

# Hate Blood

Jermaine Dupri

What?

Y'all got hate in your blood  
(This is fucked up)  
Y'all got hate in your blood  
(This is fucked up man)  
Y'all got hate in your blood

Listen

I know y'all niggas want me  
I hear y'all niggas plottin'  
I see y'all niggas lookin'  
But I ain't stoppin', I'm gone, in something fast  
Through the city with no top  
That reach 220 on the dash, I'm so hot  
In everybody's hood with other niggas' hoes  
I'm throwin' paper at them bitches  
Screamin' So So  
Now every spot I hit  
I'm hearing different shit  
About homies that want me that weren't with me when I started this  
It's fucked up but I  
But I can't let these niggas blurry my vision  
On where I'm going and how I'm living, ya know?  
I got a daughter now, young age three  
If her daddy don't shine, then my shorty won't eat  
Feel me?  
Do I floss? YES!  
Sometimes I hit the block so damn hard I start hatin' my self  
It's bad, I feel your pain dawg  
But the only thing I'm about to change is the game motherfucker!

If you're sick of seeing niggas pop Cris  
And talkin' bout stacking chips  
You know what?!  
(You got hate in your blood)  
Sick of seeing Bentley's  
And hearing niggas talk about sittin' on dubs  
(You got hate in your blood)  
If you're sick of seeing artists  
And hearing artists  
You know what!  
(You got hate in your blood)  
Listen I know you niggas want me  
I hear you niggas plottin'  
I see you niggas lookin'  
But I ain't stoppin, it's on

Papi had raw, then I bought him out  
You know me, fuck niggas  
Kill 'em all, let God sort 'em out  
Rapid fire got my hands shakin'  
And everybody hate dyin'  
But most niggas die hatin'  
While y'all run to the bank  
I run to the brink  
A real thug keep the Tommy gun under the mink  
I got a glass kitchen

You can see what's under my sink  
And I do shit just to do it  
Too much money to think  
So you can hate all you want  
I'mma still be 'Kiss  
Dirty, a lot of paper, filthy rich  
JD's the architect, he built these hits  
Ruff Ryder's, So So Def, feel this shit  
And you can tell any one of your boys  
You might find 'em in a hood near you and any one of his toys  
Cause I know you got hate in your blood  
Still dump eight in your mug  
So cock sucker take it and love, uh

If you're sick of seeing niggas pop Cris  
And talkin' bout stacking chips  
You know what?!  
(You got hate in your blood)  
Sick of seeing Bentley's  
And hearing niggas talk about sittin' on dubs  
(You got hate in your blood)  
If you're sick of seeing artists  
And hearing artists  
You know what!  
(You got hate in your blood)  
Listen I know you niggas want me  
I hear you niggas plottin'  
I see you niggas lookin'  
But I ain't stoppin, it's on

Somebody tell me why man  
Somebody tell me why  
Do niggas just hate, hate, hate the way they do man  
Let me explain something to y'all about me man  
Why y'all think I was the first rap nigga on Mtv Cribs?  
Cause I'm a young, fly, flashy motherfucker  
Y'all think I'mma stop, FUCK NAW  
I'mma keep ridin' down the block with my hat bent  
In the black bent, with them dubs on that shit  
We gon' still be in the club poppin' Cristal  
Pourin' Belvidere on bitches  
We don't GIVE A FUCK MAN  
A matter of fact I wish I could smack the shit  
Out of one y'all niggas right now with some money  
But you know what I'm saying  
Cause y'all niggas just hate, hate, hate  
Well y'all gonna have to just keep hatin' motherfuckers

If you're sick of seeing niggas pop Cris  
And talkin' bout stacking chips  
You know what?!  
(You got hate in your blood)  
Sick of seeing Bentley's  
And hearing niggas talk about sittin' on dubs  
(You got hate in your blood)  
If you're sick of seeing artists  
And hearing artists  
You know what!  
(You got hate in your blood)  
Listen I know you niggas want me  
I hear you niggas plottin'  
I see you niggas lookin'  
But I ain't stoppin, it's on

(2x)