

## Wolfsheim

### "Quit Hatin' Pt. 2"

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[Intro/Chorus: Lil' Jon - repeat 2X]  
Quit hatin motherfucker, quit hatin!  
Quit hatin pussy nigga, quit hatin!  
God damnit MOTHERFUCKAHHH  
God damnit MOTHERFUCKAHHH

[Lyfe]  
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

[Chorus]

[Pimp C]  
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

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

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

[Chorus]

[Too \$hort having convo that starts over Chorus]

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!

[singer - repeat to fade]

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

