

Funk Volume 2013

Hopsin, Dizzy Wright, Jarren Benton, DJ Hoppa & SwizZz

Finna' throw the whole game outta focus
Beat it in the head cause the flow sick, FV
Finna' throw the whole game out focus
Beat it in the head cause the flow sick, let 'em know
And we'll never fade away, we just keep on moving
We ain't afraid of bitch niggas talking slick
Act up and you could get it
So sit down and pay attention niggaI ain't in the building I'm base jumping off of it
It's SwizZzle (bitch), time to take my balls out your esophagus
I took a break and became the topic of all the gossip and
Dummies taking shots and get mad because I don't acknowledge 'em, yup
Started in '08 and still ain't fuckin' dropped an album
Circumstances have set me back and I'm buzzin' without one
Perceived as the hype man in the back
But I'm a founder of this shit and now look where it's at, huh
I'll let you have it like I'm generous nigga
Shit, my existence alone is such a benefit nigga
Rewind the clock a couple years, I'm still ahead of you niggas
It's 2013, I'm making beds for you niggas
To sleep soundly, three Z's ho
I'm in the booth lettin' it spill: BP flow
Punch lines knock 'em out like D-Bo
You niggas ain't ready to stop me from runnin' it: Tim Tebow
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So sit down and pay attention nigga2013 scratch my existence alone scratch such a benefit
niggaYo, greatly awakened, I'm coming straight out of Vegas
Beside' from taking over we planning assassinations
The craft I'm taking, I'm poetry in the matrix
We know the industry fake and we slowly about to break it
See they embrace it cause Hop was just in his basement
He secretly hired killers that's killing collaborations
2012 I took this shit back to the roots
Shit, back with your bitch ass, you can get trapped in a booth
Hardest out, I'm hardly out but talk about stoner out the group
My home smell like Bob Marley's house
I found it out and you can count me out

These rappers weak, y'all lyrics drier than cottonmouth
The problem child and you surprised that I'm next
Nigga said he going global and I swear that I ain't lied to you yet
Labels calling cause they tryna invest
It's 2013 and the first thing they ask is "We signing a check?"

Nah

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So sit down and pay attention nigga We know the industry fake scratch we slowly about to
break it Hello y'all it's the bully, in a Trayvon Martin hoodie
And a bunch of gynecology tools to operate on you pussies

Ain't no killer but please don't push me

The day you fags belittle me

Is the day that Hopsin joins a group with Soulja Boy and Lil B

Overseas they call me a sick cunt

I'm hungry and I just missed lunch

Fuck a FV 2013 song, dang the world ends this month

I'm crazy as Big Pun on a fifth of rum storm in the house

Pissed cause his wife hid all his sharp knives and his gun

I kill a nigga for Hop, SwizZzle, Dizzy and Dame

Or Hoppa, this ain't a label bitch, this is a gang

SIKE, let me not say that, all the fans will be like

"HOP! You're a hypocrite, why'd you sign Jarren, he's ignorant!"

I ain't going nowhere, get used to me

FV ain't what it used to be

Cause we making moves, about to hit the top

Shining just like jewelery

Yeah, fuck you haters who ain't with it

And you labels that shit it, homie

We did it independent bitch Finna' throw the whole game outta focus

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So sit down and pay attention nigga This ain't a label bitch, this is a gang scratch We did it
independent bitch This was something that you couldn't prevent

I threw my fucking life away to get my foot in this bitch

I see some dedicated haters and they looking to diss

I know the fucking solution; an ass-whooping is it

I got the industry all shaken and stiff

Since I ain't loaned 'em my soul you know it's something that they wouldn't admit

I made a change and the devil said I shouldn't commit

But the lifestyle he offers ain't as good as it gets
Man I ain't just another rapper on the list, mackin' on the chicks
Doing big collabs every track to own a hit
I'm the captain of this ship, plus I'm back up on my shit
Take a note of it and stick it to a magnet on your fridge
So your asses don't forget that my purpose is astronomic
I enlighten those who hurtin' and lacking knowledge
The burden is bad the pocket, I'm certain I had to stop it
The fire is burning but I'm emerging through ashes fallen
My image made all you folks doubt
But I made it through the vicious cold drought
Now all you niggas get to see my flow sprout
Sorry mama but I gotta roll now
I done made some cheese, now I can finally afford my own house
I see niggas speaking on shit that they don't know about
I excel in places they failed so they think I sold out
But this is what the fame does, we came up
And made our name buzz, now they mad cause they ain't us
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Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>