

# Stop Hatin

## Master P

Chorus:

Look at all these haters surrounding me every day  
hatin on a baller but they can't stop my pay  
stop all the hatin I can't take it no more

Im just tryin to get mine you best get yours so what you hatin for  
Verse 1: Master P  
Pop the lock on the benz with  
the keys

To high to see his own enemies  
his baby mama with him in a short skirt  
his last ride was in a car, i mean a black hearse  
his friend took his life for the mighty dollar  
then ran through the alley must have been a coward  
No more hit 'em up like in the old days  
homies scrab with Mack 10s and AKs  
that's why I roll by myself I mean I'm a loner  
cause haters be all up on me  
tryin to sniff you out for your cheddar and your cheese  
and the same niggas wanna blow on your weed  
set you up for a caper

dont wanna see you make no money then take ya  
gotta figure out how to get what you got  
cause haters be the same niggas on the spot  
Chorus  
Verse 2: Master P  
How do hatin get started?

It started by the jealous people  
and they get mad over the things you have  
and the things they'll never have  
Tell me if you hustle it really aint hard to get  
You can get yours I got mine so stay out my mix  
I heard you spreading rumors  
Im really not impressed  
I tell you only one time

with my scrilla fool dont mess  
Verse 3: Fiend  
I only get with a few cause these bitch made niggas is actors  
see I dont had to many gun-ins, run-ins with these ass backwards

non-packers  
I'm strapped like P  
or C  
they ask for me  
capture me  
but im going out with a blast  
I put that on some cash  
I'm standing last

for some ass  
yall young crazed punks are trippin  
dont hate me nigga just go ahead and credit my ??  
I'm admitting  
that I'm not only on the thwat  
but I know i got stopped  
on tha ??  
and its understood that I'm not  
one of the best niggas that ever lived  
but I got some advice to give  
and that is  
Chorus Verse 4: Silkk I wonder why they hatin for? Probably cause we got G's,  
mad cause we makin moves, cause we got keys  
But really I cant fade them  
Cause truly you need haters up on you to know you'se a motherfuckin playa  
I know yall gonna kill me in a matter of lies  
I got friend that will turn to enemies in a matter of time  
I know most of my niggas can feel me  
when I say TRU niggas will never try to kill me  
But keep my eyes up on my enemies I gotta watch my friends  
like when I'm sittin on top or ridin in a benz  
Why dont yall go out yall's ass up and get something  
dont worry about how i got mines  
always tryin to point a finger and say thats not mine.  
and kill me  
it kills me  
its digusting cause I got a few G's  
they try to rob me  
but they know they wont touch me  
smile in your face and talk shit behind your back  
but I just cant call it or catch  
but i still got G's and Im still ballin  
Chorus till fade (Master P)  
wassup Big Brandon and Big Timer  
Wassup Underwood California we cant lose  
wassup to all my boys in Richmond  
all my boys in the Caliope  
all my boys locked down in jail  
this Master P No Limit Records  
(Wassup Big Boz)  
DaLastDon  
(Wassup Mean Green)  
We Cant Be Stopped  
I mean you player haters cant stop real TRU playas  
even though you still hate you cant stop playas  
(Beats by the Pound)  
Wassup to all the players out there in New Orleansas

(Wassup to my little brother Silkk)  
Texas (C Murder)  
Atlanta (Wassup Fiend)  
Chicago (Wassup Mystikal fool know you bout to drop real soon)  
Cleveland, Kentucky, Alabama  
(Wassup to Big Mama Mia X)  
all them playas out there  
California (Mr. Serv On)  
East Coast (Sonya C)  
Mid West, Down South  
and anybody I forgot if you a real playa you'll understand  
(Wassup Foxy Brown)  
Yeah we did that Party don't stop  
ah ha  
Playas lookin up baby

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