

Hippa To Da Hoppa (LP Version)

Ol' Dirty Bastard

My beats are slammin'...My beats are slammin' from the rugged programming
My man Bob Marley hey my man I'm Jammin'
You could never touch the stamina, while I'm rammin' the
hip-hop crowd makes me rrrah rrrah rrrah
Other MC's got flipped with the ease
Beggin' me for burnt cigar, stop the music please
No, cause I'm a PRO, rap to the convo
Make a crowd say HOE, at a strip show
Represent, my name is Ason, keep calm
Rhyme's too smoky, funky like a stink bomb
Boom! Blowin' up niggaz better than pullin' the trigger
So you betta run for covah!
Niggaz better loosen they ass, felt the glass
A forty ounce bottle, yo yo yo yo money yo pass!
Wooh-wooh-wooh! I sweat it live
MC gonna live God? No, the nigga die
The maximum of MC's are populating
The minimum of those MC's are dominating
Now all and together now, to what what who?
Rhymes come stinky like a girl's poo-poo[Chorus]
Hippa to da hoppa and you just don't stoppa
Hippa to da hoppa and you just don't stoppaAh shit, here I go once again
Rhymes get shitty from the time that I spend
I come old like toe fungus mold
Ask my grand-pop pop duke gave my soul
Then I came with that old Al Green shit
Saaa-die, taught me the ballisitc
I get you blurry in your eye with a high note
down, to the Brownsville, oops you got smoked
The shit I'm droppin' is stinkin' up your area
When I shoot it through like a messenger carrier
I keep my breath smellin' like shit so I can get
Funky, baby I'm not havin' it[Chorus: x2]Help master!
Dragon-fist!
Horse-fist!
Bastard, I didn't know who you were

Songwriters

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