

Lunchtime Cypher

Hopsin

Yo man
Let's take this shit back to fuckin' high school lunch time cyphers
When mother fuckers was beat boxin'
And kickin' ill ass flows in the fuckin' cafeteria
Fuck all that Hollywood shit!
Let's fucking rap, man

Yo, check it
This that high school lunch time cypher
I might just step in this bitch and fuck ya life up
I hope the principal doesn't come and give me a write up
Now who the fuck I gotta snatch the mic from?
I spend a long time tryna build the buzz
Hop is in the building, cuz
Step to me a bonus battlefield, you know I will erupt
Didn't change, I'm still a nut
The girls seen my skills are up
So I be gettin' head every single night like a pillow does
When a nigga be flow bashin'
You know I be keepin it old fashioned
My compassion is so tragic on instrumentals when I toe jag it
Throw dirt on me? Then guard your face and stomach
Cause I'm swinging on you like ya ass cheeks had a rope hangin' from it
I'm out my mind, I can't configure it
I'm way too niggerish
I tried to read the Bible but I'm straight illiterate
With anger temperaments
I put myself in strange predicaments
They labeled this as sick
The doctor says to take some Ritalin
Man, I'm a lunatic
Rockin' a crucifix
I'll mack on any chick I feel who got the cutest tits
I'm wanted, fugitive
Robbin' yo whip to cruise in it
See, I'm the only kid on Elm Street that Freddy Krueger skipped
Pants saggin' cause they too loose to fit
I'm torcherous
Grab a hammer and nail for your front door and board it shut
I stare deep in ya eyes, rip out your soul and absorb it up
And have Biggie Smalls yellin' out "Call the coroner!"
My groupies stay horny
They always call to say "Hopsin can you fly me out to Cali? Please pay for m
e"
I make that pussy pop for you like you skateboarding
Then you can come inside like a hurricane warning
I got a lot of sluts
I like to call Hopsilut
But now I feel like having sex with these bitches is not enough
I needed something new for moments when I gotta bust
So lately I've been beating my dick with a pair of boxing gloves
I got the maddest rhymes
How dare yo ass deny
I'll stab you in the brain with a knife
You can keep that in mind
You talkin' shit inside yo house?
Cool, fine, fuck it

I'll break in and stomp you out inside of it
Ain't tryna be ya friend
I'll knock you out and when you wake up
I'll just be standin' there with a mischievous grin
Like "Ha. We meet again"
I'll puncture yo skin with a crack fiend's syringe
And drill your nut sack to the seat your in
You want props? You don't deserve it, you're not ill
I won't stop 'til every rapper lurkin' has got chills
Why these niggas actin' like they certainly pop steels
When only time they carry heat is serving a hot meal
Since I was young, been on a mission to make dough
And put all my niggas on like this shit was a slave boat
So tell me why your songs sound like skittles and rainbows?
That's a dead giveaway you love and listen to Wayne bro
I'm sick and deranged when I'm spitting this strange flow
Stuck my dick in the game, that's the business I came for
Witness my pain grow, I don't kick it with lame folks
Simple and plain though, you gon remember my name ho, ha!

This that high school lunch time cypher
I might just step in this bitch and fuck ya life up
I hope the principal doesn't come and give me a write up
Now who the fuck I gotta snatch the mic from?

I'll snatch it from anyone when I dance with Satan
And detach more wigs than every female cancer patient that ever cared for a transformation
With a disjoint sweeter than a diabetic amputation
When I split niggas, clipped quicker than big pictures
Heads get bodied with a single line like a stick figure
Cause my words are wild, and when I write
They can't wait for the sentence like family victims of a murder trial
Openly flow potently
Tighter than the choke-hold needed to put the Incredible Hulk to sleep
Tighter than the boatload of soldiers that stormed Normandy
Tighter than the hairy twat with the Virgin Mary's ovaries
They choke up like their throats cut when I show up
To keep the competition win free like Oprah
Cause when I work with Hopsin, everybody who's hip
Is getting kilt like a skirt from Scotland
Then I'll cock-back quicker than mouse traps
And stare as they pull out a hare like magicians tricking with Top hats
I got foreign objects
That'll get you capped in America like Marvel Comics
With a strap like star guitarists
When this lead of mine see a-head in time like Nostradamus
Or swift jabs that swing left like crip flags
Will be the reason you break necks like whiplash!
So who the fuck wants war with this?
Distorted thoughts morphed this author to Spartacus
When he balls his fists around the swords he lifts with the force of a horse's kick
Multiplied by the reason why god exists, and makes Thor his bitch!
Horror flick like imagery, organs everywhere..
You would swear I was orchestrating a Symphony!
It's passion, the force within him will cause the critics to look-n' drop dead like gorgeous women, hah!