

# Ill Mind of Hopsin 5

## Hopsin

Man I hate rap, but if the shoe fits, wear it  
I've become a freak of nature all the kids stare at  
Who walk around bumping RAW with the shit blaring  
Saying "Fuck school" and dropping out like a miscarriage  
I'm embarrassed  
And I'm ashamed I played a part in this devilish game  
Making your common sense perish  
But I ain't taking the full blame  
Cause most of you chumps running around here ain't never had strict parents  
All of your brain cells rotting from weed  
You feeling like if you ain't got it, life's not as complete  
You having sex with every-motherfuckin'-body you see  
With a past so dark that Satan'd jump out of his seat  
But still you out in these streets thinking you hot as can be  
Without the knowledge to lead so you just follow the sheep  
Making sure your lame swag is all polished and clean  
While your favorite rapper's like "Yeah, he got it from me"  
You been brainwashed by a fake life that you're used to livin'  
When I say the word "fun", what do you envision  
Probably drinking and smoking out with your crew  
And chilling with clueless women you trying to bang, bumping New Edition  
Is that all you think life really is  
Well if so, then you're a fucking idiot  
I honestly feel like grabbing your head and hitting it  
Matter of fact, you don't even deserve a brain, GIMME IT!  
Do you even have any goals  
Aside from bagging these hoes and packing a bowl  
Well let me guess- No  
You're only in school because your parents make you go  
And all you do is play beer pong and hang out with your bros  
Yo, society's got you living for a whack cause  
You're a fucking adult with no skills at all  
You don't read any books or play ball  
You don't draw, you literally do nothing at all  
Still you fiend for the glamorous fruits  
You don't have cause you idolize rappers that do  
And all they say is "I got money and it's stacked to the roof"  
And now you think that it's gon' magically just happen to you  
How, Your lazy ass don't commit to labor  
You pick something up, try it out, and put it down two minutes later  
Then you complain about your life cause it ain't getting catered  
Now whoever tries to call you on your bullshit's a hater

You wanna succeed, you have to try  
Or one day you'll get older and regret it all cause you can't provide  
Your friends are lowlives, don't act surprised  
Look, just cut the bad fruit off of the tree, make the sacrifice  
Girls, stop acting like you want a guy with traits like Romeo  
Bitch that's a fucking lie  
You always talk about how every man's fake  
And you can't take it and you want something real  
Shut up tramp, save it  
Twice a week you put on your makeup and damn bracelets  
And head to the club half-naked with your ass shaking  
Pulling a lowlife nigga who claim he cash making  
Til you let him hit and find out he work at the gas station  
One of them niggas got you pregnant and you can't raise it  
But you caused it, your actions made a fat statement  
You want Romeo, then act patient  
And stop fronting like he in the club posted in the back waitin'  
It's the club, where guys put on a new persona  
After they get loaded with a few coronas  
They always shouting and wild out with habits that very few condone of  
Then they look for beautiful brainless bitches like you to bone 'em  
Then when they leave you, you cry and cry  
Talking 'bout  
"Oh my god I can't find a guy  
I've spent so many years and I've tried and tried  
Why am I even on Earth? I should die"  
You want Romeo, you're not worthy  
You're cock-thirsty  
You're nasty and probably got herpes  
Sometimes the secret to find is to stop searching  
Try a new formula, cause your last one's not working  
The term "real nigga"'s publicly used  
And I need to know what it means, cause I'm fucking confused  
Are you one for always busting your tool  
With nothing to lose and something to prove to homies up in your crew  
Is it because you're selling drugs to get loot  
And brag about how you done been shot and stabbed  
Like it's fun to be you  
But your life's a struggle, right, and you just hustling through  
Nah, you hamster ass nigga, you just stuck in a loop  
Man, why do black people gotta be the only ones who can't evolve  
Cause you in the streets acting like a neanderthal  
It's clear you can't stand the law  
you're lost as an abandoned dog  
And all you're interested in is fighting, rapping, and basketball  
I can't even fuck with you, cause if we out in public  
You gon' get caught stealing some shit and get my ass in trouble, too  
You'll get old and be nothing  
Living life in these streets

thugging and starting shit with anybody mean mugging  
Look at you, a real nigga, thinking your life's cool  
Girls used to turn me down for guys who were like you  
'Til you grab their heart and shove a spearhead right through  
Then they regret it because it wasn't the right move  
Your real nigga talk seems bogus  
A real nigga don't brag about being real as long as he knows it  
And his future doesn't seem hopeless  
A real nigga stays out of jail, handles shit, and he keeps focused  
So all you rappers whose soul is out in the wrong  
You inspire the issue I wrote about in this song  
You go to pile on the young who roam around in the slums  
See this is what happens when rap's overcrowded with bums  
Hope the hour is long when I'm rolling out with your tongue  
The man above is my guide  
you know the power is strong  
All you menacing freaks are only in it for cheese  
And the mass control limit was breached - fuck hip-hop  
They only in it for cheese  
and any eyewitness can see  
They purposely making the innocent weak  
My existence on this planet's for you, I ain't only here to benefit me  
Yo, we need to make a change while there's still time  
It is hard, and sometimes I struggle trying to reveal mine  
I can guide you if you feel blind  
I just need you to be willing to journey into my ill mind

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