

Memphis Bleek

"Why U Wanna Hate For"

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Get your ones get your guns, muthafucker it's on
New millennium and what? Bleek reborn
All the haters eat a dick, who I'm riding with bitch
You know the game and the name, I ain't change for
shit

I toke cuatro cinco when uno says
Keep uno in the head you wouldn't fuck with this
My guns German bullets burning
Where them bricks I'm searching, I need the money
urgent

And I'm rushing, you slowing me down, ain't no holding
me now
I'm out the gate, on the throne and I'm holding it down
All my niggas on the run, you's to eat for a reason
Fuck around and holla wrong, me and NORE come in
squeezing

And these streets is mine, M E M P H, I got style
I make it look good being wild
With da game I got, anything I got
I hate everything in site, whether aiming or not

Yo, what u niggas wanna hate for?
Why you niggas all running outta state for?
You ain't thugs and you niggas can't take for
Now you snitchin' why y'all wanna turn states for, ha?

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What, what, I do this shit for the streets
Just left Iraq, 'bout to meet with Bleek
Aiyo, and we both got weed in tons
When me and MemphMan, smoke the call us lazer
lungs

Thugged out, Roc-a-Fella, big bank accounts
On the sky-tel with big type, and bring the ounce

Clip on niggas, niggas just be seeing me cussing
How you dig up with my style, the way I be rushing

Just to style you head in, you drove to a dead end
So what you gon' do now, once I but lead in
I say what, what, now y'all say what, what
I say that I'm a thug, now y'all wanna be thugs

And I admit that I'ma hustler just hustling drugs
Yet I do this shit because crime pays
I'll rock a cescear and doo rag and I don't got waves
Don't got waves, don't got waves, don't got waves

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Yo, yo, niggas wanna turn states, just hand me the
eight
Have a crib in Iraq, for the Memph escape
Where the D's won't find me, trees is lime green
Hoes give head just to ride and watch springs

Niggas gon' hate, 'cause we trying to get rich
My steak got A1, I can taste the chips
Give them facial hits, from the chrome thou flip
With the serious scratch, get them pinnacles back

You can take some nigga, you wouldn't take some of
these
My bullets heat up and burn, nigga, feel my sting
For the 9 double 9, these streets is Bleek
All my niggas on the run just got to eat

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