

Master P, Playa Haterz

Yo JT tell her to give me a 7 UP man
Hey, hey that bitch tripping man, hey bring us some drinks hoe
Man that show was liver than a motherfucker they was loving us
Man it was large as shit

Verse 1 (JT the Bigga Figga)

Check the sickness, forget this game that you missing
So I understand you had a plan to rip up potential
Players in the game without no shame to fault me
Realize that they surprised that you tried to salt me
I backed up off ya, I seen ya coming
Doing a 100 or more running, so now I'm gunning
If you try to play them players nigga than you getting played
Keeping my game tight so short like a razor blade
Afraid of who is what you ask me
Just because you got your mac10 ready to blast me
And pass me up as if you didn't know
Representing getting low, P nigga hit the floor

Verse 2 (Master P)

Sideways through the cut with the gold one's spinning
Suckers jealous cause they know the P is deep up in it
On my way to Filmore to see JT
We ain't set tripping its all about some dope beats
But you got to watch your back for them perpetrators
Imitators man I mean player haters
You know the type, that's quick to fucking give you dap
And all the while, they ready to fucking peel your cap
And if ya don't understand don't test me
Cause the P ain't living fucking nappy
I'll leave some motherfucking flowers at your gravesite
And make love to your bitch almost every night
Caught you slipping and you died like a perpetrator
On your tombstone should read player hater

(Chorus)

I ain't saying no names
Its alot of player haters ain't true to the game

Verse 3 (Master P)

Player haters in ya face wanna talk and laugh
Same fool in the hood with a ski mask
Don't move don't budge don't even flinch
Caught you slipping so they going for your dividends
I should put you on your back once they get your scraps
Cause they know a nigga like you is living fat
And as you stroll in the 4, cause life is cold
But don't trip cause that's just a bad episode
That life in the ghetto ain't no joke
At sometime you die in this game for selling dope
But if you don't sell dope, than you gotta kick it
And them same hoes, they wanna fucking kick it

Verse 4 (San Quinn)

Do you wanna ride to this or do you wanna side to this
Just a young baby boy coming with the flyest shit
Get you higher than that chronic can bring ya
Lets hit that niggas field
Coming from your shoulders, now you reaching for your steel

My ?? of real is a step away from nothing happened
Pick up the mic and get to rapping
Stepping like the?? making all these hoes something vicious
Not even these playa haters can identify my sickness
You taking winners to ?? while I caught myself
Hit the cuts and came up with legitimate wealth
From the ?? hardest city by the Bay
Busting rhymes, dropping nines dropping simply for a payday
Had his rest to make way
Before I break him down with the og russian cickle
When the shit don't tickle
My show won't pickle and I ain't no buster
You player hating niggas better stay away from a real hustler

And its like that for the 94 nigga

(Repeat 3x)

And its like that and its like that
And you player hating niggas don't like that