

Hodinem, Releasing Anger

(Yo! Hodinem'z in tha muthafuckin' house)
When no-one's watchin' I'll fuck ya spouse
I'm quick wit my rhymes, all da fuckin' time
I fucked your bitch, cracked open your wine
I'll always be around,
No-one ta stop me coz of my sounds
No shit I act like slim, but I ain't him
I know for a fact, I'm betta than him
Hodinem walks in da door
Talkin' shit (Hardcore!!)
My freestyles I spit, definately ain't shit
Know this: Hodinem ain't scared to hustle, haggle, spit, slit, shit, dick, bitch!!
So say my motherfuckin' name, play da motherfuckin' game
Hodinem'll be around, wit all deez motherfuckin' sounds
I'm this, I'm that, no shit I ain't black.
People say white rappaz get laughed at
Not only that you heard me upstairs, I'm shit, I can't rap
No-one'll get my rap style banned
Tryin' ta throw me away like a frizbee, I'll be back like a boomerang.
Hodinem'z got his own gang.
So, izzy, wizzy Hodinem'z gettin' busy
Diss me all, I know you won't
Coz it'll be you who is the stupid cunt
When Hodinem stops, you know, he ain't finished
Coz then you'll feel the wrath of a menace.
I'm the thug, the nigga you'll love ta hate.
I say fuck the world, I take a glance and they know it'll be my chance to advance
So everyone betta back the fuck up, before they get smacked the fuck up
Hodinem is Infiite, you heard of hell?
Well I was sent from it.
All deez whack emcee's ain't nothin' but shit, they got no keys, no partnership deals and no cheese
People sayin' I'm a fake-assed rapper,
But if a bitch don't satisfy, I'll slap 'er
I hate people who tell me to keep my styles the cleanest, well,
They don't know shit, I'm keepin' my styles the leanest, the meanest.
Coz this is my first rap, I thought I'd add no chorus, (But Why?)
Cuz I Didn't wanna bore us
All this rap shit takes time to come to terms with, but better to start now,
writin', shitein', spit-shinin', handgliding, fantasizing.
But no matter what people say I'm gonna keep on rappin' this way.
When I first started I sounded shite,
But now my styles are explosive, like dynamite (YO!)
I'm a hostage taker, a ball breaker I'll tell ya to your face you ain't shit but a faker.
I'll always remember, coz I never forget, white girls around black rappers ain't shit but sweats.
I'm like Limp Bizkit, I keep on rollin', I'm strollin' through this rap,
With no pressure and no heat.
I'll always be back after a defeat (Prove It!)
Meet me on the street at dusk, there'll be no fuckin' fuss
I'll use my words to crush my opponents, I never show no emotion, my words will kill whoevers step
My words are like weaponry on a record!