

Picasso

Hopsin

Hollywood, Hollywood, oh, how I fuckin' love you
I cannot seem to breakthrough from this curse that I've been stuck to
I came in as a lil' man, but now my fuckin' nuts grew
Today's the days our ties are finally cut loose, fuck you
Uh-oh, it's my triflin' ass
Pullin' up like, "Hi guys, I'm back"
Goddamn, nigga, I'm so up that I can't get down, gotta skydive from that (Yikes)
Won't see the day I might relax, I ain't never been a nice guy, in fact
Y'all wishin' I would try nicer raps
Sorry, I ain't got the right mind for that (Uh-uh)
Look how cold he is, pimpin' just like H-O-V is
Y'all are Beyoncé and my rhymes stay inappropriate
This is just how my show begins
If you hatin', come blow me then
Fuck you, here's some petroleum
Give me my clout, you owe me it (Yeah)
Whoa!
Niggas better duck and run for cover like it's fuckin' Iraq (Stay down, nigga)
I'm pullin' a nigga from your ass, you ain't even die yet (Oh no)
I've been headin' up the ladder longer, never was a time I hit the climax (Yikes)
Your career's goin' bye-bye, it's ironic you don't got a bypass (Yeah)
Niggas know that I've been ill, man, the whole time that I've been here
I done made a fortune like ten mil' from the paper lines that my pen fills
And if I don't spit it, my kids will
I'm low key, but a big deal
Hoes see me and they freeze up
That's why they all on my dick still

They tell me I'm too hostile, I am Picasso
Bitches like, "Remember me from high school?" Nah, ho
Came up in this shit killin' niggas with the hot flow
Y'all ain't got a fuckin' thing on Hop
Whoa!

Boy, you better rock slow
Who am I? I'm Picasso
Take the high road
ASAP 'cause I ain't liable for no nigga (Nope)
I'm fuckin' hitters in the cosmos
Got it locked, though
Bitch, I'm Pablo Picasso (Mhm)

I've been told the new game plan's to make bullshit for the new wave's fans
That you can't populate, so you take xans, and flex on the 'Gram like you do
make bands
What?! (Oh no)
They like, "Fuck boom bap rap, you can't win
Save that shit for the Wu-Tang Clan"
That's when I bust in like the Kool-Aid man (Yeah!)
Look, I ain't the nigga who pullin' up tryna get shine by how much the Rolli
e glow (Nah)
I'm here to rain on parades, my sinister ways to fuck up the rodeo
I do my shows and hoes be losin' control like I was the Holy Ghost (Stop)
When I deliver the penis it lies in the mouth, she call it Pinocchio

Mmm, man, who want war with me?
Bitch, I torture beats
I've been born to beast
Still I abort MCs
Oh, so horribly
Dog, your corpse'll be
Right on the floor with these
Feet that I'll stomp you out with
This my house, bitch, and you can't afford the lease (Watch out)
Whoa!
Fuck all that Hollywood shit
Over half of you not even lit that be riding my dick
I got no problem with this
I come through and your body get slit
I could hardly resist
Nigga, my hobby is pissin' on anyone I can offend
I got no friends
Whoever thinkin' they hot, go and tell 'em, nobody's convinced (Hmm)

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