

Playa Hata

Luniz

Why you wanna.... playa hate on me??
oh-hoo-hooooo baby,
oh yeahhhhh,
eh-heyyyyy,
why you wanna playa hate on me??

Nobody can help him,
so welcome to the land of ski maskes,
we blastes,
to bust a couple of caps up in they weak asses,
the dust that's bein kicked up,
an Yuk is down to lick up,
do a stick up,
at an Armor truck pick up,
then get tucked,
up out the scenery,
wit greenery,
stopped up, watch up,
sew the block up wit creamery,
the cream, I sling, got fiends on my team,
like a fiend I dream, an hoes swing on my ding-a-ling,
sumptin tremendous,
they spend grip,
endless trips to Macy's, they trade me,
so playa hataz.... hate me,
I keep the safety off my four-fifth,
hold it in focus,
fools didn't used to trip on my dick when I was the brokest,
but notice, I got a lil mail now,
cuz everbody bump L-U-N-I-Z like hell now,
you juss a busta brown an blood you know,
Chris spreadin faulty rumors around the Town like Club New Vogue,
really though.

Why you wanna.... playa hate on me?? (Why you playa hate??!!) Why you wanna.
... playa hate on me?? (Ooohhh!!)
I gots to,
keep my business to myself,
cuz hataz talk mo than get shot to spread rumors when it's loaded,
hatin get yo grill exploded,
quick,
severed,
the first thing I heard,
I stole a credit card from Chris Webber,
I never knew that,
but's who's that, an next,
I heard them ridin around smokin crack in the back of my homies Lex,
it be them broke ass, no cash,
bustaz tryin to quote.... that's why the Town got rid 'o \$hort,
I think you busta browns need to wise up,
before we ride up, stop,
sew up yo block, an sew them lies up,
once don't trip,
twice no grip,
three timmesss, will get you bucked wit the nine,
I thought the hatin would stop, but the rumors are passin still,
sounds like that busta that plugged mo holes than mass appeal,

you need to stop!!
hatin on,
the C-N-O-T-E, D-R-U, an the L-U-N-I-Z.

Break it down, oh yeah,
fo the Luniz an, they homies.
I am here to let you know!!
Gotta think for you.... so leave the Luniz alone.

Let me tell yo ass a story, yes,
they juss be hatin to the fullest but you can miss me wit that B.S. that
you stress,
when you test the young Hugh Heff,
the tech a spit up,
chest get lit up,
foo that's a rigg up,

Now I think the whole world knows me,
not what they should know,
it's like rap an sellin crack is all I'm good for,
hangin in the hood for so long,
I see why they talk,
bitches,
snitch a bustaz home.

(Can we talkkkkk.... fo a minute??)

You're wrong I won't be offended,
I be there hand in hand wit the pencil,
can it all be so simple,
like Wu-Tang, spit true game, to get pootang,
from a nimfo.

Now I keep sayin,
don't get mad cuz you can't bump me,
but I'm still gonna spit it,
cuz you still don't get it,
if it ain't noted, don't quote it,
hataz when it comes to common sense you ain't showed it,
I don't understand!