

Funk Volume 2012 (feat. Hopsin, SwizZz)

Dizzy Wright

I purposely have the weirdest image

Foolish eye, slits in my eyebrows with a piercing in it

Yeah I'm real belligerent I do it so I leave fear imprinted

On the heart of every emcee who ain't no where near committed

The game was gay without you

You increased the queer percentage

Every time you do a show and leave the stage we hear the crickets

Hopsin's out his noggin plus I got the proper gear to win it

I ain't made a million but 2012's the year to get it

So doubt me and keep on talking shit

Cause all it does is make you look fucking stupid when I accomplish it

Tell your friends I'm washin' ways

Knock me down, call me fake

Hate is motivation and that's the reason I'm raw today

My style's explicit out of your limits coward admit it now you're addicted to the bow, horrific
sound of the grimace shot 'round terrific so bow down little bitches it's FV 2012 a new phallus
edition

So what you tryna do?

Nothin'

Right, Right

So what you tryna do?

Nothin'

Right, Right

Hello world it's Dizzy Wright the fucking maniac

An angel sent me a bag of weed with my fucking brain attached

Snatch yo bitch ass up wherever you claim you at

Slap you with a baseball bat with a fucking chain attached

I ain't violent my mind is just on some angry rap

Killuminati I be wherever my lord and savior at

A brave soul, my soul is already with Jesus Christ

I don't need this life I'm just here if you niggas need advice

A sacrifice is a sacrifice

You wasn't acting right and now you gon' have to deal with it after life

I'm good, my prayer getting stronger

I'm a player Funk Volume got my paper getting longer

Las Vegas soldier

I'm ready for war if you motherfuckers wanna take it there

Call up Hop and SwizZz but honestly that wouldn't make it fair

I made it rare to musically play it fair but I'm independent so don't think I won't take this chair
to your facial hairs

Local legend a legend to all my locals

I'm striving to hit the top but it took awhile to get mobile

I, got a little social and perfected all my vocals

Thought I told ya I was fucking going global

Dizzy Wright nigga

Now what you tryna do?

Nothin'

Right

Now what you tryna do?

Nothing'

Right, Right

Hey, I'm dropping in

Half pipe, I'm SwizZle bitch

Comin' equipped with a fifth and a bag of Swedish Fish

I'm on one, like I'm standing on a number

Here's an invite to my party, bring a pillow it's a slumber

Cause I, put 'em to sleep tight tucking 'em in

So sharp a couple bars might puncture your skin

Black eyes like I got jumped and stomped out with Tims

When you're as real as me I guarantee it's hard to pretend

So I don't plan to and never will

I got the juice like I body build

Overlooked the industry and signed a deal

It's FV I'm moving independent like a loner

Dizzy got that green on deck like a batter so it's time to roll up

(Homie hold up, What?)

We gon' put it down like a toilet seat then flush until the shit floods

The flow is funky man it doesn't shower

The moment is ours

2012 FV turn it up louder

So what you tryna do?

Nothin'

Yep

So what you tryna do?

Nothin'

Yep, Yep

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>