

Big Mountain "Hate Mail"

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[Cool Nutz]

Who's that knocking at the window?
It must be Cool Nutz, and the Playboy Bleek
[repeat]

[Bleek]

They say this game is to be chopped
Dropped like it was hot
Y'all ain't know that Playboy Bleek got game laced for a
lame
And you hos
On your toes I say
On my command niggas falling
Im the littlest G with the biggest dick and balls
Count stacks of g's off in my cut
In the burbs
Running up in your spot on point ready to swerve
Niggas got some nerve
No business bald ass clown
As quick as you got up your ass can get laid down
Tre' pound all she wrote
Done did
Fucking with that crooked ass sneer
Nigga off in here
Now throw your hands up high point them to the
atmosphere
Niggas hate because they ladies tell off in my ear
They sheer
See through like the pantyhose and stockings
Make a nigga want to quit go back to back spins and
pop him
Game chopping in a flannel like that nigga Paul Bunyon
Now hos talking cheaper than a grab bag of Funyons
Snatch
Talking shit while I kick back
Try and play Pioneer and get your face detached
You hate Bleek I hate your granny and the smell of her
snatch
Relax with the hate mail you little tramp ass batch

[Cool Nutz]

Rain, sleet, or snow

Wet like a ho,
Nigga act like you know giddy up on the go
For sure don't break it down
I'm about to clown
The heat that I bring nigga world renound
I'm freeway bound I-5 or buck-fifty
Like MC Eiht and business got my eyes stuck on shifty
Dump if you dare smoke it up like cowboys
Your fucking with a savage and a nigga brung the
noise
I melt a motherfucker we hot like sunburns
I'm bringing more drama than as the world turns
You hate Cool Nutz buster I hate your mamma
Blow the brains out your joint like the fucking
Unabomber
Calm, cool, collect I keep my composure
Metabolism slow like I smoked a pound of dojia
503 N-E-P be the region
Where gold ones spin
Thug life living
>From the sac to the track I'm all about my bubble
And fuck any nigga with a backwards ass hustle
>From crack sales, hotels, fatty gravels
All you buster ass niggas straight sit and hate mail

Chorus:
[Cool Nutz]

Strictly for the fatty
Nigga can't you tell
Rain, sleet, or snow
Niggas bring the hate mail
Take it on your chest
Homey bring your vest
Recognize this game
We say fuck the rest
[repeat]

[Cool Nutz]
You weigh a buck-o-five blow away in the wind
I slap the smerk off the face of the crooked tooth grin
I got three niggas stuck so that makes triplets
Mumble mouth motherfuckers straight talking sticklets
A pig in a blanket and roll to a tee
Cool Nutz on the cut with the B double E
In the breeze with ease and I'm all up in your guts
The words of the day niggas don't give a fuck
Cause haters gonna hate but I'm still gonna kick it
Niggas on my team say I'm selling Wolf Tickets
It's all about the family so nigga stop assuming
I wanna stack all the Cheddar and post at the reunion

[Bleek]
On my return flight
I recite slow and steady
Hit the joint with the flows on point like Tius Eddie
Running up in spots ready to swerve
Make your pistol pushing through in the Chevy Suburb
In 9-6 I'll blow your whistle
And put this shit to a halt
Niggas catching the salt no hands like Willy Wonk
And it's all your fault
Trespass without permission
Keep a nigga on his toes like a midget when he's
kissing
Listen closely observe the twist
About to pull and hit a blunt in Cool Nutz' 7-6
I don't hate nothing but the smell of your breath
Cool Nutz and Bleek and we out to the left

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