

## Blues Brors

### "Player Haters"

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(Car honks)

-Girl, bring yo muthafuckin ass on, I ain't got all day!  
Come on.

-Muthafucka, don't be rushin me! Here I come, damn!

-(mumbling)

-Damn, always playin and shit, just bring yo  
muthafuckin ass on. Shit!

-(normal) What's up?

-Shit.

-Oh, well what you wanna do today?

-Nigga, it don't matter as long as you spendin that loot.

-Oh, ain't nothin wrong with that if I got it, you know  
what I'm sayin?

-Hey, uh, why don't you put this in right quick?

-Hmm, what's this?

-This that Dayton Family. Shit, nigga, that shit is tight.

-What? This bullshit? Get this shit out my car! We ain't  
playin no Dayton

Family. Naw, they ain't even happenin.

-Fuck you, nigga. You's a muthafuckin playa hater.

[Shoestring]

No playa hatas be at the party cause it's a playa thang  
So pack yo ?bag it? in that wagon, and make that  
change

I'm fuckin yo bitch, she suckin my dick, and it feels  
good

I'm hittin that wood like you should when you leave the  
hood

I'm in yo house, fuckin yo bitch, she's lovin this ghetto  
cock

You slip and slide, I be hittin em with this demon drop  
You perpetrate me, playa hate me, bitch, I started you  
I brung you in this bitch, and now he switch, he wasn't  
true

I.D.'s a snitch, who rolled back on that liquor store  
To the click that snitched on Matt, betta watch yo back  
cause you got to go

Quit shakin my hand and understand that you're my  
enemy

Didn't hang with you then, don't hang with you now, but

you pretend to be  
My fuckin nigga, the bigger the body the bigger the  
hole in fall  
I'm pullin the trigga on the nigga there's no need to  
stall  
So if you run up you'll get gunned up by this quiet  
nigga  
Shoestring won't buy it, nigga, so don't you try it nigga  
Walk in the club ready to buck with any playa hation  
You catchin a bullet in yo stomach is the situation  
Knockin out yo wind, I'm so high I see a fuckin kite  
Gotta get yo goods, gotta get yo goods then I'm outta  
sight  
Used to be my niggaz, but you niggaz wanna playa  
hate me  
Comin out your ??? is the muthafuckin A-V-E  
Mo bounce than a wooper, spit mo game than a nigga,  
sugar  
Betta ask that hooker, I get snotty as a fuckin booger  
Nosy as blow, cold as snow, in this pimpin game  
Bustas be lame, got you bitches fiendin for that cane  
My shit is pro and good to go, call me a Dayton rater  
No love for hoes, cause they some muthafuckin playa  
haters.

Chorus (4X): My shit is pro and good to go, call me a  
Dayton rater  
(Player hated, player hated)

[Ghetto E]  
Playa hation, this is the situation that I'm up against  
These niggaz be hollerin my name, I'm bootin that cane  
and that's evidence  
What I done is what you do, you lived off ramp, you  
wasn't true  
Now your spittin villians, run around town, and then I  
fucked your boo  
You niggaz love playa hatin, suckin dick from state to  
state  
Now you wanna snitch on gangstas, bitch, cause you  
got caught with weight  
Witness to a murder, you ain't heard, shut yo mouth  
when a killa's talkin  
Got caught with a key, turned F-E-D and now yo ass is  
walkin  
Rats want they cheese F-E-Ds had some scent degrees  
You get demolished, fuck your college, bitch, don't  
fuck with G's  
Quote of the law, but you done saw a ho and cashed a  
check  
Wanna send me up, and pen me up like I'm a fuckin pet

P-L to the A-Y-E-R-H-A-T to the fuckin E  
You said we're done, your family's over, you're blind  
and we can see  
The facts of life are that you're jealous of these Dayton  
fellas  
No one can trail us, you're rebellious, that's what ya tell  
us  
I peeped your game, you're poor and ain't got shit to  
do  
You left a clue, your ho said you ain't like my crew  
I played you off, now fuckin your ho, this week she bout  
me gators  
Wearin your suit, my brother's boots so fuck you player  
haters

Chorus (4X) [Yo, my nigga ???, niggaz be playa hatin  
with two.]  
[They gon really playa hate us now, ya'll. Check it out.]

[Esham]  
Man, why these punk ass niggaz be player hatin?  
I be gettin my slang on down on Dayton  
Me and Shoestring, doin our thing  
Blunt smoke in back seat, ridin limousine  
See a been a millionaire since ninety-one  
Unholy Esham, I'm my mama's son  
All you rappers out there sayin you in gold  
But ain't got shit to show for the records you sold  
I.D. told me let a ho be a ho  
Niggaz hate you got paid, they playa hatin you so  
Fuck them niggaz, they gon die and nobody'll show  
At they ho ass funeral, cause only you'll know  
Niggaz get paid when they stay true to the game  
Fuck them hoes and get the money, steady fuckin the  
fame  
See me and Ghetto E kinda feel the same,  
All ya'll playa hatin niggaz out there no ya'll name  
And ya'll some playa haters

Chorus (4X)

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