

# Hop Madness

## Hopsin

[Intro]

Journey into my world, yeah  
But don't ride my dick, ooh  
Welcome to Hop Madness  
Don't ride my dick  
Welcome to Hop Madness  
Don't ride my dick

[Verse 1]

I'm the undeniably hot nigga who making hip hop iller  
Your spot filler, I smash rappers, I done got sicker  
Hopzilla, I'm like a mischievous prop getter  
I'mma probably get popped by Biggie and Pac's killer  
Look at my pock's fill up, now I'm a twat driller  
I remember the days when bitches would not pick up  
The phone when I would call them, now hoes is not a problem  
I rose up from the bottom, "Hey bro, you're fucking awesome!"  
But I ain't here to brag about a new Porsche with two doors  
You made a killing now I'm about to bring a few more  
It's time you feel my true force, from Cali straight to New York  
Y'all gon' kiss my ass like you tried to make me do yours, bitch  
You want a active beef? Think before attacking me  
I know I'm quick to get outta line like I have to pee  
It's obvious that I got your heart thumping  
I may look like a fucking idiot, but I promise I'm far from it

[Hook]

A year ago I wasn't all that  
Now all off a sudden bitches all on my ballsack  
Am I your best friend? What? Heck no  
You can be a fan of all of my songs, nigga but, just don't  
Ride my dick, no, don't ride my dick  
Yes, don't ride my dick, no, don't ride my dick

[Verse 2]

Check me out  
I talk shit and whip beats, I'm a true MC  
Only one who tells me what to do is me  
Take a close look at FV and what it grew to be

Hoppa, Dizzy, me and three Z has made the group complete  
My shit is past basic, in my eyes I feel I have made it  
Came a long way from my mom and dad's basement  
When I do shows now the women strip me half naked  
My motherfucking bad language got my ass famous  
Now labels thinking about signing me (yes)  
MTV has got they eye on me (yes)  
Skubbedy dubbedy wow, this is irony  
I still ain't giving a fuck  
So if I hurt your feelings tell it to your diary  
Nigga, I'm so beast, rhyming over cold beats  
Finally shining without the diamonds and gold teeth  
The higher in power trying to bring fire in on me  
So I keep my guards up, when I'm tired I don't sleep

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I know there's whole lot of niggas who wonder why I keep dissin'  
I ain't trippin', just listen, I'm on a discrete mission  
Rappers speaking on drugs, money and deceive women for a check  
While they boss grillin', sittin' in their seat spinnin'  
That's like the foulest crime  
Somewhere down the line I was bound to rise  
To make a difference, and now it's time  
I know you rappers is about a dime  
But it's hard for me to leave the corrupted minds I'm surrounded by  
I ain't the nigga you go outshine  
Truth is, you only go in when I'm coming outside  
Fuck your road, turning down mine  
When you greet me get on your knees and open your mouth wide  
For the record I ain't the type to share  
If you a rapper tainting my image, then war is what I might declare  
Just cause I'm buzzing off the white contacts  
Don't mean you should take your ass to Hot Topic to buy a pair

[Hook]

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Lyrics submitted by Rico Pitcher.

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