

# Hate Blood

## Jermaine Dupri

What? Ya'll got hate in your blood  
(This is fucked up)  
Ya'll got hate in your blood  
(This is fucked up man)  
Ya'll got hate in your blood Listen, I know ya'll niggas want me  
I hear ya'll niggas plottin', I see ya'll 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' myself  
It's bad, I feel your pain dawg  
But the only thing I'm about to change is the game, motherfucker! 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, it's the end  
And hearing artists, it's the end, 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 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 ya'll 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 If you're sick of seeing niggas pop Cris

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(You got hate in your blood)  
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I hear you niggas plottin', I see you niggas lookin'  
But I ain't stoppin, it's onSomebody tell me why, man, somebody tell me why  
Do niggas just hate, hate, hate the way they do man  
Let me explain something to ya'll about me man  
Why ya'll think I was the first rap nigga on MTV Cribs?'Cause I'm a young, fly, flashy motherfucker  
Ya'll 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 shitWe gon' still be in the club poppin' Cristal, pourin' Belvedere on  
bitches  
We don't give a fuck, man  
A matter of fact I wish I could smack the shit  
Out of one ya'll niggas right now with some moneyBut you know what I'm saying  
'Cause ya'll niggas just hate, hate, hate  
Well, ya'll gonna have to just keep hatin' motherfuckersIf you're sick of seeing niggas pop Cris  
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But I ain't stoppin, it's onBitch!