

Hippa to da Hoppa

Ol' Dirty Bastard

My beats are slammin' My beats are slammin' from the rugged programmin'
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 rrah rrah rrah Other MC's got flipped with the ease
Beggin' me for mercy, 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 cover Niggaz better loosen they ass, felt the glass
A forty ounce bottle, yo, yo, yo, money, yo, pass
Woo woo woo, I sweat it live
MC gonna live God? No, the nigga dies The maximum of MC's are populatin'
The minimum of those MC's are dominatin'
Now all an' together now, to what, what, who?
Rhymes come stinky like a girl's poo poo Hippa to da hoppa an' you just don't stoppa
Hippa to da hoppa an' you just don't stoppa Ahh, shit, here I go once again
Rhymes get shitty from the time that I spend
I come old like toe fungus mold
Ask my grandpop, Pop Duke gave my soul Then I came with that old Al Green shit
Sadie, taught me the ballistic
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 Hippa to da hoppa an' you just don't stoppa
Hippa to da hoppa an' you just don't stoppa
Hippa to da hoppa an' you just don't stoppa
Hippa to da hoppa an' you just don't stoppa Help, Master
Dragonfist
Horsefist
Bastard, I didn't know who you were

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