

Quit Hatin', Pt. 1

Too \$hort

Yea, yea, e-YEAHHHH! O-kayyyyyy - what, what?
Wha', what, what?
Lil' Jon and the motherfuckin Eastside Boyz! (Yeahhhh)
Short Dawg! (YeahHHH) Once again at yo' ass (YEAHHHH!)
Bitch!! (Yeah!) This go out to all the pussy niggaz (listen here)
That see us when we walk in the club (whassup)
And just be mean muggin!

Quit hatin motherfucker, quit hatin!
Quit hatin pussy nigga, quit hatin!
God damnit MOTHERFUCKAHHH
God damnit MOTHERFUCKAHHH

High cause I'm tokin the choke and smokin on Purple Haze and I'm coughin
Got some new Nike's on my feet, even my Caddy wear Jordans
Now bitches be on my dick when I pull up in a platinum blue 'llac
They come and spread they ass crack, let me hit it from the back
On the flo', they bend over, shake them titties and twurk them hips
With them lil' ol' thongs on, I can almost see they coochie lips
And she backin that thing up on me, so I do the damn thing and pop her
With a lil' curl that ha-hangin proper, drunk off champagne and vodka
Just cause it's us in the club they krunk, it's \$hort and Twista
And I know the ladies know we love to cut, I can tell it when they whisper
They say -

See the ballin niggaz in the party
They came in new Escalades
And I got a single, wanna get up in the lobby
I'm with that, come freak all in my body, it's on

We about to break your back and your hip
Smoke a sack and just sip
Sit back and eat some immaculate shrimp
Stackin chips as a mack and a pimp, in the club you gon' bounce
But on the streets, my dro' goin for, six hundred a ounce

Show me love when you see me, don't hate
If you take my woman from me, what you gon' say?
Charge it to the game, if I lose, I lose
You never know when a hoe is wearin choosy shoes
You must be a magician cause you're nothin but a trick
Tryin to give her all your money, but whatchu gon' get?
I get 'em all, suited at the player's ball
Up against the wall, just got another number to call
Y'all see me I'm a real player, I do this nightly
You wanna fight me, cause you can't be like me
All you hatin ass suckers in the place
You better stop starin in my motherfuckin face
Too many jealous thoughts goin through yo' mind
You mad like you guilty, goin to do some time
Pay yo' pussy bill nigga if you want a date
But you just talkin shit I figure you just wanna hate
You hater!

Now you can catch me I-80 in the diamond lane gettin head
In the rearview, make a wrong move and I gotsta have your head
I put 23's in the game on the Avalanche and give you the blues

And blow white smoke up out the sunroof while we keep it on cruise
I ride with a hog in the back and the vogue in the back and you hatin on tha
t
It's just V. White, T. \$hort, Twista boy we blazin on track
It's just that Eastside psycho-chronological mind-stopper
Keep a burner at yo' waist while we serve these haters proper
You better get up, get out, get somethin; nigga, and stop frontin
If I had no car and stayed with my momma then I'd be hatin on somethin
Nah but nope, not me, I give 'em out, above the knee
You could catch one in the torso, b-2-1-2, fuckin with me
Now you can hate me all you want to cause I ain't hard to find
I got hitters on payroll and parolees dyin to shine
That'll leave a hole in your dome like Rogaine, old school like road games
You can't stop me from shinin, I'm highly flammable like propane

Yeah we got some real players in this motherfucker
Too \$hort, Twista, V. White, Lil' Jon, Eastside Boyz, Delinquents
Yeah we see you haters up in this motherfucker
Tryin to kick it like us real players
But you know what we gon' do?
We gon' sift you motherfuckin haters out
And we gon' beat yo' motherfuckin ass

Yeah that's right, whup that hater's ass
Beat his ass!
Like he stole somethin..

Quit hatin motherfucker, quit hatin!
Now slow it down for the retarded people