

Hatred Lyrics by Razor

"Bloody Body"

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First Verse (Tec-9):

Nigga watch out, cuz here I come ready to bust your
dome,
The capital, T-E-C, from the three,
I know you know me,
You best to pray, if I decide to stay, overnight in your
bushes,
What about three of my pushers?
With Tec-9, he splits vines,
Don't want to face the bounty hunter comin' at'cha from
the Uptown area,
Ready to bury ya,
Don't want to be no victim of the clique,
So I shoot first, I'm spittin' but I still got hit,
But my condition is not worser than that nigga,
He's nothin' but a bloody body, a bloody body,
Plus I got the Black Connection standin' right beside
me,
And now the rest of your clique has got to deal,
With the pistol-packin', Black Connection branch start
Uptown,
Ready to take 'em down, ready to take 'em down,
Bitches ask me what will I be doin' tonight,
I tell them bitches that I got a session with the mic,
Parle' is cool and okay, but I'd rather chill and hustle,
I break it to 'em easy, fit the pieces to the puzzle,
I'm always on a come up, don't run up, don't make me
put my gun up,
The master, bitch nigga blaster,
Top dollar makes me aim for the collar,
Better watch me because I'm comin', you know I'm
comin'

Second Verse (B.G.):

It's, it's, it's the nigga with the black suit ready to mug,
Off it nigga or get plugged, cuz I spit seventeen slugs,
I'ma steal when I'm on a creep, ready to bust,
Full of that dope, don't give a fuck, I run up on ya get
stuck,

I'll off a priest nigga, niggas who got it, off that yay,
I'ma rape up,
Yella I'ma rope 'em
(Lil' Doogie I'ma tape 'em)
Nigga call your people tell'em I want fifteen,
If they don't bring it I'ma put your bitch ass in that
Gangsta lean,
If you play hard then they gone find you in the trunk
straight foul,
Cuz you got done up by that Black Connection juvenile,
I'ma straight mug ya,
Thirteenth Ward thugsta,
Disrespect me I'll put you in check, then I'm gone bust
ya,
You know what's happenin', I'm a hustla,
Turn you into crusta,
Dust ya, disgust ya, straight unplug ya,
Slug ya up bitch with the hollow points to your chest,
You wanna be greedy, stingy, put your ass to rest,
B.G., put your ass six feet nigga,
Over some yay, you done met my fuckin' heat nigga,
Put to sleep nigga, best believe I creep nigga,
In a hooptie me and my boys four deep nigga,
Two if you got it, I told you already to hide it,
Cuz I'm comin', and I'll do anything tryin' to find it,
I'm on a come up, livin' good is the reason,
That I get mail all year round, it's duct tape season,
So strap up, cuz I'ma close shop when I pop,
And I don't tear down one house I tear down the whole
block,
So get your shit together, do what'cha gotta do,
Cuz the muthafuckin' B.G. is comin' through nigga

Third Verse (Yella):

Just who's the one mad at me?
Watch the bloody tragedy,
I shoulda, woulda, coulda, coulda knocked ya in the
headdress "G",
Right go get the black glove, ready to put in work,
Hope you have your issue, well if not then you're a jerk,
I'm steady thinkin' devious, my thoughts about drama,
Fill you with the hollows then go straight to the
Bahamas,
The snipers on your scalp and I'm a killa so I snatch it,
Bailey's and St. Ide's on every Sunday that's my habit,
Gonna get you singin' the blues, if you wanna get
somewhere,
Got'tz the top of the line Rugers, bout to make your skin
tear,
Cuz I don't care, and you know the effects of this affair,

Down for war, nothin's funny like Fozzie Bear, I'ma
dump ya nigga,
Cremators gone, fingertips, rest is bone,
Ambulance on the way, cuz the day I plead is half
gone,
My clique consists of niggas that rap or bust back,
And who conference down, black on black,
Duck here come the chucks and shit,
Like Van Dyke, til' the feat is over "G"

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