

Record Haters

E-40

Yo, check it out
Today we're here wit basketball star Rasheed Wallace
Yo what up kid?
From the what, what, what team is that you play for again? The Bullets man, yea right, right
So tell me Rasheed, you know what I'm sayin'
This hip hop thang an everythang goin' on
Tell me, I mean, what, what, what's yo flavor? Yo, check it out kid, I only like real hip hop man, the real shit
You know what I'm sayin', Redman, Wu Tang
You know what I'm sayin', I don't fool wit the Goodie Mob's
And I especially don't fool wit them E-40's Nigga what the fuck they good fo? Nigga let's shoot fins
You got all the bread nigga, put up yo Benz
Nah nah, can't do that, why not? Ol' skool trophy
Somethin' I done worked too hard fo nigga quote me Yo swole bank rolls done turned to li'l ol' anarxins
Get ready to pay the price
[Incomprehensible] pee wee no catchin'
Who got change fo this brand new hundred? Straight outta welfare when I break you niggas
I'm a have enough money to buy a bare fare
Spend about a half a hundred thousand, boost up my coins
Preceed to spit mo supafly than Donald Goins This game is so damn hemrigin that I be deliverin'
These niggas don't understand my shit but they surrendurin'
Simmerin', rememberin' things that done jumped off
Lyrics spit on niggas than a, a bad cough Messy hoes got my name between they teeth
Just because I'm from the west not the east
Graduated from the dope game, phat ass wallets
What's that nigga name? Rasheed Wallace You gon' have to learn to respect yo elders mayne
I'm twomp bait nigga ain't no need for you to record hate
Mind ya own or ya own gon remind you, nigga
The Click will biatch Record Hatin' bitches, suave game and snitches
Learn about it bitch, we should cease you from existance
That's right, niggas like that shouldn't be livin', mutha fucka Ya Record Hatin' bitches, trademark
There's no way you could get wit this, stick to basketball nigga
We should cease you from existance
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin', biatch Got another muthafucka on my shit list
I'm a cut off his dick list, I mean my hit list
My rest in piss list, dude that be hangin' around Nas
You know, gay baby nigga said some negative shit about me up In a magazine called 'After watchin' New York
Undercover'
While I was, takin' a shit Kool Keith
Was on the front cover that's when I

That's when I spotted him That nigga AZ tried to say that I don't deserve a platinum plaque
 Nigga I was sellin' tapes out the trunk of my car
 When you was runnin' round drinkin' Simalac
 All up in yo fake ass videos Champagne an coffin full of skrill
 Nigga know damn well yo punk ass ain't got had no mills
 I'm payin' full nigga an I'll have yo head where ever you at
 I'm straight fool nigga seem like someone shoulda been an told ya That bring the yellow tape nigga, jungle full
 of asphalt
 Don't make no sense to talk that talk if a nigga ain't gon' walk that walk
 Zip up yo lip befo' yo lip zip you up
 Biatch, biatch, I gives a fuck, biatch It's major pain, nigga don't know a damn thang about me
 You mutha fuckas don't know nuttin 'bout no E-40 hoe
 Monkey mouthed biatch, biatch Record Hatin' bitches, suave game and snitches
 Learn about it bitch, we should cease you from existance
 That's right, niggas like that shouldn't be livin'
 Shouldn't be livin' Ya Record Hatin' bitches, Record Hatin' bitches
 There's no way you could get wit this
 Uh, we should cease you from existance
 V-Town bitch, niggas like that shouldn't be livin', e'ry time When I first started off niggas had me fucked,
 muthafuckas was blind
 In '89 that ol' 'Mr. Flamboyant' shit was way ahead of his time
 Had everyone an they great grandmas off that Carlos Rossi wine
 Was in a major label an business that uh didn't want us to shine It was me an my potna from Suave House
 Records, Tony Draper
 E-40, an The Click, 8-Ball an MJG gettin' that independent paper
 All about my ruh uh rap, uh should I shine
 Beat a muthafucka uh duh down, e'ry time 40 get yo marbles man, get yo change
 Take a limosuine everywhere you go and fly private planes
 That's what I was taught to do by my big homie thou
 You can always be a nigga but a nigga ain't rich
 'Til he can't count his money no mo' Over night sensation, never me
 All you "Record Haters" got Ph.IV
 My niggas 3X Krazy laced me taught me how to say 'Fa sheezy'
 Told me that them AZ muthafuckas don't believe phat means greasy We can shoot it out, or we can fight
 You an Rasheeda wanna squash the funk?
 Shoot me some peace bitch Record Hatin' bitches, Record hatin' bitches
 Suave game and snitches, suave game and snitches
 We should cease you from existance, that's rich
 Niggas like that shouldn't be livin', suck else Ya Record Hatin' bitches, lil ol, biatch
 There's no way you could get wit this, that's right
 We should cease you from existance, learn about it
 Niggas like that shouldn't be livin', that's right

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>