Hippa to da Hoppa

Ol' Dirty Bastard

My beats are slammin...One:My beats are slammin from the rugged programming
My man Bob Marley hey my man I'm Jammin
You could never touch the stamina, while I'm rammin the
hip-hop crowd makes me rrrah rrrah rrrah
Other MC's got flipped with the ease
Beggin me for burnt cigar, stop the music please
No, cause I'm a PRO, rap to the conVO
Make a crowd say HOE, at a strip SHOW
Represent, my name is Ason, keep calm
Rhyme's too smoky, funky like a stink bomb
Boom! Blowin up niggaz better than pullin the trigger
So you betta run for covah!
Niggaz better loosen they ass, felt the glass
A forty ounce bottle, yo yo yo yo money yo pass!
Woooh-woooh-woooh! I sweat it live
MC gonna live God? No, the nigga die
The max-imum of MC's are populating
The min-imum of those MC's are dominating
Now all and together now, to what what who?
Rhymes come stinky like a girl's poo-poo
Hippa to da hoppa and you just don't stoppa Two:Ahh shit, here I go once again
Rhymes get shitty from the time that I spend
I come old like toe fungus mold
Ask my grand-pop pop duke gave my soul
Then I came with that old Al Green shit
Saaa-die, taught me the ballisitc
I get you blurry in your eye with a high note
down, to the Brownsville, oops you got smoked
The shit I'm droppin is stinkin up your area
When I shoot it through like a messanger carrier
I keep my breath smellin like shit so I can get
FUNKY, baby I'm not havin it2X
Help master! *battle ensues*
Dragon-fist!
Horse-fist!
Bastard, I didn't know who you were
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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