

## Cam'ron "Hate Music"

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HOOK: Cam'ron

Ayo my niggas can't take music  
Everybody rap to us, so we hate music  
Now we make the hate music  
We 'bout to rape music, straight up degrate music  
You aint 18, shit, don't even play music  
Killin is another high  
I hope your girl get AIDS, your brother crash and dash  
Or your mother die, and your sister is a topless dancer  
No answer, glaucoma, and your pops got cancer

[Juelz Santana]

Yo I'm a motherfucking nightmare, y'all can either love  
me or hate me  
Know alotta niggas wanna slug me and waste me  
That's why I never keep the gun on safety  
When I get this money, y'all gon hate me  
Y'all act like Harlem aint that shit, go 'head and play  
dumb  
Like y'all don't know where AlPo and Rich bought the  
caine from  
Sugarhill cocaine slums, get it correct  
Real niggas spit at your chest, look at your death  
Y'all cop Playstations, play Live 2000  
I'ma cop guns, try to survive 2000  
Nigga like me be on the block every day  
While you think your moms look rocked every day  
'cause she come see me for them rocks every day  
Keep the thang close, ready to pop every day  
'cause I'm tired of you spot betters  
I got a 380 full of hot peppers, that'll rip through them  
cop's sweaters  
You dudes is chumps, talkin 'bout you live like thugs  
You be home watchin Midnight Love  
No bitch, you and your hand makin midnight love  
It's over dog, you need to just get right fuck, what

HOOK

[Cam'ron]

I got the gun and clip, runnin shit  
I run chains, run rings, run in your block, make you run

Then I run things  
Piss in a cup, come on, fuck a drug test  
I'm on my block, knockout kings, slugfest  
A few beers cold, come through here bold  
A few of us blew our goals when fuckin two years old  
Off to the lobby, all to the body, then auction a shottie  
Go to Boston and party hardy with Walter McCardy  
Drunk, smackin bitches off the Bacardi  
Hustle often as robbery, so guns, coppin double  
Fuck around with me, I'ma pop your bubble  
Put up my own yellow tape, save the cops the trouble  
If you wanna see my true portions, screw bossin  
Kill you like Mike pop for new Jordans  
Come through flossin, jail aint nothin for me  
I got cake baby, bail aint nothin for me  
I'm that same son of a B, gun in the V  
Coke, guns, hookers, I'm the one that you see  
Cats still talkin fly, put his tongue in a tree  
If we nice, then we'll let him keep his lung for a G  
When I rap, it aint nothing but hungry you see  
Jimmy, Juelz, Cam, yo I'm one of the three, beotch

HOOK

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