

## **E-40**

# **"Record Haters"**

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(Cal Luv's intro)

Yo check it out.

Today we're here wit basketball star Rasheed Wallace.

(Yo what up kid?)

From the... what, what, what team is that you play for again?

(Sshh. The Bullets man.)

Yea right, right.

So tell me Rasheed you know what I'm sayin,

this hip-hop thang an everythang goin on,

tell me, I mean, what, what's yo flavor?

(Yo check it out kid, I only like real hip-hop man,

the real shit. You know what I'm sayin. Redman, Wu-

Tang,

you know what I'm sayin. I don't fool wit the Goodie

Mob's,

and I especially don't fool wit them E-40's.)

[E-40]

Nigga what the fuck they GOOD fo? Nigga let's shoot fins

You got all the bread nigga, put up yo Benz

Nah-nah, can't do that - Why not? Ol skool trophy

somethin I done worked too hard fo, nigga quote me

yo swole bank rolls done turned to lil ol anarxins

get ready to pay the price ??? pee-wee no catchin

Who got change fo this brand new hundred?

Staight outta welfare

when I break you niggas I'm a have enough money, to buy Fairfield

spend about a half a hundred thousand

boost up my coins

preceed to spit mo supafly

than Donald Goins

this game is so damn hemrigin

that I be delivin

these niggas don't understand my shit

but they surrendurin

simmerin, rememberin things that, done jumped off

lyrics spit on niggas than a, a bad cough

messy hoes, got my name between they teeth

juss because... I'm from the WEST not the EAST

graduated from the dope game  
phat ass wallets  
What's that niggas name?  
Rasheed Wallace!!  
You gon' have to learn to respect yo elders mayne  
I'm twomp bait nigga ain't no need for you to record  
hate  
mind ya own, or ya own gon remind you  
Nigga!!  
The Click will biatch!

Chorus: Big Lurch & E-40

Record Hatin bitches!  
Suave game and snitches!  
(Learn about it bitch!)  
We should cease you from existance.  
(That's right)  
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.  
(Mutha fucka!)  
Ya Record Hatin bitches  
(Trademark.)  
there's no way you could get wit this  
(Stick to basketball nigga!)  
we should cease you from existance  
niggas like that shouldn't be livin.  
(Biatch!)

[E-40]

Got another muthafucka on my shit list  
I'm a cut off his dick list  
I mean my hit list  
my rest in piss list  
dude that be hangin around Nas  
you know, gay baby  
nigga said some negative shit about me up in a  
magazine called "  
after watchin "New York Undercover" while I was, takin  
a shit  
Kool Keith was on the front cover that's when I  
that's when I spotted him  
that nigga AZ tried to say that I don't deserve a  
platinum plaque  
nigga I was sellin tapes out the trunk of my car  
when you was runnin round drinkin Simalac  
all up in yo fake ass videos (ok)  
champagne an coffin full of skrill  
nigga know damn well yo punk ass ain't got had no  
mills  
I'm payin full nigga an I'll have yo head where ever you  
at

I'm straight fool nigga seem like someone shoulda  
been an told ya  
that bring the yellow tape nigga, jungle full of asphalt  
don't make no sense to talk that talk  
if a nigga ain't gon' walk that walk  
zip up yo lip befo' yo lip zip you up  
Biatch!  
Biatch!  
I gives a fuck! Biatch!

It's major pain.  
Nigga don't know a damn thang about me.  
You mutha fuckas don't know nuttin bout no E-40 hoe!  
Monkey mouthed biatch!  
Biatch!

\*(Chorus)\*

Record Hatin bitches!  
Suave game and snitches!  
(Learn about it bitch!)  
We should cease you from existance.  
(That's right)  
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.  
(Shouldn't be livin.)  
Ya Record Hatin bitches!  
(Record Hatin bitches!)  
there's no way you could get wit this  
(Uh.)  
We should cease you from existance  
(V-Town bitch!)  
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.  
(E'ry time)

[E-40]

When I first started off niggas had me fucked,  
muthafuckas was blind  
in '89 that ol "Mr. Flamboyant" shit was way ahead of  
his time  
had everyone an they great grandmas off that Carlos  
Rossi wine  
was in a major label an business that uh didn't want us  
to shine  
it was me an my potna from Suave House Records  
Tony Draper, E-40, an The Click  
8-Ball, an MJG gettin that independent paper  
all about my ruh-uh-rap, uh-should I shine  
beat a muthafucka uh-duh-down, e'ry time  
40 get yo marbles man, get yo change  
take a limosuine everywhere you go and fly private  
planes

that's what I was taught to do  
by my big homie thou  
you can always be a nigga,  
but a nigga ain't rich til he can't count his money no  
mo'  
over night sensation, never me  
all you "Record Haters" got Ph.IV  
my niggas 3X Krazy laced me  
taught me how to say "fa sheezy"  
told me that them AZ muthafuckas don't believe phat  
means greasy  
we can shoot it out, or we can fight  
You an Rasheeda wanna squash the funk?  
Shoot me some peace bitch!

\*(Chorus)\*

Record Hatin bitches!  
(Record hatin bitches!)  
Suave game and snitches!  
(Suave game and snitches!)  
We should cease you from existance.  
(That's rich.)  
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.  
(Suck-els!)  
Ya Record Hatin bitches  
(Lil ol, biatch!)  
There's no way you could get wit this  
(That's right.)  
We should cease you from existance  
(Learn about it.)  
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.  
(That's right.)

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