

Don't Hate

Rasheeda

Queen of Crunk Nigga

What's up, this is your motherfucking boy nigga (yeah)
Jody Breeze (that's right)
Rasheeda was in
D-Low, show now what's hard in the hood nigga (A-Town!)

Don't hate, cause you A, but lickin how my play shine
A can got a lacktruck, pullin up that A-Town

Don't hate, cause you A plus lookin' how my green shine
The way I work this minus, girl I'm making loose them mind

Don't hate, don't hate, just get like me
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In the stop sign pimpin' would it be like
Ya they'll never seen a girl so clean in his high-hear blowin' inner there
Blowin with a butch affair
Get them to the mouth and no limit to the bread spread
Powderback, gucci too, Frankie B, Jimmy Ju
Ya'll got my signs, boy don't play me at the damn fruit
Rasheeda bout the chains again
Ya'll seen the damn thang
I'm rappin for the A, the guinness ain't gotta claim
Ok uh what's up? don't even dissin'
Leave yo stick baby all end of wrist
It considered pen but lay up listen
T-sees rules up fuck and listen (that's right)
Don't hate I gotta big truck nigga
Would the put it down big pieces hanging down the finga

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Checks but no breeze-clean, pull up jeans, girl white tees
With a low cap breeze, ain't no Ts, got my mouth on bling
Niggas gon hate, that they hoe on me, patron go D, that hung on the streets
Wanna niggas at bitches, some leave just boots at the threw some broads,
Wanna breathe but some gots, nigga with a pen got at a reason sweats,
Got a lot of niggas to know but the rides are slow with the pan to joke
Duck in the day, but the rides are fo's, when run to the run hurry time to p
roviding store
Niggas know that stoppin sweat is it where the others store
People say we blunching but them cutchin niggas gotta dough
Motherfucking mother boo, this is what I hustle for
Dean making no money then motherfuck you hustle for

Told you what the fo fo fo's in the west bow
If you really want it how we gotta do is fast ball

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Don't hate cause you ain't us
Sex rush natrus
Changing niggas hot stuff
Cash streets a double up
This a game touch hate cause you can't cut
Banks row ain't enough
My price talks too much (yeaah)
I'm the truth like the felony
I see you wide you want your good get like me

What say number been a hater
Cause I'm always gettin paper
See you later baby you was staking
Thanking I'm a cakeing
You niggas projects in thang like champaign
In bubbles chains in rubbers and slands
Through standings you govers and
If it move it ya pops out be painting your mother
Shot raps for dinner, slang kane for suffer

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(2x)

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