

# My Hippy (feat. Dizzy Wright)

MOD SUN

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Now I'm never goin to sleep again,  
let's turn this to a never ending evening.  
"Pants below his ass how did he get in?"  
Good karma, I'm on the receiving end.  
Never growing up like Mr. Pan,  
bumpin old school like the shows on TV Land.  
I'm warmin up but I don't need a fan.  
You aint down with Rasta? My gosh, hasta la vista man.  
Cuz I aint puttin this "grade A" out for nobody,  
you can do what you do just don;t do nothin to my party.  
I'm already a regular in favor, also a savior  
I got my own flavor, I don't do it nothin like your neighbor.  
But I'm sure you knew that,  
it's impossible to keep a secret if you rap.  
Better not do that, give me every detail and make it juicy.  
Gotta tell the world about the movie, how you livin thoughtfully,  
how you keep it so groovy, let em let em know.  
IF YOU SEE ME IN YOUR CITY SAY "WHAT'S UP MY HIPPY"  
I SMOKE. THAT "KILLY".  
ALL WE DO IS ROLL AROUND PULL UP TO A DIFFERENT TOWN  
WINTER, SUMMER, STORMIN, WE STILL GOT THE WINDOWS DOWN  
HAPPY AS A MUTHA FUCKA.  
All we do is roll around, pull up to a different town.  
People yelling "Hallelujah!", yeah they lovin the different sound.  
The radio's Great Depression will soon be ending,  
once I leave my impression on adolescence,  
I'm just your type like the text that you sending.  
i said i meant it, i don't need no edit.  
I get it, I get it. Reinvent it, I don't need any credit.  
Remember forget it.  
What was I saying?  
Somethin bout my crew?

Cool.  
(don't act like you don't see us now.)  
(we're back!)  
(it's lookin like Woodstock again my hippy.)  
IF YOU SEE ME IN YOUR CITY SAY "WHAT'S UP MY HIPPY"  
I SMOKE. THAT "KILLY".

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