

K-Rino

"Fuck Da Radio"

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[K Rino talking]

Yeah I'm 'bout to do this for everybody
that wanted to do it but was scared to it
No love for the radio
Yeah- K Rino- check it out

[Verse 1]

Let me say fuck Jay Mac, the cum drinkin' sucker
Dick ridin', balloon head faggot motherfucker
You don't understand who you fuckin' with bastard
I'll bump yo' ass off and then piss up in yo' casket
This is for you hoe - it's war, know what I mean?
And anybody else that wanna step up on your team
I said squash the shit - to side talk with Nazis
You done sat yo' naked ass up in a pot of hot grease
Tryna diss the Muslims, now you need protection
Should of kicked ya ass for high capping at
connections
You don't wanna step to me bitch - you wouldn't last
I'd knock ya out and put a mini-skirt on your feminen
ass
Bumping your gums but you bump 'em too much
Don't be thinkin' 'cause you on that radio you can't get
touched - trick
Should of let that shit die - now it's real serious
I forgot that's how girls be actin' on they period
Is it Jay Mac or Gay Mac? people wanna know
Talk that shit, I'll leave your punk ass and bent off for
sho'
Lock him up in a room full of punks and roll
You need a dick up in yo' mouth to match that one
that's in yo' ass hole -
TRICK

[Chorus]

Time to let them haters know (time to let them haters
know)
Aint got no love for the radio (aint got no love for the
radio)
Time to let them bitches see (time to let them bitches
see)

Y'all stepped outta line when you fuck with me (y'all stepped outta line when you fuck with me)

[Verse 2]

When K Rino wrecks I leave Madd Hatta scared to go next
I'll pull ya panties down and let your crowd look at your cotex
I'm bringin' drama to the highest degree
When some real shit be going down the laws be calling me
If you got a girl hoe I be quick to deceive
I'll be all up in her head like a a motherfuckin weave
When I blast hard rhymes fast Hatta better pass
I ain't gotta bring my partners hoe, I know some dyke's that'll beat your ass
On 'Madd Hater' both these hands be put
I'm 'bout to formerly introduce yo' ass to my foot
Boy I'll run up in yo' house while your family beg
Beat up yo' punk ass and make your mamma fry me some eggs
It's K Rino, talkin hoe - Madd Hatta you better fear
2 seconds of me will have you shittin' bullets for a year
Ooooh damn, is that your face or a halloween mask?
K Rino will knock the shit out of your gorrilla lookin' ass
How the biggest hater always claiming he getting hated
Can't be faded, fakers and foes eliminated
Roll up on your ass in a hauled out Caddie
Fuck Jay Mac and Madd Hatta - his baby daddy

Fuck the radio
Fuck the radio
Fuck the radio
Fuck the radio
Fuck the radio
Fuck the radio
Fuck the radio
Fuck the radio
Fuck the radio

[Chorus]

Time to let them haters know (time to let them haters know)
Aint got no love for the radio (aint got no love for the radio)
Time to let them bitches see (time to let them bitches see)
Y'all stepped outta line when you fuck with me (y'all stepped outta line)

when you fuck with K Rino)

[Verse 3]

I don't give a damn, fuck radio play
Same old shit 15 times a day
Before you talk boy you better pause like a comma
Jay Mac ain't got no daddy - man that hoe got 2
mamas
Try to act hard - get popped in your throat
Catch ya ass slippin' at the radio remote
Drop a agg' scheme, get in the ring and tag team
Yeh I'm talkin to Hatta too - you fuckin drag queen
Monday - them hoes was on the ave talkin' shit
Tuesday came - SPC plotted the hit
Wednesday came and I was ready for the jack
Thursday I saw them bitches 69'in in a 'llac
Friday I told Jay Mac to wear a vest
Saturday that bastard passed his pregnancy test
Sunday he went into labor in hot flashes
Had a bald headed monster lookin' baby with some
glasses

[Chorus]

Time to let you haters know (time to let you haters
know)
Aint got no love for the radio (aint got no love for the
radio)
Time to let them bitches see (time to let you bitches
see)
Y'all stepped outta line when you fuck with me (y'all
stepped outta line
when you fuck with me)

[K Rino talking]

SPC... yeah this K Rino, I mean what I say too
Yeh I wanna shout out to the DJ's that did keep it real
My boy Walter D, my boy X-Ray, Lester "Sir" Pace from
deep
Parish Murphy, Jimmy O, my boy Mean Green, Greg
Street
All the ones around the world who play and support the
real
If I don't know ya, it ain't no beef, but if I say yo' name
you in the mix -
it's war when you see me
Peace to Street Military, peace to the Screwed Up Click -
SPC for ever baby
y'all better recognize

[**Voice imitating Jay Mac**]

Hatta... for me Hatta?

Flowers for me?
Stop playin' Hatta, for real?
We can be a family now, I knew it all the time
Tell me you love me...just once, ain't nobody here
Wait a minute, wait a minute, look into my eyes when
you say it
Ohhhh....God does answer prayers
Wait a minute, Jay Hatta... don't that got a nice ring to
it?
Lets say it together
Jay Hatta..

[Greek]
Yeh that's right
Greek said that

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