

Paris

"Record Label Hater"

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[Verse 1:]

Now what would you do if I blast
All up in your shit, mother fuck the whole staff
Niggas non-flow, nine millimeter ?shit than slug?
I'm seeing bloody bodies on the motherfucking rug
6 O'clock be the time, if it's on, let it be
You see it in my eyes, ?riding boo, hella deep sea?
But you ain't gone do me like you did the lenchmob
I'm decorated in this game, I played too motherfucking
long
Now, I ain't gotta name nobody name
All I'm knowing is the whole fucking roster is
complaining
Talking 'bout these white boys trying to do promotions
And white bitches trying to get fuck by these soldiers
Fucking wit that slang like you down but now hold on
Seen that ass enough to get your devil ass stoled on
Fucking wit the wrong nigga, playing wit my cash
I'm known for putting devils on they motherfucking
back
Blast through the front door, what the fuck, I'm 'posed
to talk
Fuck court, I'll be a dead nigga 'fore you walk
Blaow, now the nine had no motherfuckng mercy
So who the sexy nigga, bitch, record label murder

[Chorus: girl sings in background]

Now we feel free to start some shit
Motherfucker shoulda quit
Out for each and every dime, seem like every time
I turn around, some jacky motherfucker trying to take
what's mine
Got the whole fucking clique
Now we fit to start some shit
Got these niggas out the zoo for the job
Bow down or motherfucker you can die when we start
robbing

[Verse 2:]

So many times I've seen these niggas fucked up out
they chips

'Cause they didn't know the game, only making 10
percent
Dealing wit these fucking jews, now you losing
everytime
How many platinum niggas standing in the county line
Make you want to get your brick and snatch his ass up
out the car
Baby renegotiate, fucking wit them scars
Now you asking who I'm talking 'bout, homie you could
pick
This whole industry got niggas' shit on whitey dick
And now, since I'm a soldier known to speak my
fucking mind
I'ma put you up on game everytime I start to rhyme
Fuck that devil, get your own man, learn about some
shit
Or be another broke nigga telling what he did
And now I think you know that I really gives a fuck
???? 'cause I'm God that the devil try his luck
Last man standing up for the truth, say you heard it
These players getting played homie, record label
murder

[Chorus]

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