

## M People

### "Playa Hate'n"

Visit "[Playa Hate'n](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Chorus: {Tec-9}

Why is everybody player hate'n me  
I guess it cuz, I'm ballin' in that U.P.T.  
It's the incredible, un-takeable T-E-C and  
A lot of you nigga's wanna be like me  
Why is everybody player hate'n me  
I guess it cuz, I'm ballin' in that U.P.T.  
It's the incredible, un-takeable T-E-C and  
A lot of you nigga's wanna be like me

Verse One: {Tec-9}

I be the rock-rowler nigga you be the puppy  
Hittin' at'cha, spittin' at'cha nigga  
You better not let me catch'cha  
Now who slipped and left the fuckin' gate's open  
I'm on the outside waitin' scopin' out opportunity's  
To make a motherfuckin' million is this industry and  
I know you recognize I'm threatenin' to shut 'em down  
Strike 'em down like lightin' it's quite excitin'  
To be the player that I be once again call me  
The capital T-E-C pimpin' hoes tighter then a nigga  
Rollin' Opitomes, so won't ya holla if ya see me nigga  
Don't knock me, just watch me, as I rise to the top  
Black Connection nigga, and I be slangin' all night  
Sleepin' all day, can't figure out how I turned out that  
way  
I hang around slanger's gang banger's rapper's and  
kidnapper's  
Now why is everybody playa hate'n me  
Ski mask's passin' me by so why should I try  
If I'm not strapped with my automatic AK  
Anyway, I'm a spray when I hit the corner

Chorus

Verse Two: {Tec-9}

Got four across the top, nigga all gold's  
Ya see, bitches come a fuckin' dime a dozen

They see me chillin' with the wife, and  
Start the trouble, but on the double  
I'll bust a bubble, break a neck, chin check  
To get respect, like that y'all  
Yeah, I'm rollin' by kind of high in a  
Candy Shaw, got connects with the mob  
Bill's payed up front, Black Connection's  
Givin' a party you got's to bring yo own blunt  
I wonder if I'm a last to the end of time  
Or will my face end up on tee shirt's  
My family cryin' with all this playa hate'n goin'  
On in this world today, who's real who's not  
Nobody's safe to say, I see some nigga's  
Who claim to be down, but ain't really down  
Cuz when you down, them motherfucker's stop comin'  
around  
So I'm a stick to the G-Code,  
don't change the nigga's that you came up with  
Them the real nigga's,  
the bigger nigga's that you hang with and slang with  
Try'na find a way to come up on a few key's  
Try'na find a way to come up on a few gee's

Chorus: {Tec-9}

Why is everybody player hate'n me  
I guess it cuz, I'm ballin' in that U.P.T.  
It's the incredible, un-takeable T-E-C and  
A lot of you nigga's wanna be like me

Verse Three: {Tec-9}

Got a back yard full of nigga's screamin'  
Let me go, but I don't think so  
Because you know I'm the bounty hunter,  
Bounty Hunter comin' to get'cha,  
The shit that I be carryin' straight up split'cha  
I propolize the situation keep on thuggin'  
Tellin' me you think I'm all that, but I'm just hustlin'  
Comin' up in the game, steady fillin' up my cocaine  
I fuck with real nigga's we live, you die  
I often dream of straight makin' it  
You got's to be about them dollar's ain't no fakin' it  
Break out the bacon soda, break out the cola  
Whip it for a hour, bring it back like a boulder  
It's time for distribution, fuckin' confusion  
Closin' my competition shop down  
Yo look for me, or you get struck down  
Ain't no goin' down my attitude is straight rude  
When I was lookin' out for us, you was lookin' out for  
you

My enemies are around me, and in my face  
They got my crossed out and locked down in that place  
But I'll be back and down for an 187, it get's the job  
done  
Because I brought my Mock-11, fully automatic  
Prepare to handle static, rat-a-tatta  
Won't y'all look at all these nigga's scatter  
Before I let the bullet's go, I watch the nigga break  
To his knee's and cry just like a hoe  
{Bitch ass nigga }

Chorus

{Tec-9 Talkin' }

Spit my rhymes all around and y'all sang my shit  
Say Yella, them fool's wasn't ready for that huh  
Yeah, cuz I'm ballin' in that U.P.T.  
Ride out with that shit  
It's the incredible, un-takeable T-E-C and  
A lot of you nigga's wanna be like me  
Spit my rhymes all around and y'all sang my shit  
Spit my rhymes all around and y'all sang my shit  
Switch my rhymes all around and say that shit  
Now why is everybody playa hate'n me  
I guess it cuz I'm ballin' in that U.P.T.  
It's the incredible, un-takeable T-E-C and  
A lot of you nigga's wanna be like me  
Why's everybody playa hate'n me

Visit [M People](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.