

Mr. Jones

Hopsin

This nigga Hopsin blew the fuck up son - outta nowhere. Yo how the fuck this nigga doing that shit? This nigga corny as fuck dog. I've been rapping just as long as the nigga and niggas don't respect me. What the fuck nigga
Damn it's like that, it's like that

I know you mad cause they fuckin' with my music and it's not yours
Now you wanna copy like I'm spanish on a chalkboard
You still ain't got a key to the locked door
Game ain't showed you no love, nigga my lord
Yeah, 2015 Raw encore
Give me my saw with the countdown - five, four
Three, two, one, see when I choose bums, I bruise 'em
The new Duke Nukem is gruesome
Just last summer homie you was the hot dude
Label being shady with you, who do you talk to?
Nigga your career is done as soon as they drop you
And all those little groupies you was cool with forgot you
The game never came with no easy assembly
Now you grieving in misery doing pizza delivery, damn
We don't recognise you like a secret identity, man
Shoulda came to FV for the remedy fam

Say something now Mr. Jones
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These underground niggas think they on a roll
Then why you can't get the double X-L cover honor roll?
Been years, you ain't got no respect
I just watch y'all fall like the domino effect, nigga
Used to talk like you had the plan laid out
Till it backfired, nigga what you got to say now?
Doing twenty buck collabs through your Paypal
Shoulda joined FV, you coulda shut your bank down
Niggas like "Hop calm down
Why you always gotta get so emotional?"
I'm like "if it ain't coming from the heart
How the fuck is my fanbase s'posed to grow, alright?"
Yeah, tell these folks not to bother
When I blew up, you got blown out the water
You dissed him on Disney, get thrown in the locker
Your shit wasn't polished, my flow is too proper

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Niggas jumpin' in cause the bar is low
Fuck it, I been starvin' yo, weak ass niggas, I'ma target those
Do not approach wit a sorry flow, I'll chop you into particles
I'm on the pedestal that you are below
I ain't heard a mutha'fuckin' thing that's remarkable
Dissin' me just won't work out, no cardio
Welcome to the ill rap carnival
Bout to blow your mutha'fuckin' brains out quick with my arsenal
Uh, nigga stop with the coupe charades, not in the mood to play
You goin' to school today
You put a single out, pocket then loot in change
Nigga your jewelry is not gonna boost your fame
You too lame, bottom of the food chain
The poop stain, I'm Bruce Wayne, I'm too trained
There ain't no way to reduce pain, when I throw blows
If I ain't hot, God damn, I don't know

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Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones
What you gotta say now Mr. Jones
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones
One more time, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones
What you gotta say now Mr. Jones
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones
What you gotta say now Mr. Jones
Ooh, what you gotta say now Mr. Jones
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Mr. Jones where you at man?
When you gon' blow up man?
When am I gon' start hearing about you, it's been years man?
You been rapping for over a decade and you haven't made one move buddy
Shit, I know why you haven't made one fucking move
Nigga you suck