters of the trap music but signed a deal with a trap involved
I'm just a nigga that tattled over his battle scars
You niggas fallin' off so you don't got no room to call nobody soft
You not the coldest
You tight, but shit, my tight is claustrophobic
You don't know it, 'til the side effects show you can't control it
Now it's in the open, all this for promotion
Y'all elevator goin' down and everybody knows it
According to the lie detect, who gon' sign the check?
Y'all better hit the streets
Ask your label and they look at y'all niggas in disbelief
Y'all better stick to kissin' feet 'fore I crack your grill
I hate a bitch nigga that'll settle for a Happy Meal
Have your bitch attracted to the daddy skills
Pass it on but I crashed into 'em with the caddy steel
Fuck these niggas
We already won, onto the next round
Y'all stagnant, already paralyzed from the neck down
Tryna battle us with the tech style
Why try nigga? Bodied by the high nigga
Didn't know I was battlin' the do or die niggas
Fuck Horseshit G.A.N.G. in 20-15, nigga
Yeah y'all buried alive already, fuck y'all
Sleep in your casket tonight, nigga
Don't step out of your league no more, nigga
Get some fans before you try to get in a rap battle, fuckboy
FV 20-15, nigga