

# Hippa to 'da Hoppa

## 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!  
Woooh-woooh-woooh! 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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