

Da Grym Reefer "Live From H8erville"

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"Nigga you ain't shit!
You wasn't shit when you was here!
I seen you do that shit on-
That's the same shit you was doing at the pool room,
nigga!
It ain't nothin...."

Verse 1:

JTR and Dr. Gigglez proudly introduce you
A new dude with a new style
That you're probably not used to

Niggaz try to
Dicect me like I worship voodoo
Cuz I go by three aliases
Just to confuse you
But still to have the nerve
To still think I'm a fool to.

Niggaz think that they know me
Cuz deep down I'm a cool dude

When I see 'em in the streets
I look at niggaz like "Who's you?"

It's not that I'm stuck-up
It's just the shit that I've been through

That happens when a motherfucker tries to kill you
Fuck how cool you try to be
That shit unlocks an ill you
That wants to walk up and down the street and kill
dudes
Even more
When it seems like nobody feels you

I was taught
If something ain't for you
Then it's against you

If niggaz watched your every move

Then you'll probably be pissed to

You haters luck that I JUST carry carry a pistol
Instead of gotten like Bin Laden
Strapped with bombs and missiles...

(Hook)

Live from Haterville
These haters made a deal
To have a nigga killed
Or take a niggaz mil
But I'mma keep it real
And tell you how I feel
If you run up in my grill
Kill you and the hate you feel
(Live from Haterville!)
Live from Haterville
These haters made a deal
To have a nigga killed
Or take a niggaz mil
But I'mma keep it real
And tell you how I feel
If you run up in my grill
Kill you and the hate you feel
(Live from Haterville!)

(Verse 2)

Take a ride to
Where I reside
On the East side
It's a cold world
Cover up with the fleece hide

Motherfuckas plotting to rob me
But if you got nuts

Devil's night
I gasoline dream
To burn the block up

Give a fuck less
If afterwards
If I get locked up
Next motherfucker step up
The next one getting shot up

And I don't give a fuck what none of you think
Fuck with me and mines
I'll pop you till your family is extinct

DNA?
Find all that shit in your grave
Find your ass lying flat off top like a fade

I made up my mind
To
Be ahead of the times
Listen close
You can hear the world end in my rhymes

And niggaz know I do music
And they think it's amusing
I laugh too
Cuz you thought it would be me you'd be using
To come up

If you run up
Blow your brains out your stomach
Got niggaz
Searching for the studio
Like some fucking groupie hoes
(Live from Haterville!!!)

(Hook)

Da Grym Reefer:

I don't really think y'all understand
What I mean by Haterville
You see
Every city in every state and every little town
Has a little bit of Haterville in it.

Peep game!

(Verse 3)

My crime is my existence
Developed a thirst for vengeance
Living, sinning with no regrets
In me there's no repentance

I come from the home of lynching
Churches with no Christians
The innocent over-sentence
Requires me to spit this pimpin'

Like a felon's required
To teach school in Memphis

I'm in this to pimp the system that under-estimates
My wisdom

Envision riches
Money over bitches

The law
They be the bitches
The streets they be the snitches

My mission:
To stack these chips
And poof like three wishes

Simple as this is they still call me vicious
Cuz I don't ignore the disses

I split wigs
And make
All you player haters sicker
Than sickle-cell-syphillis

Infamous like Scarecrow
No girlfriend
I scare hoes
Niggaz hate and stare like hoes
Niggaz like me don't care though

I've got a pair of those
Nuts
That the world can suck
Nina quicker than Peter and not afraid to bust
Sluts

(Hook)

It's exciting, you know, being in show business.
It's exciting.
I like going home so I can show-off when I go home.
But some brothers break my face.

"Nigga you ain't shit!
You wasn't shit when you was here!
I seen you do that shit on-
That's the same shit you was doing at the pool room,
nigga!
It ain't nothin....

Let me have a dollar!"

