

# 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 masks  
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 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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