Break It Down

Hopsin

Intro: Echem, lets go
Chorus: Break it down, down, down, down, Down, down, down, down, get up (Get up) Say what? Get up (Get up) Say
what? Break it down, down, down,
down, down, down, down, down now
get up (Get up) Say what? Get up (Get up) Say what?
Verse 1: Now may i kick a little flow for y'all,
thats slow and raw, for niggas who
thinkin the west coast fell off, but first
id like to give a little toast to all whos
souls was lost, up in the rap flows and
all (Yeah) Back to my original topic, fuck the
bullshit, you shuld be gettin wit Hopsin
on that real rap shit, man forget the
imposters, y'all destroyed hip hop good,
mission accomplished, now im gon make
em regret the shit, bringin back all the
elements, makin these fellas swell up
gon tell em that Fucken hell has hit, i gotta focus though,
and come down on all my zonins yo,
because im prone to blow, and destroy
alla my lyrics chromasones, i told you
folks that its over, so go and roll up your
soldiers, and be up out of this bitch, like
hokus pokus, im so furocious, i had the
potion but no one noticed, and now
im bout to Blow up even bigger than my nose is
Chorus:
Break it down down, down, down, down,
down, down, now get up (Get up) Say
what? Get up (Get up) Say what? Break
it down, down, down, down, Down, down, down, down, down now get
up (Get up) Say what? get up (Get up)
Say what?
Verse 2: id like to bust another verse if i may, the
mess i made, make rappers wanna catch
my fade, im just not sane, all Y'all effect my brain, so dont be tryna
run up puttin me in head locks man, its
like i pin em like a poster, get em and

then roast em, when it comes to these
verbal abuses do not approach em, i

toast em, bury em in an oaisis, then
write a book on how i did it like OJ did
(Stupid Stupid) Im that new nigga all the kids
gon look up to wit a middle finger in the
sky screamin "Fuck school" You dont
want yo child bumpin hop nigga fuck
you, whos a better dad, you or me? Let
ya son choose, Girl, why you actin so
passionate? You smilin at me like i was Attracted to fat women, shit, go get yo
ass up in the cut wit ya big butt, come
to think about it, nevermind, i could use
a nut
Chorus: Break it down, down, down, down, down,
down, down, down, down, get up (Get
up) Say what? Get up (Get up) Say what? Break it down, down,
down, down, down, down, down, down,
now get up (Get up) Say what? Get up
(Get up) Say what?
Verse 3: Still the same nigga, still Usin fruity loops, play this shit up in the
club watch what her booty do, i aint
gotta fuck wit all that high-tech shit, i
keep the kitchen grimy cookin up my
next hit, i guess its how i was raised, and
now i get paid, to go and write some
bullshit a couple hours a day, i juss pop a Tune on, and the music come on me, my
message is deeper than this if you listen
closely, yo i gotta habit for smashin
faggots in fact imma dashin rappin
savage assassin who has a passion to
just, see em, then read em, eat em, beat
em, then flee em to feed em to muselina,
i seem to be the most Heated speaker i defeat your leader,
freak your diva, then freakin leave her,
Hopsin he a demon, y'all knowin that he
a beast, what? How tha fuck am i
suppose to act? Shit, tha west coast is
back (West side)
Chorus: Break it down, down, down, down, down,
down, Down, down, get up (Get up) Say what?
Get up (Get up) Say what? Break it down,
down, down, down, down, down, down,
down, now get up (Get up) Say what? Get up (Get up) Say what?

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