

Yukmouth, World's Most Hated

[Talking]

Introducing, (whoa) the worlds...(it's the world's most hated nigga)

...hated nigga, yes, you know what I'm sayin'?

Y'all niggaz ride Bentley's (Bentley's), not Mercedes (not Mercedes)

Bentley's (Bentley's), so why y'all niggaz hatin' on me?

(quit hatin', nigga) Y'all got money (what? what? nigga)

[Verse 1]

Mama used to say: "Watch your friends", 'cause they be fake as fuck

Niggaz smilin' in my face, I'm knowin' they hate my guts

They hate the way I bust, hate the way I strut

They wanna take my stuff, kill a nigga to make a buck

They even hate the way I fuck, 'cause I fuck they ho's

When I bust, fuck up their flow, Yuk untouchable

Platinum make a nigga tuck his gold, Ice up his robe

My lyrics touch your soul, make bitches rush the flow

I give it to 'em raw, regardless of what squad

I'ma hit 'em hard if they get involved, break them niggaz off

Let 'em know I'm rollin' with god, roll with the MOB

If you fuck with one of us, the whole club about to squab

Your bitch gettin' shot, even your mama gettin' robbed

Fuck try'na hold haah, I sold rock, I sold haah

From the thug spot, coke spot, post up, and tote glocks

Got it if you snort haah, got it if you smoke rocks

It don't stop late, niggaz get dropped from labels

For fuckin' with a nigga that's hot and fatal

I'm like the henny, rock the cradle to these little ass pre-schooler

Nursery rhyme niggaz, still ridin' beach cruisers

Dude, I see through you, 'cause you're plastic

Bring the beef to you, put the heat to your vlastic

Fuck the last album, this a classic

Fags get put inside a casket, cliques get blasted

by them niggaz tatted with dragons

[Chorus]

I'm try'na live one time shine (why can't a nigga ball like y'all

With platinum plaques on my wall?)

But y'all niggaz platinum, what's mine? (they don't wanna nigga to shine at all

They wish a young nigga would fall)

'Cause I'm the world's most hated, world's most hated

world's most hated nigga, nigga

'Cause I'm the world's most hated, world's most hated

world's most hated nigga, nigga

[Verse 2]

You need to quit it, all I got is 6 digits, you got meal tickets

Talk slick in your raps, and pillow talk to bitches

Y'all niggaz ought to quit it, god's my witness

Or face the consequences, like when Eryka Badu sparks an inscent

You 'bout to get lalla-byed, rock-a-byed

Popped the guy, shot the guy, then went in the pockets of his Karl Kani's

Robbed the guy, got the guy, don't forget to dot your eyes

Cross me, you got to die, I'ma ride

MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE PAC ALIVE!

The Thug lord, prophesize, bring the west back

Shit on them niggaz with no ex-lax

Make them bitches eat, check that

Then put my tape in, make them niggaz respect that

And stop P.H.in', and congratulatin' the nigga they facin'

Who went from section 8, to makin' money, listen to revelations

And Jags and Navigations, Playstation, stay breakin'

Platinum deuce, conversations to rule a thug nation

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

Come with me, go toe to toe with me
Still the king of the O. would be that nigga smokin' weed
Y'all wanna be soulja's sweet like potpouri
I crust your fuckin' text like a bulldozer go hungry like vultures be
Fake niggaz wish they never spoke on me
Or said shit about that thug nigga, leavin' they head split, detted
I'll make you muthafuckaz regret it, get wetted with the gun
For try'na gas me like unleaded, I ain't the fuckin' one, one, one
So take that gum out your ass hole
First round, T.K.O. his ass like "Glass Joe"
I lash you, harass you, thrash you
Smash you, blast you, I put holes in your shirt like cash do
I probably have to stop to find his ass too
Hit the avenue, in his strip, bullet proof Nav. too, if niggaz was after you
Try'na catch you niggaz, jack you for puttin' a nigga name in your raps, fool(fag you!)
Well, that's your ass, dude

[Chorus]

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They wish a young nigga would fall)
'Cause I'm the world's most hated, world's most hated
world's most hated nigga, nigga
'Cause I'm the world's most hated, world's most hated
world's most hated nigga, nigga

[Talking]

There you have it, another muthafuckin' classic
Nigga, you ride Bentley's (Bentley's), not Mercedes (Not Mercedes)
Bentley's (Bentley's), nigga quit trippin' on me, bitch
Quit hatin' on me, bitch, you got all the fuckin' money, nigga
I ain't the fuckin' one, one, one,
Nigga, Regime Life, what? what? Regime Life
My nigga Mad Max: Regime Life
My nigga LQ: Regime Life
My nigga Phats Boss: Regime Life
My nigga Ke Ke: Regime Life
My nigga C-Bo: Regime Life
My nigga Diesel Don: Regime Life
My nigga Gov Matic: Regime Life
Fuck hater niggaz, you niggaz be bitin' songs, niggaz be hatin' niggaz
Y'all got all the money, man, make room for the young niggaz
Let us get some paper, nigga, sit your ass down, nigga, be executive, nigga
Do your thug thang, nigga, and I'ma do mine
You stay out my fuckin' way, and I'ma stay out your way, you bitch
Regime Life, done deal...