Jungle Bash

Hopsin

Oh shit
We about to go to the mother fuckin' jungle on this bitch

Uh, yeah
Yo, you gain some you lose some
I blaze like some hookah
I rock the crowd, leave the fuckin' place lookin' gruesome
How you think you killin' shit with basic ass maneuvers? (What?)
The games fake, filled with more snakes than Medusa
I'm goin' Hollywood (hah!) you was lied to
I only buy it if it benefits survival
I had a busted whip but real shit it didn't drive smooth
I had to open up the door to order in the drive thru
I'm so rugged and low budget, so fuck it
I'm cold blooded
To top it off, all the hoes love it
Go dumb, leave the microphone bloody see?
I'm so cold yall might leave with your nose running
See I got a fat flow, putting bars to rest
I roll up like I'm rick Ross's Neck
Ripping it up and keeping it funky like I'm DAS EFX
I'm flawless? Yes. My flow will dissolve your flesh, c'mon

Me and my boy, we've been on it for years
You might get snatched up if you try to come around here
Say Ehhh! (Ehhh!) Ayeee! (Ayeee!)

Alright!
Let's have fun hop! Woo! C'mon!
S-W, I am not here to trouble you
I just came to chill, sip and drink, and smoke a blunt or two
Slicker than a tub of lube, blow me like a cup of soup
Had to fly to Decatur and came back huffing glue
Thanks Jarren, I could use a new habit
Turn the volume to the max so we can knock it like madness
We been on this shit for years and we still doin' damage
You're at a disadvantage, take cover, the bomb has been planted
We bout to blow up like a doll, little nigga don't get involved
The way she shakin' her booty, her parents would be appalled
The temperatures heating up and I'm stripping down to my drawers
Exceeding my limits, forget it, we bouncin' off the walls (watch out)
You're coming up short like a midget up on his knees
Nigga please, I carry 'round sore enemies
What the fuck you mean? We ain't gonna stop, so stop
You got it twisted like the bottom line
Bwa-bwaaaaa-boo yea

If y'all down with the H-O-P
And three Z's then please repeat after me
Say ay! Ay! Ayy! (Ay! Ay! Ayy!)
If y'all down with the H-O-P
And three Z's then please repeat after me
Say Ay-ay-ay-yeah! (Ay-ay-ay-yeah!)

[SwizZz:] Yo, we keepin' it raw, now hand me the ball
And I'm a score for sho though

We killin’ the villain and touchin’ the ceiling the minute we walk in the do
or
[Hopsin:] I been the remedy, niggas is feelin’ me when I be droppin’ the dop
e flow
Drillin’ my enemies, when they be grillin’ me
Niggas know Hop is loco, fo sho tho
[SwizZz:] And I still got you for the low dough
[Hopsin:] Yo, you wanna learn to body a track, come to the dojo
[SwizZz:] You know bro, the closest they get is probably a photo
[Hopsin:] Yea these niggas ain’t allowed to pick up a mic no more

Ha, it’s the Jungle Bash (yee!)
Yea (ow) Hopsin (Hop) three Z’s (me)
Mr. SwizZzle Fish (hahaha hi)
Yea, Funk Volume (what? Yup)
Its Funk Volume (ha, yup)
Its Funk Volume (uh, naw)
FV motherfucker (hoo-hoo)

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