

Wu-Tang Clan "Hatin' Don't Pay"

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(feat. Bapteest, C.C.F., P.C)

[Intro: P.C. (ShaCronz)]

Yeah, heh.. mothafucka!

Yeah, big C, big dog

(Don't hate on us, we gon' get you

Big waiters, spectators)

[Chorus: Bapteest]

Hatin' Don't Pay, no way, no way

Hatin' Don't Pay.. no way, no way

Hatin' Don't Pay, no way, no way

Hatin' Don't Pay.. no way, no way

[ShaCronz]

Beyond a, Reasonable Doubt

I'm gangsta, won't hesitate to put the heat to ya mouth

Peep me out, tie up ya chick for them ki's in ya couch

We get money, go outta town, hustle for weeks than be
out

Rapid flows are dramatic, I'm here to let y'all bastards
know

My heart's colder than Alaskan snow, I could rip beats
fast or slow

When I let the ratchets go, come out ya face get what
you askin fo'

I make haters run like relays through the P.J.'s, homey

It's B.K, C.K., D-Day, homey

Keep metal, never settle for a le-way, homey

Still keep it ghetto 'til we pay, homey

Calm ya tone when we speakin' 'less you deep and got
'matics

From the home of the Nike Air's and Reebok Classics

Pack more guns, my Desert E's drop faggots

And fuckin' with the wrong bodies, ya seats popped,
bastard

[Chorus]

[P.C.]

Yo, yo

You 'spond, submission, watch, mission to stop me

Won't be defeated cuz they broke and they bitches is sloppy
They got me hot so I'm makin' niggaz laugh, haha,
seventeen dot
Every single time my gat is cocked
Y'all picked the wrong time to fuck with P dot C period
Just when you thought I was playin', I'm anout to get serious
Plus I'm furious and heated now, drunk and weeded now
Mothafuckas don't learn, suburbans leave 'em beaten now
O's to you ho's, leave 'em visions disposed
Like a tag can be placed on they toes - sippin' Hater-ade
Get some gators made, hustle, bought a trade
Cop a couple of locks before you get to speakin' on ya flock
Why you mad at me? Cuz I got a featurin' spot?
I guess you'd rather see me shot or somewhere strung out on rocks
Cuz I keep my mind on my grind 'til I reach the top
Go on and plot, ya haters'll never make me stop
Hatin' Don't Pay..

[Chorus]

[Freemurder]

Yeah, yeah, yo
Niggaz try to hate me like, I roll all crazy and
Let the three-eighty blow, Free got crazy dough
Frontin' for ya ho's, run through that lady coke
Music got you amped, now you leanin' on that radio
Niggaz and bitches, soon to become ho's
Black suit in a casket soon'll become yo's
My Mac shoot these bastards who want war
That's what my gun for, nigga fuck the gun law
I'm the reason they act like that
They'll make Free react like that
Find the gat on ya hat like that
Media'll wonder why I rap like that
Even behind the booth I'm strapped on a track like that
Brooklyn, nigga, throw shells 'round ya head
Wake up, shells surround ya bed
Hit ya with the pound instead
Y'all don't want me to do this
Hatin' Don't Pay, now Jake found you dead
Uh!

[Chorus]

[Outro: Freemurder]
Yo it's Freemurder, ShaCronz, P dot C period
Don't hate us, don't hate the game
Cuz the game don't hate you
The game don't even know you
You got to know the game
And remember, only the players change
The game stays the same

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