

Ill Mind of Hopsin 8

Hopsin

Nigga what the fuck? (what the fuck?)
Homie I made you rich, paid your rent (damn right)
Biting the hand that was feeding you
This shit don't make any sense
Nigga what the fuck? (what the fuck?)
You know this is that real shit
How you gon' forget who built this, huh?
I'm the one who made the company all the millions
Now you got problems to deal with
Man, this is tough luck, see a couple weeks ago we was buds
And the crew that was killing shit was us
Till you turned on me homie, that's fucked up
I ain't keeping this shit on the hush, hush
On my chest I just carry too much stuff
I done had it, enough is enough bruh
Plus I needed something to get my buzz up
You done fucked with the wrong dude
Ain't no telling what Hopsin is gon' do, creepin' up on you
Quit your sleeping, I told you
"This is a mutha'fuckin' journey we finna go through"
If I ain't have so much to lose
I swear to God I probably beat up and choke you
Nigga this that raw shit
That organic flow you probably see up in Whole Foods
Shiver me timbers, something's fishy 'bout you Mr. D Ritter
When I told you that I wanted new management
Why the fuck you throw a fit and seem bitter?
Why you catch an attitude whenever I question you
About all my fuckin' percentages?
I know why (why?), you've been bending it in your benefit Your honor, I'm innocent!
This nigga crazy, I'm telling all of my people (you tell 'em)
He taking all of my C-Notes (it's true)
See he has a gambling issue
He takes the cash and blows it all at casinos
Uh-oh, when I bring up my royalties
You start avoiding me, that's some disloyalty
You woke up the evil boy in me, your ass is poisoning
Tell me why you would destroy FV?
This was a fucking vision that I had created with your brother

But you too infatuated with the money
You killed it and ran it straight into the gutter
Now I think why'd I make D-A-M-E the boss?
You keep pissing a whole lot of people off
Our whole label came out with a weak result
You on that same bullshit Tomica brought[Hook]
Nigga I don't know what you thought
You think I can't see on the blood on the walls?
Blood on the walls, that ain't going down nigga
I don't know what you thought
I can clearly see the blood on the wall
Blood on the walls, that ain't going down nigga
Ain't got time for your bullshit, everybody knows you be on it
Ain't got time for your bullshit, everybody knows you be on it
Ain't got time for your bullshit, everybody knows you be on it
Ain't got time for your bullshit[Pre-Verse]
Hold up, hold up
I got some more shit to say, yo[Verse 2]
It's supposed to be Funk Volume isn't it?
Thought it was music, above all the business
But you just said fuck all you niggas
You tarnished the brand
And you started a Funk Volume Fitness?
Come on now really think
Got us portraying something we really ain't
How we supposed to be ill
When you on our website with a Shakeweight
Tryna be Billy Blanks, nigga thanks
Fool ain't nobody tryna lift weights
We just wanna hit up the studio and just rap and do shows
But you don't understand the culture of hip-hop
You a lame ass nigga Dame, half the crew knows
New age Jerry Heller, a scary fella
I hate your fucking name, every letter
I'm very fed up, you acting like an ordinary heffa
I'ma take you to the mortuary dress-up
We gave you our trust then you had us cornered
You got us a shitty label deal with Warner
And if I confront you about it
You tell me I need counselling and I got a disorder
You sent me on tour and it's horror
Shitty hotels, no sleep with no food to order
Meet and greets every single day, it's torture
How you expecting an A1 performer?
Every time something's wrong it's the same thing

Blah-blah-blah-blah, you just blame me
Then you tell Brooklyn and Jammie
Now they both thinking I'm crazy
I deal with this on the daily
My career mentally rapes me
I won't let this nigga break me
He praying Dizzy Wright is gon' replace me, shady[Interlude]
What are your fucking motives Dame? Let's talk about it
You're our manager, our label-owner, our accountant
That's kinda tricky, something is fishy, that's risky
We just don't even know
We go with the flow while you rowin' the boat
You keeping us simple minded
Cause you knowin' our only concern is just hopin' we blow
So when all the money come in from our album and tours
You sit there and soak in the dough
When did we ever ask about the gross?
When did we ever ask about the net?
You would just hand us money from our shows
Cause you knew we wasn't questioning the checks
Nigga I trusted you with my life
You upped your percentage so I'm making less?
Fuck you bitch, you get no respect
This is why Hop is coming for your neck (Bless)[Verse 3]
All you care about is making money
You don't care about a fucking soul though
You just fluctuate our dollars up and down at your convenience like a fucking pogo
You been screwin' everybody on the label on the low
And they don't even know though
So good luck Jarren, Dizzy, Hoppa, SwizZz, I'm going solo[Hook]
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Change is one of the most difficult things that we face, but change is inevitable. One reason we don't like change is we get comfortable where we are. We get used to our friends, our job, the place we live, and even if it's not perfect we accept it because it's familiar. What happens is because we're not willing to change, we get stuck in what God used to do instead of moving forward into what God is about to do. Just because God's blessed you where you are doesn't mean you can just sit back and settle there. You have to stay open to what

God is doing now. What worked five years ago may not work today. If you're going to be successful you have to be willing to change. Every blessing is not supposed to be permanent. Every provision is not supposed to last forever. We should constantly evaluate our friendships. Who's speaking into your life? Who are you depending on? Make sure they're not dragging you down, limiting you from blossoming. Everybody is not supposed to be in our life forever. If you don't get rid of the wrong friends you will never meet the right friends

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