

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

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.