

# Hopsin, Crown Me

Yo, let me take you to the tribe real quick

I'm from that small city called Panorama  
Where them vato's roam and they blast they hammers  
Never had no sense, so I'm bad with manners  
Who'd have thought I'd be living life in the flashing cameras?  
Got bitches on my nuts like pubics  
Niggas could never figure me out like Rubik's  
I be bullying everybody like I'm Brutus, Who?  
So don't underestimate me, I do this, truest  
I'm calm and ill but still drop bombs, I kill  
You know the deal, with my godly skills  
You wanna jog the field in my shoes? That's a lot to fill  
It won't happen, you cannot be real  
Man, there's so many rappers that wanna catch my fade  
So many bitches that wanna snatch my blang  
I'll probably end up on the news dead, bullet in the head  
Mama in the street yelling "That's my baby!"  
You want me to keep it to a minimal with the syllables?  
I think you should get up off my genitals  
Every nigga identical when they spit a flow, this shit is critical  
Imma have to get rough and get on my sentinels  
Nigga, what you be sipping on? I'm guessing your pen is broke  
Is it difficult for you to get better?  
You're so despicable  
Cause your shit is boo-boo, your bars are predictable  
I do not bump it, it's hard to get into you  
Please admit it, man, the voyage is radical  
Mind is set to just destroy, I'm an animal  
Killing shit, man, I'm a poisonous antidote  
I be on it, man, ya boy's international  
Yeah, I'm mad with rhymes  
Been doing this since '99, I'm a mastermind  
Homie, it's 2015, and all my niggas gon' kill it  
When they finish the job, the other half is mine

Fool, you ain't on that real shit  
I live here, you on a field trip  
I'm made of shit you ain't built with  
You a bitch, yo girl need a real dick  
It's no doubt, niggas gon' feel this  
You don't scare niggas, not even a little bit  
I serve you, you get the bill quick  
Crown me, I'm a real prince

Give me that crown boy! (give it!),  
I said "Give me that shit!"  
Give me that crown boy! (c'mon!),  
I said "Give me that shit!"  
/2x

The rap game's mine, I revolve it 'round me, I think I have lost it  
And my mind's exhausted, I'm nauseous from the process  
Of hopping on stage and trying to dive in moshpits  
Nigga, why you focused on diamonds?  
These Cubic Zirconia's all up in my ear  
Over jewelry, I don't get excited  
My perception in life is "Why the fuck am I here, nigga?"  
I've been this way since your ass has been sucking on titties  
Since niggas cocked back, and start busting on Fifty  
Since J-Lo was mobbin' in public with Diddy  
Since Biggie and Pac got shot up, it's a pity  
That's bullshit you're talking, I'm not in the mood, bro  
Continue yapping, you'll see Hopsin is brutal

Keep pushing me, you gon' get dropped with some Judo  
You fanning out like you want cock in yo culo  
Niggas only in it for money and bitches  
I don't even think they wanna rap no more  
But they wanna be all over the television  
Rockin' feminine shit, tryna act homo  
Old bi-ass niggas can't bypass niggas  
"I can't change even if I tried"-ass niggas  
Tight jeans on so they show your ass-ass niggas  
In the pool with the homie, trying to splash-ass niggas  
Fruity as Mike and Ike, you'll get diced to rice  
When I arrive I pull up like "Hi! Surprise!"  
It might be wise to hide when the nightly skies are high  
Fucking with an 8, no life for Pi  
Tell me, what position would the game be in  
Without me having the ability to rape the pen?  
Pound Syndrome, this is it, I'm weighing in  
I still hate ya'll niggas and I can't pretend

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