

Cam'Ron ft. Juelz Santana, Hate Music

[HOOK: Cam'ron]

Ayo my niggas can't take music
Everybody rap to us, so we hate music
Now we make the hate music
We 'bout to rape music, straight up degrate music
You aint 18, shit, don't even play music
Killin is another high
I hope your girl get AIDS, your brother crash and dash
Or your mother die, and your sister is a topless dancer
No answer, glaucoma, and your pops got cancer

[Juelz Santana]

Yo I'm a motherfucking nightmare, y'all can either love me or hate me
Know alotta niggas wanna slug me and waste me
That's why I never keep the gun on safety
When I get this money, y'all gon hate me
Y'all act like Harlem aint that shit, go 'head and play dumb
Like y'all don't know where AlPo and Rich bought the caine from
Sugarhill cocaine slums, get it correct
Real niggas spit at your chest, look at your death
Y'all cop Playstations, play Live 2000
I'ma cop guns, try to survive 2000
Nigga like me be on the block every day
While you think your moms look rocked every day
Cuz she come see me for them rocks every day
Keep the thang close, ready to pop every day
Cuz I'm tired of you spot betters
I got a 380 full of hot peppers, that'll rip through them cop's sweaters
You dudes is chumps, talkin 'bout you live like thugs
You be home watchin Midnight Love
No bitch, you and your hand makin midnight love
It's over dog, you need to just get right fuck, what

[HOOK]

[Cam'ron]

I got the gun and clip, runnin shit
I run chains, run rings, run in your block, make you run
Then I run things
Piss in a cup, come on, fuck a drug test
I'm on my block, knockout kings, slugfest
A few beers cold, come through here bold
A few of us blew our goals when fuckin two years old
Off to the lobby, all to the body, then auction a shottie
Go to Boston and party hardy with Walter McCarty
Drunk, smackin bitches off the Bacardi
Hustle often as robbery, so guns, coppin double
Fuck around with me, I'ma pop your bubble
Put up my own yellow tape, save the cops the trouble
If you wanna see my true portions, screw bossin
Kill you like Mike pop for new Jordans
Come through flossin, jail aint nothin for me
I got cake baby, bail aint nothin for me
I'm that same son of a B, gun in the V
Coke, guns, hookers, I'm the one that you see
Cats still talkin fly, put his tongue in a tree
If we nice, then we'll let him keep his lung for a G
When I rap, it aint nothing but hungry you see
Jimmy, Juelz, Cam, yo I'm one of the three, beeotch

[HOOK]