

I Make the World Spin

Hopsin

Yo, White eyes, black tee
Ill rhymes, that's me
Hollywood is now labeled as lame
But I've been on that raw shit since I came in the game
Fuck this! Rap niggas trying act like they punk rock
Tight jeans, Mohawks screaming "fuck cops"
Y'all should all get your fucking nuts chopped
You all look like you suck cock
Bust shots if you hate me
Yup that'll fix the problem
Put me out there, leave it up to Mr. Goblin
To contribute to all the bull shits that's dropping
So he can take his kids out Christmas shopping
Look at the niggas I am spitting circles around
Verbal profound lyrics make them hurdle the town
They washed up till they gurgle and drown
Their whole dynasty I'm burning it down
Funk Volume, you've heard of it now

I kick the bitches out (and let the girls in)
You baby daddy shouts (you stole my girlfriend)
You see I'm on the prowl (I make the world spin round)
Welcome to the pain in my life (yeah baby)

Suicide, (huh?) trust I might
Tell them what my motto is "Fuck my life"
Don't need alcohol to help me "cut my wife"
So much rage I could "crush my mic"
See I woke up on the wrong side of my bed
My brain works but the whole left side of it's dead
There's a little small gremlin inside of my head
And lately I've been feeling like I've been living life on the edge
But wait a minute, this ain't a gimmick. I can't pretend it
I'm a scream it loud to the world just incase that they forget it
Be careful of some of the knowledge that you take from critics
They tryin to execute a nigga but I stay committed
New topic, mind over matter
Never needed my arms to climb up a ladder
You whack niggas don't ever show signs of a rapper
Is it getting to serious for you? Why, what's the matter yo?

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Yeah, the black man's bad
There is no topic my raps can't smash
The state of hip hop that can't pass
It's all full of shit like a fat man's ass (eww)
Will y'all please just enough trust
In you mother fuckers to leave the rust of us stuck
I turn my head and now your messing stuff up
All that [autotune] Just shut the fuck up
(Damn) I'm rude and so wicked
I'll make sure you never blow up like a balloon with a hole in it
I knock hustlers for a living

Got muscles for the women
Got puzzles for the cheering (Blaow)
Plus I got a sick deliver
That'll have you niggas shivering
And stunned from bombs I drop lyrically
You can't touch my shit
So I'm going to end it just like this
SUCK MY DICK