Ice T, Don't Hate The Playa

(Intro: Too \$hort)

Yeah man we just sittin' back, chillin'

Bunch of players listenin' to the seventh deadly sin Short dawg is doin' his thing with my nigga Ice-T

Don't fake the funk

(Ice-T)

Ice-T baby, this goes out to all you haters out there Actin' like a brother done did somethin' wrong cause he got his game tight Don't hate the player, hate the game

(Chorus: Ice-T)

Don't hate the player, hate the game

Niggas, sharpen your aim

Every baller on the streets is searchin' fortune and fame Some come up, some get done up, except the twist If you out for mega cheddar, you got to go high risk

(Ice-T)

Sometimes I get illy, cock back the nine-milli I choose not to bust, smack your punk-ass silly Just bought a crib, it cost two-point-five milli

Swimming pool in my livin' room, I guess I'ma willy

I don't get high, so I don't split the phillies

Niggas say they gonna kill me and I say: & amp; amp; quot; Oh really? & amp; amp; quot;

Hit my Kawazakie I pull off on a willy

This is straight-lace pimpin', I know you hoes feel me

I come through - make your whole club petrol

You might as well let go, I blast, make the whole cub echo

You don't really wannna test an L.A. vet though Most of my crews' on Death Row - the REAL!!

Quick with the trigger, nice with the steel

Step into the kill zone caps get peeled

You WHACK!! you lookin' for a record deal

Bow down, on second thought punk bitch kneel

(Chorus: Ice-T)

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(Ice-T)

Don't hate, cause my game's much, tighter than yours

My girls, finer than yours

My jewels shine, brighter than yours

You look me dead in my face

then you act like you don't see me

You wanna be me, you hate my motherfuckin' guts

Lickin' nuts - what's the deal?

It's a level playin' field, my games' against yours, hustlin' wars

Roll the dice, risk your motherfuckin' life

Bank rolls and low hoes, anything goes

Ridin' rolls in a week, clap a nigga who speaks

I'm suceedin', in tryin' to keep from bleedin' in the lane

Crystal Meth, F.C.C., and Crack, Cocaine

Got a nigga tryin' to figure out the best route

I got cops in my rear view too, but I'll shoot Every bitch I meet is fuckin' up to somethin' Take a nigga to the crib lay him down and start dumpin' Gat pumpin', they'll kill your ass for a G Hate the game motherfucker don't hate me

(Chorus: Ice-T)
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(Ice-T)

Yo, my name will sell better than rap like the ?Acropalis? Suckers might as well step back, there ain't no stoppin' this Whack magazines who tried and tried to toppen this I still got more Lexus' and gators on my shoppin' list Make a fist, take your best shot, bet you drop it kid Hit more licks than you and never caught a bid Make the whole world go crazy, they said about the pig Bald-headed hoes step back, bitch go and cop a wig When I do a show, best believe it drop Every night I got my straps, best believe they cocked Some bitch talks crazy, then that bitch gets socked If a man steps up, then he too gets dropped Fuck the cops, I'm still foldin' fat knots Catch me on the weekend, floatin' my yacht Say Ice kick some game and I'll teach you a lot Knock your bitch no matter how hard your block

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(Outro: Ice-T)
I don't know why a player wanna hate T
I didn't choose the game, the game chose me