

# Mr. Jones

## Hopsin

I know you mad cause they fuckin' with my music and it's not yours  
Now you wanna copy like I'm spanish on a chalkboard  
You still ain't got a key to the locked door  
Game ain't showed you no love, nigga my lord  
Yeah, 2015 Raw encore  
Give me my saw with the countdown - five, four  
Three, two, one, see when I choose bums, I bruise 'em  
The new Duke Nukem is gruesome  
Just last summer homie you was the hot dude  
Label being shady with you, who do you talk to?  
Nigga your career is done as soon as they drop you  
And all those little groupies you was cool with forgot you  
The game never came with no easy assembly  
Now you grieving in misery doing pizza delivery, damn  
We don't recognise you like a secret identity, man  
Shoulda came to FV for the remedy fam Say something now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
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Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
What you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones These underground niggas think they on a roll  
Then why you can't get the double X-L cover honor roll?  
Been years, you ain't got no respect  
I just watch y'all fall like the domino effect, nigga  
Used to talk like you had the plan laid out  
Till it backfired, nigga what you got to say now?  
Doing twenty buck collabs through your Paypal  
Shoulda joined FV, you coulda shut your bank down  
Niggas like "Hop calm down  
Why you always gotta get so emotional?"  
I'm like "if it ain't coming from the heart  
How the fuck is my fanbase s'posed to grow, alright?"  
Yeah, tell these folks not to bother  
When I blew up, you got blown out the water  
You dissed him on Disney, get thrown in the locker  
Your shit wasn't polished, my flow is too proper Say something now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones

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Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. JonesNiggas jumpin' in cause the bar is low  
Fuck it, I been starvin' yo, weak ass niggas, I'ma target those  
Do not approach wit a sorry flow, I'll chop you into particles  
I'm on the pedestal that you are below  
I ain't heard a mutha'fuckin' thing that's remarkable  
Dissin' me just won't work out, no cardio  
Welcome to the ill rap carnival  
Bout to blow your mutha'fuckin' brains out quick with my arsenal  
Uh, nigga stop with the coupe charades, not in the mood to play  
You goin' to school today  
You put a single out, pocket then loot in change  
Nigga your jewelry is not gonna boost your fame  
You too lame, bottom of the food chain  
The poop stain, I'm Bruce Wayne, I'm too trained  
There ain't no way to reduce pain, when I throw blows  
If I ain't hot, God damn, I don't knowSay something now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
What you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
What you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
What you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
One more time, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
What you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
What you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
What you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones  
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. JonesMr. Jones where you at man?  
When you gon' blow up man?  
When am I gon' start hearing about you, it's been years man?  
You been rapping for over a decade and you haven't made one move buddy  
Shit, I know why you haven't made one fucking move  
Nigga you suck

Songwriters

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