

Lucifer Effect

Hopsin

What if I told you, I was crazy, would it be strange,
would you believe me, or what if I told you it was you
that have breached the boundaries of reality, and it is
I who is perfectly sane, Hah!

I'm trapped in a world that I don't want to be in but I
know that there's no way out, no way out, it burns
inside every time I rhyme, but there's no way out, my
brain is not insane but I'm insane if you know what I'm
saying, Lucifer! I swear this is not my fault.

In this game we call hip-hop everything's twisted, you
rap about drugs and guns and people listen, you mention
how you flossing your whip and how you dip it, and your
biggest vices become their addiction, why, who knows
but you gotta supply it, you gotta provide it, cause
you know they'll buy it, they don't like the good,
there in love with the bad side, like how many niggas
you don't clap last night, and how many chicks you hit
from the back side, how many keys do you need to get
your cash right, ya, I guess crime pays these days, so
don't get upset when I talk this way, I'ma say whatever
I want, whenever I want, to whoever I want, these are
just my devilish thoughts, I'm not looking for
salvation, I'm just a really good person in a fucked
situation.

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If it's not yours, whose fault is it, my brain's a nice
home with a rude dog in it, ya I had a couple of rules,
the rules all bended, when I shake my head can't you
hear the screws lost in it, I done spent years working
on this new raw image, tightening up my sinister groove
ya'll witnessed, as time goes on I get much stupider,
and yes I guess I'm just a product of the Lucifer
effect, cause all these rappers out now are way too
cocky, so I have to do this shit I do to make you watch
me, and if you wack with a record deal I think you
robbed me, so will Hopsin come and break you probably,
there's been enough beef up in this industry, but shit
I'm bout to make more, it's what I threw my life away
for, and those of you who killed hip-hop caused this
shit, now I'm bout to murk you on the track and off of
it.

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This ain't my fault, hip-hop made me do it, lose it,

now my whole fucking life is ruined.

Just cause you don't do the same shit they do, you wanna break rules, and run around try'na blame who, me hip-hop I fucking tried to save you, now you acting like I never even tried.

Hop, oh so your that nigga hip-hop, I should bother you, you should get your fucking shit knocked, you're the reason why my album won't drop, you're the reason why I never ever was hot.

Don't blame me cause you ain't hot, you don't know how the new age rocks, and your label isn't dropping you cause there's a chance that you may flop, I'd actually be really surprised if you made gwop up in this industry.

See now motherfucker you're kidding me, your opinion really doesn't mean shit to me, cause I could murk any beat on any day, rumor has it that your ass is dead anyway.

For saying that you deserve to die, we got Soulja Boy, Tyga, Young Berg and Plies, Shawty Low, Bow Wow, Yung Joc and the rest, you think I'm dead I should put a hole in your chest, bitch

Come on hip-hop they aren't real rappers, for entertainers, actors, pure laughter, I think I got this shit mastered, you thinking differently then you got this shit backwards.

Then if I got this shit backwards, then all of the above will be irrelevant to you trying too hard to be a thug, you try'na blame me for shit that I didn't do, maybe this game isn't meant for you.

It may be true, but hey I really don't give a shit, far as I know you're dead, live with it.

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