Hate (interlude)

Jermaine Dupri

(feat. Freeway, Jadakiss)[Jermaine Dupri (Freeway)]
What?
Y'all got Hate in your blood
(This is fucked up)
Y'all got Hate in your blood
(This is fucked up man)
Y'all got Hate in your blood[Jermaine Dupri]
Listen
I know y'all niggas want me
I hear y'all niggas plottin'
I see y'all niggas lookin'
But I ain't stoppin', I'm gone, in something fast
Through the city with no top
That reach 220 on the dash, I'm so hot
In everybody's hood with other niggas' hoes
I'm throwin' paper at them bitches
Screamin' So So
Now every spot I hit
I'm hearing different shit
About homies that want me that weren't with me when I started this
It's fucked up but I
But I can't let these niggas blurry my vision
On where I'm going and how I'm living, ya know?
I got a daughter now, young age three
If her daddy don't shine, then my shorty won't eat
Feel me?
Do I floss? YES!
Sometimes I hit the block so damn hard I start hatin' my self
It's bad, I feel your pain dawg
But the only thing I'm about to change is the game motherfucker![1 - Freeway (JD)]
If you're sick of seeing niggas pop Cris
And talkin' bout stacking chips
You know what?!
(You got Hate in your blood)
Sick of seeing Bentley's
And hearing niggas talk about sittin' on dubs
(You got Hate in your blood)
If you're sick of seeing artists
And hearing artists

You know what!
(You got Hate in your blood)
Listen I know you niggas want me
I hear you niggas plottin'
I see you niggas lookin'
But I ain't stoppin, it's on[Jadakiss]
Papi had raw, then I bought him out
You know me, fuck niggas
Kill 'em all, let God sort 'em out
Rapid fire got my hands shakin'
And everybody Hate dyin'
But most niggas die hatin'
While y'all run to the bank
I run to the brink
A real thug keep the Tommy gun under the mink
I got a glass kitchen
You can see what's under my sink
And I do shit just to do it
Too much money to think
So you can Hate all you want
I'mma still be 'Kiss
Dirty, a lot of paper, filthy rich
JD's the architect, he built these hits
Ruff Ryder's, So So Def, feel this shit
And you can tell any one of your boys
You might find 'em in a hood near you and any one of his toys
Cause I know you got Hate in your blood
Still dump eight in your mug
So cock sucker take it and love, uh[Repeat 1][Jermaine Dupri]
Somebody tell me why man
Somebody tell me why
Do niggas just Hate, Hate, Hate the way they do man
Let me explain something to y'all about me man
Why y'all think I was the first rap nigga on Mtv Cribs?
Cause I'm a young, fly, flashy motherfucker
Y'all think I'mma stop, FUCK NAW
I'mma keep ridin' down the block with my hat bent
In the black bent, with them dubs on that shit
We gon' still be in the club poppin' Cristal
Pourin' Belvidere on bitches
We don't GIVE A FUCK MAN
A matter of fact I wish I could smack the shit
Out of one y'all niggas right now with some money
But you know what I'm saying
Cause y'all niggas just Hate, Hate, Hate

Well y'all gonna have to just keep hatin' motherfuckers[Repeat 1 (2x)]Bitch!

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