

Ill Mind of Hopsin 5

Hopsin

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Man I hate rap, but if the shoe fits, wear it
I've become a freak of nature all the kids stare at
Who walk around bumping RAW with the shit blaring
Saying "Fuck school" and dropping out like a miscarriage
I'm embarrassed
And I'm ashamed I played a part in this devilish game
Making your common sense perish
But I ain't taking the full blame
Cause most of you chumps running around here ain't never had strict parents
All of your brain cells rotting from weed
You feeling like if you ain't got it, life's not as complete
You having sex with every-motherfuckin'-body you see
With a past so dark that Satan'd jump out of his seat
But still you out in these streets thinking you hot as can be
Without the knowledge to lead so you just follow the sheep
Making sure your lame swag is all polished and clean
While your favorite rapper's like "Yeah, he got it from me"
You been brainwashed by a fake life that you're used to livin'
When I say the word "fun", what do you envision
Probably drinking and smoking out with your crew
And chilling with clueless women you trying to bang, bumping New Edition
Is that all you think life really is
Well if so, then you're a fucking idiot
I honestly feel like grabbing your head and hitting it
Matter of fact, you don't even deserve a brain, GIMME IT!
Do you even have any goals
Aside from bagging these hoes and packing a bowl
Well let me guess- No
You're only in school because your parents make you go
And all you do is play beer pong and hang out with your bros
Yo, society's got you living for a whack cause
You're a fucking adult with no skills at all

You don't read any books or play ball
You don't draw, you literally do nothing at all
Still you fiend for the glamorous fruits
You don't have cause you idolize rappers that do
And all they say is "I got money and it's stacked to the roof"
And now you think that it's gon' magically just happen to you
How, Your lazy ass don't commit to labor
You pick something up, try it out, and put it down two minutes later
Then you complain about your life cause it ain't getting catered
Now whoever tries to call you on your bullshit's a hater
You wanna succeed, you have to try
Or one day you'll get older and regret it all cause you can't provide
Your friends are lowlives, don't act surprised
Look, just cut the bad fruit off of the tree, make the sacrifice
Girls, stop acting like you want a guy with traits like Romeo
Bitch that's a fucking lie
You always talk about how every man's fake
And you can't take it and you want something real
Shut up tramp, save it
Twice a week you put on your makeup and damn bracelets
And head to the club half-naked with your ass shaking
Pulling a lowlife nigga who claim he cash making
Til you let him hit and find out he work at the gas station
One of them niggas got you pregnant and you can't raise it
But you caused it, your actions made a fat statement
You want Romeo, then act patient
And stop fronting like he in the club posted in the back waitin'
It's the club, where guys put on a new persona
After they get loaded with a few coronas
They always shouting and wild out with habits that very few condone of
Then they look for beautiful brainless bitches like you to bone 'em
Then when they leave you, you cry and cry
Talking 'bout, "Oh my god I can't find a guy
I've spent so many years and I've tried and tried
Why am I even on Earth? I should die"
You want Romeo, you're not worthy
You're cock-thirsty
You're nasty and probably got herpes
Sometimes the secret to find is to stop searching
Try a new formula, cause your last one's not working
The term "real nigga"'s publicly used
And I need to know what it means, cause I'm fucking confused
Are you one for always busting your tool
With nothing to lose and something to prove to homies up in your crew
Is it because you're selling drugs to get loot

And brag about how you done been shot and stabbed
Like it's fun to be you
But your life's a struggle, right, and you just hustling through
Nah, you hamster ass nigga, you just stuck in a loop
Man, why do black people gotta be the only ones who can't evolve
Cause you in the streets acting like a neanderthal
It's clear you can't stand the law, you're lost as an abandoned dog
And all you're interested in is fighting, rapping, and basketball
I can't even fuck with you, cause if we out in public
You gon' get caught stealing some shit and get my ass in trouble, too
You'll get old and be nothing
Living life in these streets, thugging and starting shit with anybody mean mugging
Look at you, a real nigga, thinking your life's cool
Girls used to turn me down for guys who were like you
'Til you grab their heart and shove a spearhead right through
Then they regret it because it wasn't the right move
Your real nigga talk seems bogus
A real nigga don't brag about being real as long as he knows it
And his future doesn't seem hopeless
A real nigga stays out of jail, handles shit, and he keeps focused
So all you rappers whose soul is out in the wrong
You inspire the issue I wrote about in this song
You go to pile on the young who roam around in the slums
See this is what happens when rap's overcrowded with bums
Hope the hour is long when I'm rolling out with your tongue
The man above is my guide, you know the power is strong
All you menacing freaks are only in it for cheese
And the mass control limit was breached - fuck hip-hop
They only in it for cheese, and any eyewitness can see
They purposely making the innocent weak
My existence on this planet's for you, I ain't only here to benefit me
Yo, we need to make a change while there's still time
It is hard, and sometimes I struggle trying to reveal mine
I can guide you if you feel blind
I just need you to be willing to journey into my ill mind.

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