

## **Kurupt F/ Latoya**

### **"Why Ya Wanna Hate?"**

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(Verse One)

I don't brag about cars and I don't brag about clothes  
I don't call women tramps, sluts, bitches or hoes  
I don't sell out, kiss ass, or ball like a kid  
But I bet the radio would bump my shit if I did  
You see, I'm standing deep up in your face today  
The realest lyricist droppin atomic verses 'till you  
waste away  
Suckaz are tame when I spit the game  
Aggravated narrator, metamorphisize into a human  
flame  
Battles intense, ??never straddle the fence??  
The radio hating me cuz I chose knowledge over  
nonsense  
It's K-Rino in case you don't recognize the tone  
I terrorize your zone, while my foe dies alone  
I do this well, while y'all scared to fell  
Puttin a 100 different fools on your shit to try and make  
it sell  
Killaz I'm draftin, cuttin snitches in half when  
Agitated I'm smashin, do it sound like I'm laughin?  
At random, droppin miscellaneous destruction  
Causin opponents to suffer spontaneous combustion  
Fraud rapper found dead, bucked by the song capper  
His tombstone read "he fucked with the wrong rapper"

(Chorus 2X)

So why you wanna hate me?  
When you know I'm gonna wreck these fools  
straight up out the gate (why you wanna) Why you  
wanna hate me?  
When you know that I'm gonna do them boys 20 times  
straight

(Verse Two)

This magazine hold they 50 best rappers ever, but  
brother  
That list don't mean shit if I aint on that motherfucker  
Not conceded, I'm straight up convinced, that I can rip  
My brain empty in verses like killers empty in clips  
When he slips, he plummets, 90 feet down to the whole

Blacker than triple darkness, drama, a hundred fold  
Shockin electric currents invadin the haters chest  
Mad lyrical bullets penetratin the haters vest  
Virtually impossible, to analyze the level  
Some of these fools actions be equivelent to the devil  
I'm rippin, clickin that's it, he rippin bustin in your shit  
The wacker these rappers rap the more love that they  
git  
I come straight out my folder, with my old school  
speech  
50 rhymes for ten punks, I've cracked 'em five times  
each  
Close your eyes and make a wish, open 'em up when  
you through  
But if I'm standin in your face that mean the shit aint  
come true  
So tell me

(Chorus 2X)

(Verse Three)

Can I make this situation better, before it get tight?  
Can I do this motherfucker, without takin his life?  
Can I get my self in line, can I just have a sign?  
Can I go 24 hours without thinkin bout dyin?  
Should I go and bust this faker, for the lies that he told?  
Should I act like I aint trippin, then just let it unfold?  
Should I check 'em if he bumpin, when I know he fraud?  
Can I try and please the people without turnin on God?  
See I just need my five grand so I can turn it into ten  
Once I get that ten grand, then I'm gonna flip it again  
If I ever touch that million, they gonna think that I'm  
through  
But them haters gonna be stressin once I turn it into  
two  
I said them haters gonna be stressin once I turn it into  
two  
Them haters gonna be stressin once I turn it into two  
Them haters gonna be stressin once I turn it into two

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