

## Elvis Hitler

### "A Whole Lotta Hatin'"

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[Royal T]  
Hell Yeah  
Check this out  
It's motherfuckin' Royal T homie  
Up on this bitch  
Fuckin' vatos yappin' homie  
We don't fuck around at Low Pro

[Verse 1] -  
Never fucking around  
You wanna be known the way I be puttin' them down  
Bucking them down fool, the way I be getting around  
Hard on the city, be fellin' your pity, just hopin' there's  
no tomorrow  
When ever you mom's on my mind fool, you know the  
time  
The way I murder and slaughter you father, your  
mother, and your daughter  
When ever you comin', you better be gunnin', before I  
make my motherfuckin'  
?? comin'  
Gang bangin' in the 6-1-9, Low Pro keep it real when we  
on the grind

I'm stuck up fool, I don't hear the hater's talkin'  
I focus on chips, that bullshit keep walkin'  
Got at your ex, cause baby doll keep jockin'  
Got her, sprong on the dick, now that bitch is night  
stalkin'  
Tryna be my baby's mama, but chill baby doll  
I already got one, that drive's me up the fuckin' wall  
I'm just tryna ball, and be single and free  
Now watch me hope a '63 from L.A. to S.D.

Chorus 2x:  
It's so ruff, so tuff, the shit we been trough (What!!)  
A Whole lotta hatin', be still continue (Biatch)  
Making dope track's that still offend you (What!!)  
Either we gonna hit the street's or we gonn hit'chu  
(Oooooo)

[Verse 2]

I'm old school, no 20's, I roll 13's  
S.D., Jersey, it's about time you heard me  
Slow motion through the city  
Needy with the greedy  
What'chu know about the Low Profile committee  
Scopin' chica's with the tight clothes  
Always spittin' tight flows, hit'chu with oh, five holes  
What'chu ready to die holmes?  
Watch me get my shine on, watch me get my ride on  
If you got beef, homie, we gonna collide homles

True gangster shit, get on my hit  
Now trip if you wanna trip  
But I spit flows, equivalent, 2 slug's of the clip  
Don't slit, we got it on lock, keep da block from burnin'  
down  
Platinum sounds, made enough cash, to put you  
underground

Hell yeah, got that heat, 17 shot's across the street  
I made that money, and like pussy, I'm gonna kill it  
Ese's don't play, we roll mad ??  
Test the ball's on my homie, you'll be dead in the street  
of Southeast

Chorus 2x

[Verse 3] - Lil' Rob

I wake up in the morning, can't wait for night time  
You said you got a style but it's not quite like mine  
You said your fucking real? then let's keep it real  
You wanna be like me cause I got the rap appeal  
You little leva, every time I hear your name  
I laugh cause I know you, claimin' that your somethin'  
You ain't nothin', your bluffin', so ruff, so tuff  
When your on the mic, put it down, like your head  
When I saw you at the mall that night  
Every thing you say is dumb, crack my cranium  
I'll crack you cranium, in the center, of Qualcomm  
Stadium  
With everybody watchin', "You can only witness the  
thing's you see  
Not the things you hear" remember that, so stop  
talking  
mocking what your jocking, next time you see me puto,  
keep on walkin'  
Don't be stopping or we'll be boxing  
You hate me, but you play me, how else would you hear  
this  
Checkin' out my lyrics cause you fear this you can't get

near this

Chorus 2x

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