

## **Flesh-N-Bone "Playa Hater"**

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[K] All my niggas, my niggas, my niggas...  
Killa, me killa, me killa, me killa, me killa  
[F] Why we gotta deal with the haters everyday?  
[K] Time after time after time  
[F] Lord, why we gotta deal with the haters everyday?  
[K] Why must I got the glock nine?  
[F] Why we gotta deal with these haters everyday?  
[K] Time after time after time, time after time  
[F] Lord, why we gotta deal with these haters  
everyday?  
Come follow me down East 99, down East 99

[Flesh]  
Nowadays, make me go to pack a pump  
When I'm tryin' to stay thuggin it  
In the way, playa haters see me, get a grudge  
What's on they mind?  
Nigga, that's sluggin' it  
Got a feelin' to swang, hang, bang  
Had a bullet headed to the top, drop  
And the playa haters same old, Mo Thug, Bone  
Nigga roll, strut these nuts, get a pap  
Tossed in the Cuyahoga River slain  
Test the Fifth Dawg  
Slip the clip in, rollin' on  
Yellin' off murda mo  
Better jump in the ?,  
Now we're (looted thugs, smug) here I go  
Let's serve them hoes  
It's on, niggas sick of this hater-ism  
How my gat gonna try to keep comin'  
Ain't it hard dealin', slangin' dope  
Fill the block with the niggas here to run off the Bone  
Well, here we go with the untouched feelin' rythym  
Hoes feelin' a nigga to put in their eardrum  
Every now and then fall into ?  
Stand the post when the Bone ?  
Runnin' through the one under the top lock  
Gotta creep how we hoop  
And shot the rock through the bomb-ass house party  
jumpin'  
Look in the hood, last stop, and we won't stop

One got dropped, oh why deadly, oh so deadly  
Throwin' these thangs in a Gang of people mine  
Runnin' up on me, it'll be dreadful  
Flesh come to be the boss with pride, no time

[Layzie]

You got the clout  
You got the clout  
So much clout, Mo Thug is what it's all about  
And I'm livin' in a nation of abomination  
Suppress the playa hatin' on a mission 'til the million  
see me  
Sucka situation, should I be personally waitin' for  
These party poopin' fakin' muthafuckas mistakin'?  
Play me like I'm loose, when ya need to get your shit  
right  
'Cause I got my shit tight  
Fuckin' with a nigga a thousand proof  
And I'm raisin' the roof when I'm startin' this fistfight  
Set it off, that's me, O  
T-H-U-G, original thug  
From the C-town, outlaw squad  
You niggas can't touch me with a ten-foot rod (rod)  
'Cause I'm rollin' with God  
Peace be still, peace be still, make a move  
And I'll have to hurt ya, dog  
If I got the time, then I'm a repent that  
The devil wanna make me murda  
Layzie, Layzie, lately my mind be goin' crazy  
Save your soul  
Oh, what can I do?  
Tell me, what can I do?  
Got me holdin' my gun with persistence  
Show these judgin' niggas no resistance  
I'm a hit you with a beam at a distance  
In a instance, this shit is gonna change, and I'm in this

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[Krayzie]

Nigga, gon' get pap pap and put in a coffin  
Now, why must we playa hate?  
'Cause a nigga crept on a come up

And brought all my niggas with us from day one they  
roll  
Ya know, what a nigga wanna test me for?  
Bless me soul, ? all, and that's for the jealous bustas  
Who said that Eazywould fuck us  
Everytime I pull up on the block  
To smoke with my partners outta Red Dog  
You got me some? Got some  
Niggas is trippin' on your niggas spendin' cash, money  
For the five-double-o-Benz's  
And I'll bet that they schemin' to rob me  
They plot me that 187  
They got me all fucked up, fucked up  
Krayzie be pinnin' when niggas be trippin' they down  
with us  
Act like it, the money, the fame  
And the weed and the drink  
Nigga, let's sweat they thang  
My thugstas spit ya game  
Buck 'em all down with the fo'-fo' blows  
They're so far away, kill em all, kill em all  
Well, if I could teach the world to be (to be)  
A muthafuckin' thug in perfect harmony  
Harmony, harmony, harmony  
In state to state, in state to state -  
Everywhere they playa hate, they playa hate  
Buck 'em, buck 'em, buck 'em, fuck 'em, fuck 'em, fuck  
'em

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[Flesh]  
Take a look in the trunk  
We got what all you need on the double nine  
Better go with your heaters  
Got killas to meet you, greet you  
Y'all come creepin' through the cut  
See the Bone, now me stick a lick up  
Come up good when they stick you, waitin' for the day ?  
So you done got me flippin' on coppers at all  
Got a nigga frustrated  
I hate it, got me aggravated, trip to Hell  
And it's murda, my Lord

Tossed in the coffin for fuckin' with the Fifth  
It ain't easy, seein' 'em wig-split up on the curb  
Pump my humps on 225, when I kick the rhyme  
That's five points on the Richter scale and a hell-a herb  
If Flesh overheard you was hatin', talkin' not to my face  
Better hope, pray, for me ready, I pick up place, spray  
the AK  
Everyday be the same on a level, too, shovels graves  
In the sight of a psychopath, TEC and lead 'em all dead  
Than a mobsta Johnny Gotti with a tommy, try to gun  
Then I blast, haul ass, kick up dust  
Gonna rush when I bust had to get a little trigger happy  
And I got a lot of my daddy in me  
Got the genes of a soldier that man me, get it out  
Ask me, and I'll be gladly to let ya know what it is, the  
deal  
That's if you can handle it without turnin' playa hater  
Later, so keep it real  
Muthafuckas, that's on the real

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