

Jermaine Dupri, Don't Hate On Me

(feat. Da Brat, Krayzie Bone)

[Da Brat talking]

[Chorus]

Nigga, don't you hate on me, why don't you go and get you some?
Don't you hate on me, why don't you go and get you some? [4x]

[Krayzie Bone]

Motherfucker, go get you some
Get off my dick, bitch, get out my mix and tell me where the real niggas at
Put your blunts in the air, y'all nigga get fried to this
To the ?? to mother, tell me who the thuggest in this motherfucker
What you niggas really wanna do? Big ballers flossin'
Niggas wanna beat so they got to be talkin'
Oh let me give them what they say and run 'em in they face
What they say? "Oh nothin'"
Buster, hit'em in they shit anyway (hey)
That's how we play, stil thuggin' ain't a thing change
Still the same name, love the face
Real, real niggas, that's all I gotta say
You fuckin' with the real, you ball to get gusted
Really, the real ain't shit to be fucked wit'
Protected by the niner, when you careful
The nigga the trigger finger itchy fixin' to make you duck the whloe flock
Make a nigga close shop, sho nuff
Showstopper, fuckin' 'em up with diesel
What's pumpin' the shotgun?
Real neccesary cause all we want is a little respect
That's all we want but nigga, you don't feel me
Krazyie crazy, maybe insane hangin' with JD
Little rip done slip the clip into the gat, rat-tat-tat
Just like that

[Da Brat]

I ain't fixin' to be the bitch to procrastinatin'
Niggas wanna be shippin' me half a cake
Go through whatever drastic measures I hafta take
Make a motherfucker masterbate, the hotter I get the more hate
Some of you hoes is overrated with flows
The salvate'll take'em to the rehab and get'em re-instated
My lyrical content send other bitches to convents
Pray for me to be deleted but that's nonsense
Been the bomb since '74 Aries
I can see how ya nigga be lookin' at me
He want to get in between the sheets
Leave the wallet and the keys for me
I ain't persuaded easily but if he spend the cheese for me
Nigga, we can fuck free frequently
You study me, but another me could never be sold
Broke the most 6-0-6-4-4
When niggas'll haul off and hit ya with the sawed off
Seen plenty motherfuckers fall off with they jaws off
When I'm finished droppin' 'em al off on the west side of Chi, I'm ridin' high
Thinkin' of way to make it through the major of the paper chase
Slidin' by, keep a luger in the chamber ready for danger when it's time to die

[Chorus]

See everywhere I go, I feel like niggas be tryin' to get me stuffed
I'm flyin' on out of what? Iced up and all the hoes wanna fuck
Knockin' bitches and that nigga got cake stacked up, packed up
Everything I touch, gold and platinum, what?
Niggas can't fuck with us

Like Busta Bust, we dangerous
And you know that if I peel I got mo'
Y'all peel, it's gone, that's why the ice grill on
When the wheel on by y'all niggas in the corner
Back and forth, like "fuck that little guy"
Don't worry bout me, you need to worry bout yo' goddamn self
How you shit on shelf and how you sit around
Wishin' that a nigga would sign to So So Def
I'm a A-T-L-A-N-T-Alien
Never been known to play with
Can't none of y'all see me, so y'all niggas don't really need to say shit
With all your paper-hatin', paper-hatin' and your bad looks
What y'all need to do is shut up
And take heed to what my nigga sayin' in the hook

[Chorus til end]