

# Don't Hate On Me (feat. Da Brat & Krayzie Bone)

Jermaine Dupri

Nigga, don't you hate on me, why don't you go and get you some?  
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Nigga, don't you hate on me, why don't you go and get you some?  
Don't you hate on me, why don't you go and get you some? Nigga, don't you hate on me, motherfucker, go get  
you some  
Get off my dick, bitch, get out my mix and tell me where the real niggas at  
Put your blunts in the air, y'all nigga get fried to this  
To the [Incomprehensible] to mother  
Tell me who the thuggest in this motherfucker What you niggas really wanna do? Big ballers flossin'  
Niggas wanna beat so they got to be talkin'  
Oh, let me give them what they say and run 'em in they face  
What they say? "Oh nothin'" Buster, hit'em in they shit anyway  
That's how we play, stil thuggin' ain't a thing change  
Still the same name, love the face  
Real, real niggas, that's all I gotta say You fuckin' with the real, you ball to get gusted  
Really, the real ain't shit to be fucked wit'  
Protected by the niner, when you careful The nigga the trigger finger itchy fixin' to make you duck the whlooe  
flock  
Make a nigga close shop, sho' 'nuff  
Showstopper, fuckin' 'em up with diesel  
What's pumpin' the shotgun? Real neccesary 'cause all we want is a little respect  
That's all we want but nigga, you don't feel me  
Krazyie crazy, maybe insane hangin' with JD  
Little rip done, slip the clip into the gat, rat-tat-tat, just like that I ain't fixin' to be the bitch to procrastinatin'  
Niggas wanna be shippin' me half a cake  
Go through whatever drastic measures I hafta take  
Make a motherfucker masterbate, the hotter I get the more hate Some of you hoes is overrated with flows  
The salvate'll take 'em to the rehab and get'em re-instated  
My lyrical content send other bitches to convents  
Pray for me to be deleted but that's nonsense Been the bomb since '74 Aries  
I can see how ya nigga be lookin' at me  
He want to get in between the sheets  
Leave the wallet and the keys for me I ain't persuaded easily but if he spend the cheese for me  
Nigga, we can fuck free frequently  
You study me, but another me could never be sold

Broke the most 6-0-6-4-4 When niggas'll haul off and hit ya with the sawed off  
 Seen plenty motherfuckers fall off with they jaws off  
 When I'm finished droppin' 'em al off  
 On the west side of Chi, I'm ridin' high Thinkin' of way to make it through the major  
 Of the paper chase  
 Slidin' by, keep a luger in the chamber ready for danger  
 When it's time to die Nigga, don't you hate on me, why don't you go and get you some?  
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 Nigga, don't you hate on me, why don't you go and get you some?  
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 Nigga, don't you hate on me, why don't you go and get you some?  
 Don't you hate on me, why don't you go and get you some? See everywhere I go, I feel like niggas be tryin' to  
 get me stuffed  
 I'm flyin' on out of what? Iced up and all the hoes wanna fuck  
 Knockin' bitches and that nigga got cake stacked up, packed up  
 Everything I touch, gold and platinum, what? Niggas can't fuck with us  
 Like Busta Bust, we dangerous  
 And you know that if I peel I got mo'  
 Y'all peel, it's gone, that's why the ice grill on When the wheel on by y'all niggas in the corner  
 Back and forth, like "Fuck that little guy"  
 Don't worry 'bout me, you need to worry  
 'Bout yo' goddamn self How you shit on shelf and how you sit around  
 Wishin' that a nigga would sign to So So Def  
 I'm a A T L A N T alien  
 Never been known to play with Can't none of y'all see me, so y'all niggas don't really need to say shit  
 With all your paper-hatin', paper-hatin' and your bad looks  
 What y'all need to do is shut up  
 And take heed to what my nigga sayin' in the hook Nigga, don't you hate on me, why don't you go and get you  
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Songwriters

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