

## **Crooks Richard**

### **"Don't Hate It"**

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"Playa hate on my shit, you get a fat dick" - 2Pac  
(x6)

[Intro: Hell Razah]

Oh yeah, all in Red Hook  
Hustlin', standin' on shit blocks  
For hours, 'til the sky crack the next day

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

Y'all don't wanna see us blow  
Y'all don't wanna see us with dough  
Y'all don't wanna see us flow  
Hell no, we glow  
You knew it was the end the way we came in the door  
Hit the club and I'ma leave with ya ho, ho, ho  
My flames be hot, every time that I throw  
Ain't nothin' new, son I did this before, a G.G.O.  
My niggas flip money like it ain't no mo'  
Cause ain't no friends if it ain't no mo'

[Verse One: Hell Razah]

On the dirty blocks of Red Hook we learned to get our  
first check book  
Be a crook and let the cocaine cook  
Little brothers turn to workers, cops draw guns just to  
surge us  
And question us about the murders until we figure why  
God cursed us  
And that this wicked world was never worth us  
We show respect to the ones who birthed us  
Took care of us on welfare, we grown now  
Belchin' from beers, smokin' weed in the project stairs  
Half of my peers got hit with like 15 years  
And the A's we was at was like 16 years  
The graves is callin', opened up for slaves that's fallen  
As the ghetto take the lives of those made for ballin'  
Layin' in coffins, cries to the church organ  
Some will hustle till six in the mornin' just for the  
fortune  
For a new whip, a venom for flossin', bought a Benz  
from the auto auction

We broke his window with a piece of porcelain  
We stay strapped for those jealousy cats  
Layin' hats the same place they do their felonies at  
You ain't the only one who sell crack and got gats  
A lot of niggas got that, soul left with death and never  
got back  
Some will cock back and pop that, so pop shit without  
that  
Be careful what you follow if you ain't about that  
I'm the R to the A to the S in the flesh  
Don't forget, I'm all about cash, credit and checks  
I'ma rap to the death, till Christ resurrect  
No less, I come as a threat, get it correct  
Hip Hop is a way of life, it's in my breath  
The way I breathe, I step not the way I dress  
East to West throw your arms right to left  
Give me a mic and a crowd and a turntable set  
Ancient twelve, I play with the fires of hell  
Only role models that I had was dyin' in jail  
Crack sales make a black male wanna weed dwell  
600 Benz shittin with a hot female  
All I wanna do is records and pay my bills  
Why I gotta be hater? Cause I say what I feel?  
I say a prayer then I aim before I spray at will  
Y'all only make me wanna kill if you delay my deal  
Hurry up and get them contracts, facts and crills  
Or I'ma have to put out .38 stainless steel  
Engineer, turn my beat up and watch me spill  
Hot lava, my throat burns like straight shots of Vodka  
Ready To Die like Big Poppa  
I put the curse on a witchdoctor  
It's 2G, y'all better spit proper  
I like my shorty when she in Prada  
You make no sense to this big dollar  
I want the cash money, fuck a Oscar  
Mothafucker

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Baghdad]

We ain't goin' to jail so fuck bail  
Baghdad, Hell Razah, hammer and nail  
BK to PJ's for the bangsters  
With links with the anchors  
You too frail, abide a single street e-mail  
Power-trippin' off with them L's

"Playa hate on my shit, you get a fat dick" - 2Pac (x6)

