

# Why You Wanna Hate For

Memphis Bleek

Get your ones, get your guns  
Muthafucker it's on  
New millenium, and what?  
Bleek re-born  
All the haters eat a dick  
Who I'm riding with bitch  
You know the game and the name  
I ain't change for shit  
I toke cuatro cinco, when uno says  
Keep uno in the head, you wouldn't fuck with this  
My guns German, bullets burning  
Where them bricks I'm searching  
I need the money urgent  
And I'm rushing, you slowing me down, ain't no holding me now  
I'm out the gate, on the throne and I'm holding it down  
All my niggas on the run, you's to eat for a reason  
Fuck around and holla wrong, me and NORE come in squeezing  
And these streets is mine, M-E-M-P-H, I got style  
I make it look good being wild  
With da game I got, anything I got  
I hate everything in site, whether aiming or not

Yo, what you niggas wanna hate for?  
Why you niggas all running outta state for?  
You ain't thugs and you niggas can't take for  
Now you snitchin' why y'all wanna turn states for, ha?

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What, what, I do this shit for the streets  
Just left Iraq, bout to meet with Bleek  
Aiyo, and we both got weed in tons  
When me and MemphMan, smoke the call us lazer lungs!  
Thugged Out, Roc-a-Fella, big bank accounts  
On the sky-tel with big type, and bring the ounce  
Clip on niggas, niggas just be seeing me cussing  
How you dig up with my style, the way I be rushing  
Just to style you head in  
You drove to a dead end  
So what you gon' do now, once I but lead in  
I say what, what, now y'all say what, what  
I say, that I'm a thug, now y'all wanna be thugs  
And I admit that I'ma hustler just hustling drugs  
Yet I do this shit because crime pays  
I'll rock a cescear and doo rag  
And I don't got waves  
(don't got waves, don't got waves, don't got waves)

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Yo,yo,yo, niggas wanna turn states  
Just hand me the eight  
Have a crib in Iraq, for the Memph escape  
Where the D's won't find me  
Trees is lime green  
Hoes give head just to ride and watch springs  
Niggas gon' hate, 'cause we trying to get rich  
My steak got A1, I can taste the chips  
Give them facial hits, from the chrome thou flip  
With the serious scratch, get them pinacles back  
You can take some nigga, you wouldn't take some of these  
My bullets heat up and burn, nigga, feel my sting  
For the 9 double 9, these streets is Bleek  
All my niggas on the run just got to eat

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