

Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul

"Record Haters"

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(Cal Luv's intro)
Yo check it out.
Today we're here wit basketball star Rasheed Wallace.
(Yo what up kid?)
From the... what, what, what team is that you play for
again?
(Sshh. The Bullets man.)
Yea right, right.
So tell me Rasheed you know what I'm sayin,
this hip-hop thang an everythang goin on,
tell me, I mean, what, what's yo flavor?
(Yo check it out kid, I only like real hip-hop man,
the real shit. You know what I'm sayin. Redman, Wu-
Tang,
you know what I'm sayin. I don't fool wit the Goodie
Mob's,
and I especially don't fool wit them E-40's.)

[E-40]
Nigga what the fuck they GOOD fo? Nigga let's shoot
fins
You got all the bread nigga, put up yo Benz
Nah-nah, can't do that - Why not? Ol skool trophy
somethin I done worked too hard fo, nigga quote me
yo swole bank rolls done turned to lil ol anarxins
get ready to pay the price ??? pee-wee no catchin
Who got change fo this brand new hundred?
Staight outta welfare
when I break you niggas I'm a have enough money, to
buy Fairfield
spend about a half a hundred thousand
boost up my coins
preceed to spit mo supafly
than Donald Goins
this game is so damn hemrigin
that I be delivin
these niggas don't understand my shit
but they surrendurin
simmerin, rememberin things that, done jumped off
lyrics spit on niggas than a, a bad cough
messy hoes, got my name between they teeth

juss because... I'm from the WEST not the EAST
graduated from the dope game
phat ass wallets
What's that niggas name?
Rasheed Wallace!!
You gon' have to learn to respect yo elders mayne
I'm twomp bait nigga ain't no need for you to record
hate
mind ya own, or ya own gon remind you
Nigga!!
The Click will biatch!

Chorus: Big Lurch & E-40

Record Hatin bitches!
Suave game and snitches!
(Learn about it bitch!)
We should cease you from existance.
(That's right)
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.
(Mutha fucka!)
Ya Record Hatin bitches
(Trademark.)
there's no way you could get wit this
(Stick to basketball nigga!)
we should cease you from existance
niggas like that shouldn't be livin.
(Biatch!)

[E-40]
Got another muthafucka on my shit list
I'm a cut off his dick list
I mean my hit list
my rest in piss list
dude that be hangin around Nas
you know, gay baby
nigga said some negative shit about me up in a
magazine called "
after watchin "New York Undercover" while I was, takin
a shit
Kool Keith was on the front cover that's when I
that's when I spotted him
that nigga AZ tried to say that I don't deserve a
platinum plaque
nigga I was sellin tapes out the trunk of my car
when you was runnin round drinkin Simalac
all up in yo fake ass videos (ok)
champagne an coffin full of skril
nigga know damn well yo punk ass ain't got had no
mills
I'm payin full nigga an I'll have yo head where ever you

at
I'm straight fool nigga seem like someone shoulda
been an told ya
that bring the yellow tape nigga, jungle full of asphalt
don't make no sense to talk that talk
if a nigga ain't gon' walk that walk
zip up yo lip befo' yo lip zip you up
Biatch!
Biatch!
I gives a fuck! Biatch!

It's major pain.
Nigga don't know a damn thang about me.
You mutha fuckas don't know nuttin bout no E-40 hoe!
Monkey mouthed biatch!
Biatch!

(Chorus)

Record Hatin bitches!
Suave game and snitches!
(Learn about it bitch!)
We should cease you from existance.
(That's right)
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.
(Shouldn't be livin.)
Ya Record Hatin bitches!
(Record Hatin bitches!)
there's no way you could get wit this
(Uh.)
We should cease you from existance
(V-Town bitch!)
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.
(E'ry time)

[E-40]
When I first started off niggas had me fucked,
muthafuckas was blind
in '89 that ol "Mr. Flamboyant" shit was way ahead of
his time
had everyone an they great grandmas off that Carlos
Rossi wine
was in a major label an business that uh didn't want us
to shine
it was me an my potna from Suave House Records
Tony Draper, E-40, an The Click
8-Ball, an MJG gettin that independent paper
all about my ruh-uh-rap, uh-should I shine
beat a muthafucka uh-duh-down, e'ry time
40 get yo marbles man, get yo change
take a limosuine everywhere you go and fly private

planes
that's what I was taught to do
by my big homie thou
you can always be a nigga,
but a nigga ain't rich til he can't count his money no
mo'
over night sensation, never me
all you "Record Haters" got Ph.IV
my niggas 3X Krazy laced me
taught me how to say "fa sheezy"
told me that them AZ muthafuckas don't believe phat
means greasy
we can shoot it out, or we can fight
You an Rasheeda wanna squash the funk?
Shoot me some peace bitch!

(Chorus)

Record Hatin bitches!
(Record hatin bitches!)
Suave game and snitches!
(Suave game and snitches!)
We should cease you from existance.
(That's rich.)
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.
(Suck-els!)
Ya Record Hatin bitches
(Lil ol, biatch!)
There's no way you could get wit this
(That's right.)
We should cease you from existance
(Learn about it.)
Niggas like that shouldn't be livin.
(That's right.)

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