

Hate On Me

Kurupt

Yo, if rappin' was a bitch you'd have no pussy
Maybe tongue kissin', but still no pussy
Lookin' at me dumb I'll slap you so dizzy
Suppa so busy cockin' the four fizzy
Mad 'cause, I'm too fly and I pumped your ho
Crushed your flow you got jealous club me for
I sensed the hate, I used my optical
You was too close around when I pocket doe
First came the wishin', then came the bitchin'
Wanna know the secrets comin' from the kitchen
I was fine dinin', you was eatin' chicken
I'll bust a bad ho, nigger take your pickin'
Like a slut callin' bitches on my cell phone
But my bitches, try to take my fly bitches
I ain't just trippin', I can't trust niggas who ain't us?
Bringin' niggas who can't bust
I'm A+ wid it, I'm anxious to crush ya
Half tustla mixed with you just a busta
Bitch ass niggas get me rich fast quicka
Now don't tricka this supa ass kicka
Why do you hate on me?
'Cause I don't be trippin' off you
My image is stuck on G
Try to fuck with me this year
Get the 'beep' outta here
I'm so up on my shit
These bitches ain't gettin' my grip
So I still remain a G
But why do you hate on me?
How you gone hate on me? And I'm that nigga
That ride beats smoother than Ron Isley
Talkin' bout fuck Damani but steady eyein' me
Steady tryin' to see how good sex with me could be
Why won't you let me fuck?
And I'm the best thing goin', and you the best thing hoin'
Plus we got you on tape givin' head in slow motion
Undercover ho's be real soft spoken, why would you slash my tire?
And I got stock in Goodyear, bitch I'm all good year
Tryin' to fuck up my clutch so I'm forced to change gears

Dark skin, go tee with no beard
I change ho's like I change clothes
Young devil in the city o' angels
Keep it ghetto like cups with staples
Live from L.A. gettin' head from Rachel, now
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So I still remain a G
But why do you hate on me?
Why do bitches blow dicks? I don't know that
But I can tell you dis, you simple trick
Now you get it all you want
We roll joints we don't fuck with blunts, fuck a blunt now
Some niggas is worse than ho's
Holdin' somethin' on your chest let it go
I'll make a bitch blow balls like a ball and sing that song, but naked
Most o' y'all niggas be break and hatin' records
The most hatin' done in 8.5 seconds
Why you hatin' Snoopy, you hate Nate and hate me
Why you hatin' stupid and hatin' on Warren G
Why you hatin' Rasco, why you hate Damani
'Cause he wanna fuck Armani and don't wear Armani
Hatin' Gondee and hatin' Tredee, Tredee is like fuck' em
If they hatin the G, fuck y'all
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