Playa Hata

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 maskes
We blastes, to bust a couple of caps up in they weak asses
The dust thats bein' kicked up, and yuk is down to lick up
Do a stick up, at an armor truck pick upThen 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-lingSomethin' 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 brokestBut 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 thoughWhy 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 WebberI 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 ShortI 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 nineI 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 ZWhy 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] aloneLet 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 upNow 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 nimfoNow 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 understandWhy 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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