

# 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 existence  
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 skril  
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 existence  
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 existence  
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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