

Player Haters

The Dayton Family

(car honks)

-girl, bring yo muthaf**kin ass on, I ain't got all day! come on.

-muthaf**ka, don't be rushin me! here I come, damn!

-(mumbling)

-damn, always playin and shit, just bring yo muthaf**kin ass on. shit!

-(normal) what's up?

-shit.

-oh, well what you wanna do today?

-nigga, it don't matter as long as you spendin that loot.

-oh, ain't nothin wrong with that if I got it, you know what I'm sayin?

-hey, uh, why don't you put this in right quick?

-hmm, what's this?

-this that dayton family. shit, nigga, that shit is tight.

-what? this bullshit? get this shit out my car! we ain't playin no dayton Family. naw,they ain't even happenin.

-f**k you, nigga. you's a muthaf**kin playa hater.

[shoestring]

No playa hatas be at the party cause it's a playa thang
So pack yo ? bag it? in that wagon, and make that change
I'm f**kin yo bitch, she suckin my dick, and it feels good
I'm hittin that wood like you should when you leave the hood
I'm in yo house, f**kin yo bitch, she's lovin this ghetto cock
You slip and slide, I be hittin em with this demon drop
You perpetrate me, playa hate me, bitch, I started you
I brung you in this bitch, and now he switch, he wasn't true
I.d.'s a snitch, who rolled back on that liquor store
To the click that snitched on matt, betta watch yo back cause you got to go
Quit shakin my hand and understand that you're my enemy
Didn't hang with you then, don't hang with you now, but you pretend to be
My f**kin nigga, the bigger the body the bigger the hole in fall
I'm pullin the trigga on the nigga there's no need to stall
So if you run up you'll get gunned up by this quiet nigga
Shoestring won't buy it, nigga, so don't you try it nigga
Walk in the club ready to buck with any playa hation
You catchin a bullet in yo stomach is the situation
Knockin out yo wind, I'm so high I see a f**kin kite
Gotta get yo goods, gotta get yo goods then I'm outta sight
Used to be my niggaz, but you niggaz wanna playa hate me
Comin out your ? ? ? is the muthaf**kin a-v-e
Mo bounce than a woofer, spit mo game than a nigga, sugar
Betta ask that hooker, I get snotty as a f**kin booger
Nosy as blow, cold as snow, in this pimpin game
Bustas be lame, got you bitches fiendin for that cane
My shit is pro and good to go, call me a dayton rater
No love for hoes, cause they some muthaf**kin playa haters.

Chorus (4x): my shit is pro and good to go, call me a dayton rater
(player hated, player hated)

[ghetto e]

Playa hation, this is the situation that I'm up against
These niggaz be hollerin my name, I'm bootin that cane and that's evidence
What I done is what you do, you lived off ramp, you wasn't true
Now your spittin villians, run around town, and then I f**ked your boo
You niggaz love playa hatin, suckin dick from state to state
Now you wanna snitch on gangstas, bitch, cause you got caught with weight

Witness to a murder, you ain't heard, shut yo mouth when a killa's talkin
Got caught with a key, turned f-e-d and now yo ass is walkin
Rats want they cheese f-e-ds had some scent degrees
You get demolished, f**k your college, bitch, don't f**k with g's
Quote of the law, but you done saw a ho and cashed a check
Wanna send me up, and pen me up like I'm a f**kin pet
P-l to the a-y-e-r-h-a-t to the f**kin e
You said we're done, your family's over, you're blind and we can see
The facts of life are that you're jealous of these dayton fellas
No one can trail us, you're rebellious, that's what ya tell us
I peeped your game, you're poor and ain't got shit to do
You left a clue, your ho said you ain't like my crew
I played you off, now f**kin your ho, this week she bout me gators
Wearin your suit, my brother's boots so f**k you player haters

Chorus (4x) [yo, my nigga ? ? ? , niggaz be playa hatin with two.]
[they gon really playa hate us now, ya'll. check it out.]

[esham]

Man, why these punk ass niggaz be player hatin?
I be gettin my slang on down on dayton
Me and shoestring, doin our thing
Blunt smoke in back seat, ridin limousine
See a been a millionaire since ninety-one
Unholy esham, I'm my mama's son
All you rappers out there sayin you in gold
But ain't got shit to show for the records you sold
I.d. told me let a ho be a ho
Niggaz hate you got paid, they playa hatin you so
Fuck them niggaz, they gon die and nobody'll show
At they ho ass funeral, cause only you'll know
Niggaz get paid when they stay true to the game
Fuck them hoes and get the money, steady f**kin the fame
See me and ghetto e kinda feel the same,
All y'all playa hatin niggaz out there no y'all name
And y'all some playa haters

Chorus (4x)