

E-40, Record Haters

(Cal Luv's intro)

Yo check it out.

Today we're here wit basketball star Rasheed Wallace.

(Yo what up kid?)

From the... what what what team is that you play for again?

(Sshh. The Bullets man.)

Yea right right.

So tell me Rasheed you know what I'm sayin this hip hop thang an everythang goin on tell me I mean what what's yo flavor?

(Yo check it out kid I only like real hip hop man the real shit. You know what I'm sayin. Redman, Wu-Tang, you know what I'm sayin. I don't fool wit the Goodie Mob's, and I especially don't fool wit them E-40's.)

Verse 1

Nigga what the fuck they hit fo?

Nigga let's shoot fins

you got all the bread nigga

put up yo Benz

nah-nah, can't do that

Why not?

Ol skool trophy

somethin I done worked too hard fo

nigga quote me

yo swole bank rolls done turned to lil ol anarxins

get ready to pay the price ??? pee-wee no catchin

Who got change fo this brand new hundred?

Staight outta welfare

when I break you niggas I'm a have enough money, to buy a bare fare

spend about a half a hundred thousand

boost up my coins

preceed to spit mo supafly

than Donald Goins

this game is so damn hemrigin

that I be delivin

these niggas don't understand my shit

but they surrendurin

simmerin, rememberin things that, done jumped off

lyrics spit on niggas than a, a bad cough

messy hoes, got my name between they teeth

juss because... I'm from the WEST not the EAST

graduated from the dope game

phat ass wallets

What's that niggas name?

Rasheed Wallace!!

You gon' have to learn to respect yo elders mayne

I'm twomp bait nigga ain't no need for you to record hate

mind ya own, or ya own gon remind you

Nigga!!

The Click will biatch!

Chorus *(Big Lurch & E-40)*

Record Hatin bitches!

Suave game and snitches!

(Learn about it bitch!)

We should cease you from existance.

(That's right)

Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.

(Mutha fucka!)

Ya Record Hatin bitches

(Trademark.)

there's no way you could get wit this

(Stick to basketball nigga!)

we should cease you from existance

niggas like that shouldn't be livin.

(Biatch!)

Verse 2

Got another mutha fucka on my shit list
I'm a cut off his dick list
I mean my hit list
my rest in piss list
dude that be hangin around Nas
you know, gay baby
nigga said some negative shit about me up in a magazine called "New York Undercover"; while I was, takin a shit
Kool Keith was on the front cover that's when I
that's when I spotted him
that nigga AZ tried to say that I don't deserve a platinum plaque
nigga I was sellin tapes out the trunk of my car when you was runnin round
drinkin Simalac
all up in yo fake ass videos (ok)
champagne an coffin full of skrill nigga know damn well yo punk ass ain't
got had no mills
I'm payin full nigga an I'll have yo head where ever you at
I'm straight fool nigga seem like someone shoulda been an told ya that
bring the yellow tape nigga
jungle full of asphalt
don't make no sense to talk that talk if a nigga ain't gon' walk that walk
zip up yo lip befo' yo lip zip you up
Biatch!
Biatch!
I gives a fuck! Biatch!
It's major pain.
Nigga don't know a damn thang about me.
You mutha fuckas don't know nuttin bout no E-40 hoe!
Monkey mouthed biatch!
Biatch!
(Chorus)
Record Hatin bitches!
Suave game and snitches!
(Learn about it bitch!)
We should cease you from existence.
(That's right)
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.
(Shouldn't be livin.)
Ya Record Hatin bitches!
(Record Hatin bitches!)
there's no way you could get wit this
(Uh.)
We should cease you from existence
(V-Town bitch!)
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.
(E'ry time)

Verse 3

When I first started off niggas had me fucked
mutha fuckas was blind
in '89 that ol "Mr. Flamboyant"; shit was
way ahead of his time
had everyone an they great grandmas off that
Carlos Rossi wine
was in a major label an business that uh
didn't want us to shine
it was me an my potna from Suave House Records
Tony Draper
E-40, an The Click
8-Ball, an MG gettin that
independent paper
all about my ruh-uh-rap
uh-should I shine
beat a mutha fucka uh-duh-down
e'ry time

40 get yo marbles man
get yo change
take a limosuine everywhere you go and fly private planes
that's what I was taught to do
by my big homie thou
you can always be a nigga, but a nigga ain't rich til he can't count his
money no mo'
over night sensation
never me
all you "Record Haters" got
Ph.IV
my niggas 3X Krazy laced me
taught me how to say "fa sheezy"
told me that them AZ mutha fuckas don't believe phat means greasy
we can shoot it out
or we can fight
You an Rasheeda wanna squash the funk?
Shoot me some peace bitch!
(Chorus)
Record Hatin bitches!
(Record hatin bitches!)
Suave game and snitches!
(Suave game and snitches!)
We should cease you from existance.
(That's rich.)
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.
(Suck-els!)
Ya Record Hatin bitches
(Lil ol, biatch!)
There's no way you could get wit this
(That's right.)
We should cease you from existance
(Learn about it.)
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.
(That's right.)