

# I Just Can't

## Hopsin

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!  
(pound syndrome)Fuckin' with me then it can get (ugly)  
Stuffin' your corpse in a mattress (lovely)  
Then I'll invite your girlfriend over for a sleepover on that nigga that's (disgusting)  
She can gag this (dumpling)  
Ho do not stop till my shaft's (erupting)  
You shoulda known what the fuck I was tryna do, I did not call your ass over for nothing  
How do I feel? here's a riddle son  
Cut all my fingers off except the middle ones (what?)  
Now bend your ass over and sit on one (what?)  
A.k.a. I've lost it, nigga run  
Whole world gettin' so sick of em, my nuts swing like a pendulum  
I'm on instagram right now postin' pics of 'em  
They are so cute together, aren't they, look at them (awwh)  
One's bigger than the other though, just thought I'd let you mutha'fuckas know  
I'm posted in a bungalow, gettin' deep throat from a juggalo  
Please do not get your face paint on my stomach ho  
Where the real mcs? there are no more  
Swag ship took sail and they all on board  
Holla at me when you wanna learn the art of war  
I carnivore, flexin' hard like I'm arnold schwarz  
I'm explicit business, witness sickness spit from the lips of mischief  
Talk shit, get hit I can split your wig with a  
Knife into your dome with my fist to clinch it (that's murder homie)  
Oh shit, oh my, hit a nigga like I'm kimbo slice  
And spend your life, so bitch don't try  
I throw you out a fuckin window, bye  
And film it on vine, and get more likes (well, oh right)  
Soon as that cyclone hits, you know I'm back on that psycho shit  
I got psychosis, my brains filled with deadly microchips  
I'm plottin' your death with crayons and hieroglyphs (you crazy, nigga)  
Huh, I know this, in the club too turnt tryna fight your bitch  
Swing at me nigga I won't flinch, can't you see my fuckin' minds on grinch, I love violence I'm like damn, shit  
Fuck nigga, shit  
I just can't deal with these niggas no more, man  
Yeah, yeah, nigga  
I just can't deal with these niggas no more, man  
Yeah, yeah, nigga  
I just can't deal with these niggas no more Put a nigga in that stove (like roast)

I know, you phoned, 5-0, I'm ghost (peww)  
Straight through the exit, fuck a ho and use the same condom on the next bitch  
Nasty ass nigga having sex with a dead chick  
Film it with the gopro, slow-mo, and upload it to netflix  
Uhhh, excuse me I hate to bother  
Do you know where I can find a little asian parlor?  
Where they'll play with my balls like a game of soccer  
And fuck me too for like eighty dollars?  
I need my dick scrubbed and bathed in water  
I hold the bitch down to play some doctor  
If I ask her for it, it's gon' make it awkward  
If I tip her well she'll give brains and swallow  
I'm a nutcase with add  
Who rapes these beats, don't try cause you can't be me  
Ya'll can't be pleased, stop hatin' on my angry steez  
It makes me cheese, I barely know my abc's  
But still I'm on and I made like 2 million bucks  
Oh, look at y'all niggas now, you give a fuck  
Shit, askin' to be on my team tryna take my god damn cream cause you niggas stuck  
Same niggas always name droppin' like  
"aye hopsin, I rap too, I'm tryna get paid off it  
Dre heard my shit and said it was great  
I'll probably get signed to eminem any day  
And next week, snoop dogg, he gon' get me blazed  
One time I opened up a concert for mgk  
My big partner, lil cousin, man, he friends with drake  
And big boy up at power said he'll get me play  
I had a video on worldstar, dawg believe it  
I don't know what happened but it got deleted"  
(man if you don't get your ass out of my god damn face talkin' that bullshit nigga)  
Stop it with the lies dude, I'ma just remind you  
I hate phony niggas, I will not pretend to like you  
Thirsty ass niggas love talkin' when I slide through  
Fuck you, nigga you ain't hoppin' into my crew

Songwriters

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