

Flight Of The Conchords, Hip-Hopotamus Vs. 7

I'm the mother flippin' Rhymenoceros
My beats are fat and the birds are on my back
And I'm horny (I'm horny)
If you choose to proceed you will indeed concede
'Cause I hit you with my flow
The Wild Rhino Stampede
I'm not just wild, I'm trained, domesticated
I was raised by a rapper and rhino that dated
And subsequently procreated
That's how it goes
Here's the Hip-Hopotamus
The hip hop hippo

They call me the Hip-Hopotamus
My lyrics are bottomless

Sometimes my rhymes are polite
Like "Thank you for dinner, Ms. Wright
That was very delicious, good night"
Sometimes they're obscene
Like a pornographic dream
NC-17 with ladies in a
Stream of margarine
Ha ha ha ha ha ha, yeah
Some margarine

They call me the Hip-Hopotamus
Flows that glow like phosphorous
Poppin' off the top of this esophagus
Rockin' this metropolis
I'm not a large water-dwelling mammal
Where did you get that preposterous hypothesis?
Did Steve tell you that, perchance?
Mmmph, Steve

My rhymes and records they don't get played
Because my records and rhymes they don't get made
And if you rap like me you don't get paid
And if you roll like me you don't get laid

My rhymes are so potent that in this small segment
I made all of the ladies in the area pregnant
Yes, sometimes my lyrics are sexist
But you lovely bitches and hoes should know I'm trying to correct this

Other rappers dis me
Say my rhymes are sissy
Why? Why? Why?
What?
Why exactly?
What? Why?
Be more constructive with your feedback, please, why?
Why?

Why, because I rap about reality?
Like me and my grandma drinking a cup of tea?
There ain't no party like my nana's tea party
Hey! Ho!

I'm the motherflippin'
I'm the motherflippin'
I'm the motherflippin'
Who's the motherflippin'?

I'm the motherflippin'
I'm the motherflippin'
I'm the motherflippin'
Motherflippin'