# 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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