

Quit Hatin', Pt. 2

Too Short

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

I got the call, stuck at the crib, hoe I'm ready for war
Call your boy I got the deals and I'm hittin the do'
I got some niggaz with them figures waitin at the club
Gettin jigga with a swigga while I'm sittin on dubs
Lookin fake as hell, I keep my nails ready to fight
Club closed, powdered nose, I'm on one tonight
I keep them hatin bitches up so they can mimic the game
Watch yo' back cause if he gangsta then I'm takin yo' mayne
Haha, y'all bitches ain't keep shit real
Y'all bitches ain't got the wheel
Y'all bitches done clappin ya traps and don't even know the fuckin deal
Y'all just some hatin ass hoes, mad cause these real niggaz chose
Y'all bitches be poppin that shit gon' get popped in ya fuckin nose
Cause this shit big shit bitch, I'm down with that player shit
Y'all over there talkin now but you really just wanna suck his dick
Y'all bitches is scared and y'all been dared to make a move hoe
It's Joan of Arc, pullin guns on y'all hatin hoes

My baby momma butler hooked me with thirty-six
So many games cookin whippin down 55 in this bitch
Niggaz thought that I was slumpin I was steadily pumpin
Niggaz talkin bout a drop but man I ain't dealin nothin
I'm a self made nigga on the grind in the skreets
I ain't really wanna do it but my baby had to eat
From sales to hotels and dough from pote(?)nail
Pay everybody bail, ain't no spendin time in jail
Been around the world, y'all niggaz ain't seen all the shit I seen
Them girls, send them to Essence cause they sixteen
I'm comin through a couple bars to pimp them nipplezeens
In Southern Benz, S-Class, know what the fuck I mean?
A pimper, a stankin shriver(?) a Jack Tripper
A candy sweet dipper playin with cock and suckin on nipples
Every day my game get thicker, gettin good head from champagne sippers
Rapper the bird flipper, man, a motherfuckin nigga

Haters can't get it cause I ride with thugs, killers
Can only date the millionaires and drug dealers
Takin notes from Scarface and Goodfellas
Straight gangsters or them motherfuckein hoodfellas
Pretty and still gritty, like Frank Nitti
And I, flaunt my titties like I'm on "Sex and the City"
So here we go again, daddy short, why they hatin?
Cause ain't none bitch this rich and hit makin

What's up Todd?
What's up with you girl, what's goin on?
Ahh shit, the usual, fly from here to there
Doin a little bit of change, legal money - ha ha ha
Like that? Guess what, you know you on my album right?
What? So what are you saying Todd?
He he he, I'm sayin that, it's goin down right now baby
The song is called "Quit Hatin'," and I just wanna know

What would you say to the haters in yo' life?
Niggaz hatin.. bitches hatin.. fuck 'em!

You ain't gotta hate me so much
Just show me some love, when I pull up on dubs
And you ain't gotta pay me to fuck
Just show me some love, when you see me at the club