

Jermaine Dupri

"Hate Blood - Featuring Jadakiss And Freeway"

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What? Y'all got hate in your blood
This is fucked up
Y'all got hate in your blood
This is fucked up, man
Y'all got hate in your blood

Listen, I know y'all niggas want me, I hear y'all niggas
plottin'
I see y'all niggas lookin' but I ain't stoppin', I'm gone in
something fast
Through the city with no top that reach 220 on the
dash, I'm so hot
In everybody's hood with other niggas' hoes, I'm
throwin' paper at them
Bitches screamin', "So so", now every
spot I hit, I'm hearing different shit
About homies that want me that weren't with me when I
started this

It's fucked up but I, can't let these niggas blurry my
vision
On where I'm going and how I'm living, ya know, I got a
daughter now
Young age three if her daddy don't shine, then my
shorty won't eat
Feel me, do I floss? Yes, sometimes I hit the block so
damn hard
I start hatin' my self, it's bad, I feel your pain dawg but
the only thing
I'm about to change is the game, motherfucker

If you're sick of seeing niggas pop Cris and talkin' 'bout
stacking chips
You know what? You got hate in your blood
Sick of seeing Bentley's and hearing niggas talk about
sittin' on dubs
You got hate in your blood

If you're sick of seeing artists and hearing artists
You know what? You got hate in your blood
Listen, I know you niggas want me, I hear you niggas
plottin'

I see you niggas lookin' but I ain't stoppin', it's on

Papi had raw, then I bought him out, you know me, fuck niggas

Kill 'em all, let God sort 'em out, rapid fire got my hands shakin'

And everybody hate dyin' but most niggas die hatin'

While y'all run to the bank, I run to the brink

A real thug keep the Tommy gun under the mink

I got a glass kitchen, you can see what's under my sink

And I do shit just to do it, too much money to think

So you can hate all you want, I'ma still be 'Kiss, dirty

A lot of paper, filthy rich, JD's the architect, he built these hits

Ruff Ryder's, So So Def, feel this shit and you can tell any one of your boys

You might find 'em in a hood near you and any one of his toys

'Cause I know, you got hate in your blood

Still dump eight in your mug, so cock sucker take it and love

If you're sick of seeing niggas pop Cris and talkin' 'bout stacking chips

You know what? You got hate in your blood

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You got hate in your blood

If you're sick of seeing artists and hearing artists

You know what? You got hate in your blood

Listen, I know you niggas want me, I hear you niggas plottin'

I see you niggas lookin' but I ain't stoppin', it's on

Somebody tell me why, man, somebody tell me, why

Do niggas just hate, hate, hate the way they do? Man

Let me explain something to y'all about me, man

Why y'all think I was the first rap nigga on MTV Cribs?

'Cause I'm a young, fly, flashy motherfucker, y'all think I'ma stop, fuck now

I'ma keep ridin' down the block with my hat bent

In the black bent, with them dubs on that shit

We gon' still be in the club poppin', Cristal

Pourin' Belvedere on bitches, we don't give a fuck, man

As matter of fact I wish, I could smack the shit

Out of one y'all niggas right now with some money

But you know what I'm saying
'Cause y'all niggas just hate, hate, hate
Well y'all gonna have to just keep hatin' motherfuckers

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Listen, I know you niggas want me, I hear you niggas
plottin'
I see you niggas lookin' but I ain't stoppin', it's on, bitch

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