# Record Haters

## E-40

Yo, check it out
Today we're here wit basketball star Rasheed Wallace
Yo what up kid?
From the what, what, what team is that you play for again?
The Bullets man, yea right, right
So tell me Rasheed, you know what I'm sayin'
This hip hop thang an everythang goin' on
Tell me, I mean, what, what, what's yo flavor?
Yo, check it out kid, I only like real hip hop man, the real shit
You know what I'm sayin', Redman, Wu Tang
You know what I'm sayin', I don't fool wit the Goodie Mob's
And I especially don't fool wit them E-40's
Nigga what the fuck they good fo? Nigga let's shoot fins
You got all the bread nigga, put up yo Benz
Nah nah, can't do that, why not? Ol' skool trophy
Somethin' I done worked too hard fo nigga quote me
Yo swole bank rolls done turned to li'l ol anarxins
Get ready to pay the price
[Incomprehensible] pee wee no catchin'
Who got change fo this brand new hundred?
Straight outta welfare when I break you niggas
I'm a have enough money to buy a bare fare
Spend about a half a hundred thousand, boost up my coins
Preceed to spit mo supafly than Donald Goins
This game is so damn hemrigin that I be deliverin'
These niggas don't understand my shit but they surrendurin'
Simmerin', rememberin' things that done jumped off
Lyrics spit on niggas than a, a bad cough
Messy hoes got my name between they teeth
Just because I'm from the west not the east
Graduated from the dope game, phat ass wallets
What's that nigga name? Rasheed Wallace
You gon' have to learn to respect yo elders mayne
I'm twomp bait nigga ain't no need for you to record hate
Mind ya own or ya own gon remind you, nigga
The Click will biatch
Record Hatin' bitches, suave game and snitches
Learn about it bitch, we should cease you from existance
That's right, niggas like that shouldn't be livin', mutha fucka

Ya Record Hatin' bitches, trademark
There's no way you could get wit this, stick to basketball nigga
We should cease you from existance
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin', biatch
Got another muthafucka on my shit list
I'm a cut off his dick list, I mean my hit list
My rest in piss list, dude that be hangin' around Nas
You know, gay baby nigga said some negative shit about me up
In a magazine called 'After watchin' New York Undercover'
While I was, takin' a shit Kool Keith
Was on the front cover that's when I
That's when I spotted him
That nigga AZ tried to say that I don't deserve a platinum plaque
Nigga I was sellin' tapes out the trunk of my car
When you was runnin' round drinkin' Simalac
All up in yo fake ass videos
Champagne an coffin full of skrill
Nigga know damn well yo punk ass ain't got had no mills
I'm payin' full nigga an I'll have yo head where ever you at
I'm straight fool nigga seem like someone shoulda been an told ya
That bring the yellow tape nigga, jungle full of asphalt
Don't make no sense to talk that talk if a nigga ain't gon' walk that walk
Zip up yo lip befo' yo lip zip you up
Biatch, biatch, I gives a fuck, biatch
It's major pain, nigga don't know a damn thang about me
You mutha fuckas don't know nuttin 'bout no E-40 hoe
Monkey mouthed biatch, biatch
Record Hatin' bitches, suave game and snitches
Learn about it bitch, we should cease you from existance
That's right, niggas like that shouldn't be livin'
Shouldn't be livin'
Ya Record Hatin' bitches, Record Hatin' bitches
There's no way you could get wit this
Uh, we should cease you from existance
V-Town bitch, niggas like that shouldn't be livin', e'ry time
When I first started off niggas had me fucked, muthafuckas was blind
In '89 that ol' 'Mr. Flamboyant' shit was way ahead of his time
Had everyone an they great grandmas off that Carlos Rossi wine
Was in a major label an business that uh didn't want us to shine
It was me an my potna from Suave House Records, Tony Draper
E-40, an The Click, 8-Ball an MJG gettin' that independent paper
All about my ruh uh rap, uh should I shine
Beat a muthafucka uh duh down, e'ry time
40 get yo marbles man, get yo change
Take a limosuine everywhere you go and fly private planes

That's what I was taught to do by my big homie thou
You can always be a nigga but a nigga ain't rich
'Til he can't count his money no mo'
Over night sensation, never me
All you "Record Haters" got Ph.IV
My niggas 3X Krazy laced me taught me how to say 'Fa sheezy'
Told me that them AZ muthafuckas don't believe phat means greasy
We can shoot it out, or we can fight
You an Rasheeda wanna squash the funk?
Shoot me some peace bitch
Record Hatin' bitches, Record hatin' bitches
Suave game and snitches, suave game and snitches
We should cease you from existance, that's rich
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin', suck else
Ya Record Hatin' bitches, lil ol, biatch
There's no way you could get wit this, that's right
We should cease you from existance, learn about it
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin', that's right

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