

Jermaine Dupri "Don't Hate On Me"

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Nigga, don't you hate on me, why don't you go and get you some?

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Nigga, don't you hate on me, motherfucker, go get you some

Get off my dick, bitch, get out my mix and tell me where the real niggas at

Put your blunts in the air, y'all nigga get fried to this To the [Incomprehensible] to mother

Tell me who the thuggest in this motherfucker

What you niggas really wanna do? Big ballers flossin'

Niggas wanna beat so they got to be talkin'

Oh, let me give them what they say and run 'em in they face

What they say? "Oh nothin'"

Buster, hit'em in they shit anyway

That's how we play, stil thuggin' ain't a thing change

Still the same name, love the face

Real, real niggas, that's all I gotta say

You fuckin' with the real, you ball to get gusted

Really, the real ain't shit to be fucked wit'

Protected by the niner, when you careful

The nigga the trigger finger itchy fixin' to make you

duck the whole flock
Make a nigga close shop, sho' 'nuff
Showstopper, fuckin' 'em up with diesel
What's pumpin' the shotgun?

Real necessary 'cause all we want is a little respect
That's all we want but nigga, you don't feel me
Krazyie crazy, maybe insane hangin' with JD
Little rip done, slip the clip into the gat, rat-tat-tat, just
like that

I ain't fixin' to be the bitch to procrastinatin'
Niggas wanna be shippin' me half a cake
Go through whatever drastic measures I hafta take
Make a motherfucker masterbate, the hotter I get the
more hate

Some of you hoes is overrated with flows
The salvate'll take 'em to the rehab and get'em re-
instated
My lyrical content send other bitches to convents
Pray for me to be deleted but that's nonsense

Been the bomb since '74 Aries
I can see how ya nigga be lookin' at me
He want to get in between the sheets
Leave the wallet and the keys for me

I ain't persuaded easily but if he spend the cheese for
me
Nigga, we can fuck free frequently
You study me, but another me could never be sold
Broke the most 6-0-6-4-4

When niggas'll haul off and hit ya with the sawed off
Seen plenty motherfuckers fall off with they jaws off
When I'm finished droppin' 'em al off
On the west side of Chi, I'm ridin' high

Thinkin' of way to make it through the major
Of the paper chase
Slidin' by, keep a luger in the chamber ready for
danger
When it's time to die

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See everywhere I go, I feel like niggas be tryin' to get me stuffed

I'm flyin' on out of what? Iced up and all the hoes wanna fuck

Knockin' bitches and that nigga got cake stacked up, packed up

Everything I touch, gold and platinum, what?

Niggas can't fuck with us

Like Busta Bust, we dangerous

And you know that if I peel I got mo'

Y'all peel, it's gone, that's why the ice grill on

When the wheel on by y'all niggas in the corner

Back and forth, like "Fuck that little guy"

Don't worry 'bout me, you need to worry

'Bout yo' goddamn self

How you shit on shelf and how you sit around

Wishin' that a nigga would sign to So So Def

I'm a A T L A N T alien

Never been known to play with

Can't none of y'all see me, so y'all niggas don't really need to say shit

With all your paper-hatin', paper-hatin' and your bad looks

What y'all need to do is shut up

And take heed to what my nigga sayin' in the hook

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