

# Hate Mail

Big Mountain

Who's that knocking at the window?  
It must be Cool Nutz, and the Playboy Bleek

They say this game is to be chopped  
Dropped like it was hot  
Y'all ain't know that Playboy Bleek got game laced for a lame  
And you hos  
On your toes I say  
On my command niggas falling  
Im the littlest G with the biggest dick and balls  
Count stacks of g's off in my cut  
In the burbs  
Running up in your spot on point ready to swerve  
Niggas got some nerve  
No business bald ass clown  
As quick as you got up your ass can get laid down  
Tre' pound all she wrote  
Done did  
Fucking with that crooked ass sneer  
Nigga off in here  
Now throw your hands up high point them to the atmosphere  
Niggas hate because they ladies tell off in my ear  
They sheer  
See through like the pantyhose and stockings  
Make a nigga want to quit go back to back spins and pop him  
Game chopping in a flannel like that nigga Paul Bunyon  
Now hos talking cheaper than a grab bag of Funyons  
Snatch  
Talking shit while I kick back  
Try and play Pioneer and get your face detached  
You hate Bleek I hate your granny and the smell of her snatch  
Relax with the hate mail you little tramp ass batch

Rain, sleet, or snow  
Wet like a ho,  
Nigga act like you know giddy up on the go  
For sure don't break it down  
I'm about to clown  
The heat that I bring nigga world renound  
I'm freeway bound I-5 or buck-fifty  
Like MC Eiht and business got my eyes stuck on shifty  
Dump if you dare smoke it up like cowboys  
Your fucking with a savage and a nigga brung the noise  
I melt a motherfucker we hot like sunburns  
I'm bringing more drama than as the world turns  
You hate Cool Nutz buster I hate your mamma  
Blow the brains out your joint like the fucking Unabomber  
Calm, cool, collect I keep my composure  
Metabolism slow like I smoked a pound of dojia  
503 N-E-P be the region  
Where gold ones spin  
Thug life living  
>From the sac to the track I'm all about my bubble  
And fuck any nigga with a backwards ass hustle  
>From crack sales, hotels, fatty gravels  
All you buster ass niggas straight sit and hate mail

Strictly for the fetty  
Nigga can't you tell  
Rain, sleet, or snow  
Niggas bring the hate mail  
Take it on your chest  
Homey bring your vest  
Recognize this game  
We say fuck the rest

You weigh a buck-o-five blow away in the wind  
I slap the smerk off the face of the crooked tooth grin  
I got three niggas stuck so that makes triplets  
Mumble mouth motherfuckers straight talking sticklets  
A pig in a blanket and roll to a tee  
Cool Nutz on the cut with the B double E  
In the breeze with ease and I'm all up in your guts  
The words of the day niggas don't give a fuck  
Cause haters gonna hate but I'm still gonna kick it  
Niggas on my team say I'm selling Wolf Tickets  
It's all about the family so nigga stop assuming  
I wanna stack all the Cheddar and post at the reunion

On my return flight  
I recite slow and steady  
Hit the joint with the flows on point like Tius Eddie  
Running up in spots ready to swerve  
Make your pistol pushing through in the Chevy Suburb  
In 9-6 I'll blow your whistle  
And put this shit to a halt  
Niggas catching the salt no hands like Willy Wonk  
And it's all your fault  
Trespass without permission  
Keep a nigga on his toes like a midget when he's kissing  
Listen closely observe the twist  
About to pull and hit a blunt in Cool Nutz' 7-6  
I don't hate nothing but the smell of your breath  
Cool Nutz and Bleek and we out to the left