

# 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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Welcome to the pain in my life (yeah baby)

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