

# Sag My Pants

## Hopsin

Yeah  
Hopsin  
Funk Volume  
C'mon, keep sleepin' on me  
Hollywood ass rappers  
Bitch ass females  
That's enough to make a nigga flip  
[Verse 1:]Yeah...  
I erupt like a bomb  
So give up the baton  
I slap you after bustin a fuckin' nut in my palm  
Why you muggin' me like something was wrong  
Just take a puff of the bong  
And let me leave your mind corrupt from this song  
See you can't stop me cause I'm a brainwash teens  
And create false dreams cause it pays off clean  
I'm just an idiotic ironic symbolic illuminatic product  
That's gonna be killed if I talk about it (shhh!)  
This industry business is all screwed up  
I have no favorite rapper because all you suck  
I severe the weakest niggas who not on my pedigree  
Because on the tombstone will be as hard as their name will ever be  
I'm judged by my wild image a lot  
And everybody seems to think I have a sinister plot (I do)  
Be offended by every sentence I jot  
I got some militant thoughts and you ain't killin em'  
Off so listen  
[Hook:]I sag my pants until my ass shows  
I even slap hoes (bitch)  
Yeah I'm an asshole (yeah yeah)  
your parents hate me cause I love you  
So tell em' I said fuck you  
Yeah I said fuck you (yeah yeah)  
[Verse 2:]I snuck in Drake's house when he was alone inside (uh  
Oh)  
You can say I have a bogus mind  
I dimmed the lights out and close the blinds  
Around his neck is where my rope was tied  
I yanked on it till I broke his spine (yeah)

Lately I've been fuckin' pissed off (why?)  
Cause everybody's sayin Lil Wayne spits raw  
I start a big brawl  
And slam his ass into a brick wall  
And have a fat nigga sit on him  
Rick Ross (gross)

I don't play with this rap shit  
I got no life, I stay in the attic  
Fuck the rap career, I'm waiting to smash it  
Soulja Boy you got a corny flow  
So you can suck my fuckin' dick through a glory hole  
I'm just being me  
What you tryna to hate for  
All you niggas faker than Lupe Fiasco claimin his  
Skateboards  
Yeah right, that nigga can't even ollie  
Push him away on a dolly  
Not even Satan can't stop me (what)  
[Hook:]I sag my pants until my ass shows  
I even slap hoes (bitch)  
Yeah I'm an asshole (yeah yeah)  
And your parents hate me cause I love you  
So tell em' I said fuck you  
Yeah I said fuck you (yeah yeah)  
[Verse 3:]I'm probably the sickest mutha fucka who don't get recognized  
Eazy-E's wife's life somewhat now jeopardized  
She signed me and I was set aside  
For like three and a half years  
I don't think I remember why  
I'm fuckin dope and this is my reward  
That's wacker than the five hundred dollars you signed  
Me for  
Eazy's dead now  
Yeah the label's finally yours  
Too bad he never knew that you were just a grimy whore  
You can't maintain what Eric built (nah)  
I know he's in his grave turnin like a ferris wheel  
you think your cool just cause you inherit mil  
Bitch bare the skills  
I'm Hopsin, I spit shit so unfair and real  
I got some deep dark issues within  
All because you lied and tried to pretend you were friend  
Fuck Ruthless, bitch I'll never lend you a hand  
And I'ma make sure nobody ever signs with you again

(You know why?)  
[Hook:]I sag my pants until my ass shows  
I even slap hoes (bitch)  
Yeah I'm an asshole (yeah yeah)  
And your parents hate me cause I love you  
So tell em' I said fuck you  
Yeah I said fuck you (yeah yeah)

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