

Playa Hater

Flesh-N-Bone

[Krayzie] All my niggas, my niggas, my niggas...
Killa, me killa, me killa, me killa, me killa
[Flesh] Why we gotta deal with the haters everyday?
[Krayzie] Time after time, after time.
[Flesh] Lord, why we gotta deal with the haters everyday?
[Krayzie] Why must I got the glock nine?
[Flesh] Why we gotta deal with these haters everyday?
[Krayzie] Time after time, after time, time after time.
[Flesh] Lord, why we gotta deal with these haters everyday?
Come follow me down East ninety-nine, down East ninety-nine.

[Flesh]
Nowadays, make me go to pack a pump,
When I'm tryin' to stay thuggin' it.
In the way, playa haters see me, get a grudge,
What's on they mind?
Nigga, that's sluggin' it.
Got a feelin' to swang, hang, bang.
Had a bullet headed to the top, drop,
And the playa haters same old, Mo Thug, Bone.
Nigga roll, strut these nuts, get a pap
Tossed in the Cuyahoga river, slain.
Test the fifth dawg,
Slip the clip in, rollin' on,
Yellin' off murda mo.
Better jump in the ,
Now we're (looted thugs, smug,) here I go.
Let's serve them hos,
It's on, niggas, sick of this hater-ism.
How my gat gonna try to keep comin'.
Ain't it hard dealin', slangin' dope?
Fill the block with the niggas here, to run off the Bone.
Well, here we go with the untouched feelin', rythym.
Hos feelin' a nigga to put in their eardrum.
Every now and then fall into .
Stand the post when the Bone .
Runnin' through the one under the top lock.
Gotta creep how we hoop,
And shot the rock through the bomb-ass house, party jumpin'.
Look in the hood, last stop, and we won't stop.
One got dropped, oh, why deadly, oh, so deadly.
Throwin' these thangs in a Gang of people, mine.
Runnin' up on me, it'll be dreadful.
Flesh come to be the boss with pride, no time.

[Layzie]
You got the clout.
You got the clout,
So much clout, Mo Thug is what it's all about,
And I'm livin' in a nation of abomination.
Suppress the playa hatin' on a mission till the million see me.
Sucka situation, should I be personally waitin' for
These party poopin', fakin' muthafuckas mistakin'?
Play me like I'm loose, when ya need to get your shit right,
'Cause I got my shit tight.
Fuckin' with a nigga a thousand proof,
And I'm raisin' the roof when I'm startin' this fistfight.

Set it off, that's me, O
T-H-U-G, original thug.
From the C-town, outlaw squad,
You niggas can't touch me with a ten-foot rod,
'Cause I'm rollin' with God.
Peace be still, peace be still, make a move,
And I'll have to hurt ya, dog.
If I got the time, then I'm a repent that.
The devil want to make me murda,
Layzie, Layzie, lately my mind be goin' crazy.
Save your soul.
Oh, what can I do?
Tell me, what can I do?
Got me holdin' my gun with persistence.
Show these judgin' niggas no resistance.
I'm a hit you with a beam at a distance.
In a instance, this shit is gonna change, and I'm in this.

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[Krayzie]
Nigga, gon' get pap pap and put in a coffin.
Now, why must we playa hate?
'Cause a nigga crept on a come up,
And brought all my niggas with us from day one, they roll.
Ya know, what a nigga want to test me for?
Bless me soul, all, and that's for the jealous bustas
Who said that Eazy would fuck us.
Everytime I pull up on the block
To smoke with my partners, outta Red Dog,
You got me some . Got some.
Niggas is trippin' on your niggas, spendin' cash, money,
For the five-double-o-Benz's,
And I'll bet that they schemin' to rob me.
They plot me that one-eight-seven.
They got me all fucked up, fucked up.
Krayzie be pinnin' when niggas be trippin', they down with us,
Act like it, the money, the fame,
And the weed, and the drink.
Nigga, let's sweat they thang.
My thugstas spit ya game,
Buck 'em all down with the fo'-fo' blows.
They're so far away, kill 'em all, kill 'em all.
Well, if I could teach the world to be, (to be,)
A muthafuckin' thug, in perfect harmony,
Harmony, harmony, harmony.
In state to state, in state to state;
Everywhere they playa hate, they playa hate.
Buck 'em, buck 'em, buck 'em, fuck 'em, fuck 'em, fuck 'em.

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[Flesh]
Take a look in the trunk,
We got what all you need on the double nine.
Better go with your heaters.
Got killas to meet you, greet you.
Y'all come creepin' through the cut.
See the Bone, now me stick a lick up.
Come up good when they stick you, waitin' for the day.
So you done got me flippin' on coppers and all,
Got a nigga frustrated.
I hate it, got me aggravated, trip to Hell,
And it's murda, my Lord.
Tossed in the coffin for fuckin' with the fifth.
It ain't easy, seein' 'em wig-split up on the curb.
Pump my humps on two-two-five, when I kick the rhyme.
That's five points on the Richter scale and a hell-a herb.
If Flesh overheard you was hatin', talkin' not to my face,
Better hope, pray, for me ready, I pick up place, spray the A-K.
Everyday be the same on a level, too, shovels graves.
In the sight of a psychopath, T-E-C and lead 'em all dead,
Than a mobsta Johnny Gotti with a tommy, try to gun.
Then I blast, haul ass, kick up dust.
Gonna rush when I bust, had to get a little trigger happy,
And I got a lot of my daddy in me.
Got the genes of a soldier that man me, get it out,
Ask me, and I'll be gladly to let ya know what it is, the deal.
That's if you can handle it, without turnin' playa hater.
Later, so keep it real.
Muthafuckas, that's on the real.

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