

Hatin' Don't Pay

Wu-Tang Clan

Yeah, heh.. mothafucka!
Yeah, big C, big dog
(Don't hate on us, we gon' get you
Big waiters, spectators)

Hatin' Don't Pay, no way, no way
Hatin' Don't Pay.. no way, no way
Hatin' Don't Pay, no way, no way
Hatin' Don't Pay.. no way, no way

Beyond a, Reasonable Doubt
I'm gangsta, won't hesitate to put the heat to ya mouth
Peep me out, tie up ya chick for them ki's in ya couch
We get money, go outta town, hustle for weeks than be out
Rapid flows are dramatic, I'm here to let y'all bastards know
My heart's colder than Alaskan snow, I could rip beats fast or slow
When I let the ratchets go, come out ya face get what you askin fo'
I make haters run like relays through the P.J.'s, homey
It's B.K, C.K., D-Day, homey
Keep metal, never settle for a le-way, homey
Still keep it ghetto 'til we pay, homey
Calm ya tone when we speakin' 'less you deep and got 'matics
From the home of the Nike Air's and Reebok Classics
Pack more guns, my Desert E's drop faggots
And fuckin' with the wrong bodies, ya seats popped, bastard

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Yo, yo
You 'spond, submission, watch, mission to stop me
Won't be defeated cuz they broke and they bitches is sloppy
They got me hot so I'm makin' niggaz laugh, haha, seventeen dot
Every single time my gat is cocked
Y'all picked the wrong time to fuck with P dot C period
Just when you thought I was playin', I'm anout to get serious
Plus I'm furious and heated now, drunk and weeded now
Mothafuckas don't learn, suburbans leave 'em beaten now
O's to you ho's, leave 'em visions disposed
Like a tag can be placed on they toes - sippin' Hater-ade
Get some gators made, hustle, bought a trade
Cop a couple of locks before you get to speakin' on ya flock
Why you mad at me? Cuz I got a featurin' spot?
I guess you'd rather see me shot or somewhere strung out on rocks
Cuz I keep my mind on my grind 'til I reach the top
Go on and plot, ya haters'll never make me stop
Hatin' Don't Pay..

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Yeah, yeah, yo
Niggaz try to hate me like, I roll all crazy and

Let the three-eighty blow, Free got crazy dough
Frontin' for ya ho's, run through that lady coke
Music got you amped, now you leanin' on that radio
Niggaz and bitches, soon to become ho's
Black suit in a casket soon'll become yo's
My Mac shoot these bastards who want war
That's what my gun for, nigga fuck the gun law
I'm the reason they act like that
They'll make Free react like that
Find the gat on ya hat like that
Media'll wonder why I rap like that
Even behind the booth I'm strapped on a track like that
Brooklyn, nigga, throw shells 'round ya head
Wake up, shells surround ya bed
Hit ya with the pound instead
Y'all don't want me to do this
Hatin' Don't Pay, now Jake found you dead
Uh!

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Yo it's Freemurder, ShaCronz, P dot C period
Don't hate us, don't hate the game
Cuz the game don't hate you
The game don't even know you
You got to know the game
And remember, only the players change
The game stays the same.