

World's Most Hated

Yukmouth

[Talking]

Introducing, (whoa) the worlds... (it's the world's most hated nigga)
...hated nigga, yes, you know what I'm sayin'?
y'all niggaz ride Bentley's (Bentley's), not Mercedes (not Mercedes)
Bentley's (Bentley's), so why y'all niggaz hatin' on me?
(quit hatin', nigga) y'all got money (what? what? nigga)

[Verse 1]

Mama used to say: "Watch your friends", 'cause they be fake as fuck
Niggaz smilin' in my face, I'm knowin' they hate my guts
They hate the way I bust, hate the way I strut
They want to take my stuff, kill a nigga to make a buck
They even hate the way I fuck, 'cause I fuck they ho's
When I bust, fuck up their flow, Yuk untouchable
Platinum make a nigga tuck his gold, Ice up his robe
My lyrics touch your soul, make bitches rush the flow
I give it to 'em raw, regaurdless of what squad
I'ma hit 'em hard if they get involved, break them niggaz off
Let 'em know I'm rollin' with god, roll with the MOB
If you fuck with one of us, the whole club about to squab
Your bitch gettin' shot, even your mama gettin' robbed
Fuck try'na hold haah, I sold rock, I sold haah
From the thug spot, coke spot, post up, and tote glocks
Got it if you snort haah, got it if you smoke rocks
It don't stop late, niggaz get dropped from labels
For fuckin' with a nigga that's hot and fatal
I'm like the henny, rock the cradle to these little ass pre-schooler
Nursery rhyme niggaz, still ridin' beach cruisers
Dude, I see through you, 'cause you're plastic
Bring the beef to you, put the heat to your vlastic
Fuck the last album, this a classic
Fags get put inside a casket, cliques get blasted
by them niggaz tatted with dragons

[Chorus]

I'm try'na live one time shine (why can't a nigga ball like y'all
With platinum plaques on my wall?)
But y'all niggaz platinum, what's mine? (they don't want to nigga to shine a
t all
They wish a young nigga would fall)
'Cause I'm the world's most hated, world's most hated
world's most hated nigga, nigga
'Cause I'm the world's most hated, world's most hated
world's most hated nigga, nigga

[Verse 2]

You need to quit it, all I got is 6 digits, you got meal tickets
Talk slick in your raps, and pillow talk to bitches
y'all niggaz ought to quit it, god's my witness
Or face the consequences, like when Eryka Badu sparks an inscent
You 'bout to get lalla-byed, rock-a-byed
Popped the guy, shot the guy, then went in the pockets of his Karl Kani's
Robbed the guy, got the guy, don't forget to dot your eyes
Cross me, you got to die, I'ma ride
MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE PAC ALIVE!
The Thug lord, prophesize, bring the west back
Shit on them niggaz with no ex-lax
Make them bitches eat, check that
Then put my tape in, make them niggaz respect that
And stop P.H.in', and congratulatin' the nigga they facin'

Who went from section 8, to makin' money, listen to revelations
And Jags and Navigations, PlayStation, stay breakin'
Platinum deuce, conversations to rule a thug nation

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

Come with me, go toe to toe with me
Still the king of the O. would be that nigga smokin' weed
y'all want to be soulja's sweet like potpouri
I crust your fuckin' text like a bulldozer go hungry like vultures be
Fake niggaz wish they never spoke on me
Or said shit about that thug nigga, leavin' they head split, detted
I'll make you muthafuckaz regret it, get wetted with the gun
For try'na gas me like unleaded, I ain't the fuckin' one, one, one
So take that gum out your ass hole
First round, T.K.O. his ass like "Glass Joe"
I lash you, harass you, thrash you
Smash you, blast you, I put holes in your shirt like cash do
I probably have to stop to find his ass too
Hit the avenue, in his strip, bullet proof Nav. too, if niggaz was after you
Try'na catch you niggaz, jack you for puttin' a nigga name in your raps, foo
l(fag you!)

Well, that's your ass, dude

[Chorus]

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[Talking]

There you have it, another muthafuckin' classic
Nigga, you ride Bentley's (Bentley's), not Mercedes (Not Mercedes)
Bentley's (Bentley's), nigga quit trippin' on me, bitch
Quit hatin' on me, bitch, you got all the fuckin' money, nigga
I ain't the fuckin' one, one, one,
Nigga, Regime Life, what? what? Regime Life
My nigga Mad Max: Regime Life
My nigga LQ: Regime Life
My nigga Phats Boss: Regime Life
My nigga Ke Ke: Regime Life
My nigga see-Bo: Regime Life
My nigga Diesel Don: Regime Life
My nigga Gov Matic: Regime Life
Fuck hater niggaz, you niggaz be bitin' songs, niggaz be hatin' niggaz
y'all got all the money, man, make room for the young niggaz
Let us get some paper, nigga, sit your ass down, nigga, be executive, nigga
Do your thug thang, nigga, and I'ma do mine
You stay out my fuckin' way, and I'ma stay out your way, you bitch
Regime Life, done deal...