

Funk Volume 2013

Hopsin

Sir, our data base has crashed
Aww fuck! Computer, find out what reliable sources
We have to maintain a stable ground until we get things moving again"
Well send him down there!
Ye-uhh!
See I coulda been an academic
Remain in college, study a broad
Maybe build some extra credits
Get a degree from the UC
Get accepted, by my family an friends
Finally get respected
But beer pong and flip cup couldn't do it
And academic probation, just labelled me a loser
Cancel ya, swear they gon' boot ya
Terminate your future
If you dont start performing like ya used to
Well hows's this for a motherfuckin' performance
Thought about it, stayed in hip hop and started exploring
Hipsters, backpackers, fake thugs pose as rappers
Whats next? FV evolved to destroy you bastards
And I ain't taking shots, it's just what it is
Im the truth like verdad, this is SwizZz
It's here now, Funk Volume, fuck all you
Im hoggin' the rock, come get the ball loose
If you want it, come get it, you know we got it
These niggas hop on the train, the moment we go and drop it
The same niggas thats keepin' you out of pocket, dont worry about it
We got it, acknowledge we here, its Funk Volume
If you want it, come get it, you know we got it
These niggas hop on the train, the moment we go and drop it
The same niggas thats keepin' you out of pocket, dont worry about it
We got it, acknowledge we here, its Funk Volume
I got a story, kick up off of ya sneakers, smoke on some reefer
Listen hip hop sold his soul to the reaper
Decent image, lyrics, no one did neither, ill listen to it
But while im punching a whole in the speaker
MCs puffin' and poutin', like they strugglin' from drownin'
They hate the state of rap, but dont ever do nothing about it
They strategize but it usually is wrong, Mama told me I'mma soon be the one

That'll hit this bitch just like a nuclear bomb
I've spent a minute tryna master the craft
Paving an extravagant path to baffle yo ass
I don't see any more obstacles I have to get past
Looks like there's a whole new type beginning after the trash
Try to duplicate, you'll never find the math that I stash
The movement is happening fast, I sit back and just laugh
Your love and passion is cash, and thats a fact that im mad
You'll get your abdomen gashed, and then get stuffed inside my travelling bag
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We got it, acknowledge we here, its Funk Volume
It's Funk Volume, turn it up
I know you heard im nuts, but trust me
I ain't got the?
But I do got the urge to bust
You wanna front, you can play the back seat
Like the runner up
Grindin' till my loot is stacked
Bang this till the roof collapse
Enemies, im used to that
I'm known for my abusive acts
It's painful where this music's at
Let me drive, you relax
I'mma pick the pieces up to this puzzle
And glue it back
Please forgive me if my music dont relate to you
My lifes a jungle, im just actin' how an ape would do
Half man, part deceased
White eyes, market me
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