

Playa Hata (feat. Teddy)

Luniz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Why you wanna playa hate on me?

Oh-hoo-hoo, baby

Oh yeah, eh-hey

Why you wanna playa hate on me? Nobody can help him, so welcome to the land of ski masks

We blastes, to bust a couple of caps up in they weak asses

The dust that's bein' kicked up, and yuk is down to lick up

Do a stick up, at an armor truck pick up Then get tucked, up out the scenery

Wit greenery, stopped up, watch up, sew the block up wit creamery

The cream, I sling, got fiends on my team

Like a fiend I dream, an hoes swing on my ding-a-ling Somethin' tremendous, they spend grip

Endless trips to Macy's, they trade me, so playa hataz, hate me

I keep the safety off my four-fifth, hold it in focus

Fools didn't used to trip on my dick when I was the brokest But notice, I got a little mail now

'Cuz everybody bump L U N I Z like hell now

You just a busta brown an' blood you know

Chris spreadin' faulty rumors around the town like club new vogue

Really though Why you wanna playa hate on me?

Why you wanna playa hate on me?

(Why you playa hate on me?) Why you wanna playa hate on me?

Why you wanna playa hate on me?

(Ooh) I gots to, keep my business to myself

'Cuz hataz talk mo than get shot to spread rumors when its loaded

Hatin' get yo grill exploded, quick, severed

The first thing I heard, I stole a credit card from Chris Webber I never knew that, but who's that, an' next

I heard them ridin' around smokin' crack in the back of my homies Lex

It be them broke ass, no cash

Bustaz tryin' to quote that's why the town got rid 'o Short I think you busta browns need to wise up, before we ride up

Stop, sew up yo block, an sew them lies up

Once don't trip, twice no grip

Three times, will get you bucked wit the nine I thought the hatin' would stop, but the rumors are passin' still Sounds like that busta that plugged mo holes than mass appeal

You need to stop, hatin' on
The C N O T E, D R U, and the L U N I Z
Why you wanna playa hate on me?
(Why you wanna playa, playa hate on me?)
Why you wanna playa hate on me?
(Ooh)Why you wanna playa hate on me?
(Hate on me, yeah)
Why you wanna playa hate on me?
(Ooh)Break it down, oh yeah
Fo' the Luniz an, they homies
I am here to let you know

Gotta think for you so [Incomprehensible] alone
Let me tell yo ass a story, yes they just be hatin' to the fullest
But you can miss me wit that B.S. that you stress
When you test the young Hugh Heff, the tech a spit up
Chest get lit up, foo that's a rigg up
Now I think the whole world knows me, not what they should know
It's like rap an sellin' crack is all I'm good for
Hangin' in the hood for so long, I see why they talk
Bitches, snitch a bustaz home
(Can we talk fo' a minute?) You're wrong I won't be offended
I be there hand in hand wit the pencil
Can it all be so simple

Like Wu-Tang, spit true game, to get pootang, from a nimfo
Now I keep sayin', don't get mad because you can't
bump
But I'm still gonna spit it, 'cuz you still don't get it
If it ain't noted, don't quote it
Hataz when it comes to common sense you ain't showed it
I don't understand
Why you wanna playa hate on me?
(Playz gonna play)
(Why you wanna playa?)
Why you wanna playa hate on me?
(Hate on me, yeah)
Why you wanna playa hate on me?
(Why you wanna playa hate on me?)
Why you wanna playa hate on me?
Why you wanna playa hate on me?
(Hate on me)
Why you wanna playa hate on me?
(Why you wanna hate, hate on me)

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