

Jermaine Dupri "Hate Blood"

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What? Ya'll got hate in your blood
(This is fucked up)
Ya'll got hate in your blood
(This is fucked up man)
Ya'll got hate in your blood

Listen, I know ya'll niggas want me
I hear ya'll niggas plottin', I see ya'll 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, 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'
myself
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, it's the end
And hearing artists, it's the end, 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 ya'll 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'mma 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, uh

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, it's the end And hearing artists, it's the end, 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 ya'll about me man Why ya'll think I was the first rap nigga on MTV Cribs?

'Cause I'm a young, fly, flashy motherfucker Ya'll think I'mma stop, fuck naw I'mma 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
A matter of fact I wish I could smack the shit
Out of one ya'll niggas right now with some money

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

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Bitch!

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