

Jungle Bash (feat. SwizZz)

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 devolve 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!)

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 pants will be [?]

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 lease

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
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!) 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!) 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 door
I been the remedy, niggas is feelin' me when I be droppin' the dope flow
Drillin' my enemies, when they be grillin' me
Niggas know Hop is loco, fo sho tho
And I still got you for the low dough
Yo, you wanna learn to body a track, come to the dojo
You know bro, the closest they get is probably a photo
Yea these niggas ain't allowed to pick up a mic no more 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!) 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!) 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)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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