

# Master P "Playa Haterz"

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Yo jt tell her to give me a 7 up man  
Hey, hey that bitch tripping man, hey bring us some  
drinks hoe  
Man that show was liver than a motherfucker they was  
loving us  
Man it was large as shit

Verse 1 (jt the bigga figga)

Check the sickness, forget this game that you missing  
So I understand you had a plan to rip up potential  
Players in the game without no shame to fault me  
Realize that they surprised that you tried to salt me  
I backed up off ya, I seen ya coming  
Doing a 100 or more running, so now I'm gunning  
If you try to play them players nigga than you getting  
played  
Keeping my game tight so short like a razor blade  
Afraid of who is what you ask me  
Just because you got your mac10 ready to blast me  
And pass me up as if you didn't know  
Representing getting low, p nigga hit the floor

Verse 2 (master p)

Sideways through the cut with the gold one's spinning  
Suckers jealous cause they know the p is deep up in it  
On my way to filmore to see jt  
We ain't set tripping it's all about some dope beats  
But you got to watch your back for them perpetrators  
Imitators man I mean player haters  
You know the type, that's quick to fucking give you dap  
And all the while, they ready to fucking peel your cap  
And if ya don't understand don't test me  
Cause the p ain't living fucking nappy  
I'll leave some motherfucking flowers at your gravesite  
And make love to your bitch almost every night  
Caught you slipping and you died like a perpetrator  
On your tombstone should read player hater

(chorus)

I ain't saying no names  
Its alot of player haters ain't true to the game

Verse 3 (master p)

Player haters in ya face wanna talk and laugh  
Same fool in the hood with a ski mask  
Don't move don't budge don't even flinch  
Caught you slipping so they going for your dividends  
I should put you on your back once they get your scraps  
Cause they know a nigga like you is living fat  
And as you stroll in the 4, cause life is cold  
But don't trip cause that's just a bad episode  
That life in the ghetto ain't no joke  
At sometime you die in this game for selling dope  
But if you don't sell dope, than you gotta kick it  
And them same hoes, they wanna fucking kick it

Verse 4 (san quinn)

Do you wanna ride to this or do you wanna side to this  
Just a young baby boy coming with the flyest shit  
Get you higher than that chronic can bring ya  
Lets hit that niggas field  
Coming from your shoulders, now you reaching for  
your steel  
My ? ? of real is a step away from nothing happened  
Pick up the mic and get to rapping  
Stepping like the? ? making all these hoes something  
vicious  
Not even these playa haters can identify my sickness  
You taking winners to ? ? while I caught myself  
Hit the cuts and came up with legitimate wealth  
From the ? ? hardest city by the bay  
Busting rhymes, dropping nines dropping simply for a  
payday  
Had his rest to make way  
Before I break him down with the og russian cickle  
When the shit don't tickle  
My show won't pickle and I ain't no buster  
You player hating niggas better stay away from a real  
hustler

And it's like that for the 94 nigga

(repeat 3x)

And it's like that and it's like that  
And you player hating niggas don't like that

