

The B Bop

Hopsin

"Excuse me, are you Hopsin?"

"Yeah, why? Who wants to know?"

"My mommy doesn't like me listening to you, but could you
Like sing me one of those songs? Like, like one of the cool ones?"

"Man I got to go man I'm not tryin to sing..."

"Please?"

"Alright, alright alright..."

It's the B Bop, my B Bop song

Do the B Bop, ain't nothing wrong

Come on!

Shobedibinbang, shobedibinbang, bidung, oh baby!

Shobedibinbang, shobedibinbang, bidung, oh baby!

Ayo it's time to bring the West back, pass me the exlax

So I can shit on all these niggas when I wreck tracks

Your flow ain't that ill, I think you should adjust that

Homie I don't mean to be rude to you, it's just that

You ain't the first nigga I seen with an attitude

Up on the mic tryin' to explain what the gat'll do

Your skills won't get you that place up in Malibu

You better off tryin' to go slang with a bag of fruit

And leave it up to me, I got the bubbliies

I'll do in an hour what would take your ass a couple days

My contacts make the ladies fall in love with me

He's the joker of rap is what these motherfuckers say

I'm slightly psychotic and idiotic but modest whenever spotted

So logically I'm a profit, face it niggas you just suck

And as far as your game, it ain't never had legs to step up

Man I'm tired of the ghetto, hope I make it out this place

Ill niggas running around like an ape up out the cage

And it ain't about the change, man these things are not the same

All these killers wanna leave my brain laying on the pave

And I ain't did nothing, all these little kids cussing

Learning from their big cousins how to go and get stuck in

A correctional facility, messing up their liberty

Acting a fool making unnecessary enemies

Yes it's very weird to me, I did not get caught in it

I was into rap, for some reason I love the art of it

I ain't never drank or smoked because I'm smarter than

That and I didn't want to grow up to be what my father is

Gotta make a living, got plans of moving out the hood, not stayin in it

I hate these cheap apartments, and these vague complaining attendants

Roaches in the kitchen but I ain't really trippin, I'll be rolling in a minute, singin

On the mic I burn niggas and turn rappers to singers

I learn that on the day I confirmed I was the slayer

I serve packs of these haters my words actually rape 'em

And where's daddy to save him? My urge has to be fatal

Up in this music shit the sky's the limit for rising in it

Long as I'm consistent and keep on using my eyes as gimmicks

I'mma be the talk of the town, walking around

Like "Yes this rap game, I'm the boss of it now"