

Hiphopotamus vs. Rhymenoceros

Flight of the Conchords

I'm the mother flippin' rhymenoceros
My beats are fat
And the birds are on my back
And I'm horny, I'm horny If you choose to proceed
You will indeed concede
Cause I hit you with my flow
The wild rhino stampede I'm not just wild, I'm trained, domesticated
I was raised by a rapper and rhino that dated
And subsequently procreated
That's how it goes Here's the Hiphopotamus
The hip hop hippo
They call me the Hiphopotamus
My lyrics are bottomless Sometimes our rhymes are polite
Like, thank you for the dinner Ms. Right
That was very delicious goodnight Sometimes they are obscene
Like a pornographic dream
NC-17 with ladies in a stream of margarine
Yeah, some margarine They call me the Hiphopotamus
Flows that glow like phosphorous
Poppin' off the top of this esophagus
Rockin' this metropolis I'm not a large water-dwelling mammal
Where did you get that preposterous hypothesis?
Did Steve tell you that, perchance?
Steve My rhymes and records, they don't get played
Because my records and rhymes, they don't get made
And if you rap like me you don't get paid
And if you roll like me you don't get laid My rhymes are so potent that in this small segment
I made all of the ladies in the area pregnant
Yes, sometimes my lyrics are sexist
But you lovely bitches and hoes should know
I'm trying to correct this Other rappers dis me
Say my rhymes are sissy
Why? Why? Why? What?
Why exactly? What? Why?
Be more constructive
With your feedback, please
Why? Why? Why? Cause I rap about reality
Like me and my grandma drinkin' a cup of tea
There ain't no party like my nanna's tea party

Hey, ho I'm the motherflippin'
I'm the motherflippin'
I'm the motherflippin'
Who's the motherflippin? I'm the motherflippin'
I'm the motherflippin'
I'm the motherflippin'
Motherflippin'

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