

Too Short "Quit Hatin' Pt. 1"

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What, what? Wha', what, what?
Lil' Jon and the motherfuckin' Eastside Boyz
Short Dawg Once again at yo' ass
Bitch, this go out to all the pussy niggaz
That see us when we walk in the club and just be mean
muggin'

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Quit hatin' pussy nigga, quit hatin'
God damnit motherfuckah
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High 'cause I'm tokin' the choke and smokin' on Purple
Haze
And I'm coughin' got some new Nike's on my feet
Even my Caddy wear Jordans
Now bitches be on my dick when I pull up in a platinum
blue 'llac
They come and spread they ass crack, let me hit it
from the back

On the flo', they bend over, shake them titties and
twurk them hips
With them lil' ol' thongs on, I can almost see they
coochie lips
And she backin' that thing up on me, so I do the damn
thing and pop her
With a lil' curl that ha-hangin proper, drunk off
champagne and vodka

Just 'cause it's us in the club they krunk, it's \$hort and
Twista
And I know the ladies know we love to cut
I can tell it when they Whisper they say

See the ballin' niggaz in the party
They came in new Escalades

And I got a single, wanna get up in the lobby
I'm with that, come freak all in my body, it's on

We about to break your back and your hip
Smoke a sack and just sip
Sit back and eat some immaculate shrimp
Stackin' chips as a mack and a pimp, in the club you
gon' bounce
But on the streets, my dro' goin' for, six hundred a
ounce

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Show me love when you see me, don't hate
If you take my woman from me, what you gon' say?
Charge it to the game, if I lose, I lose
You never know when a hoe is wearin' choosy shoes

You must be a magician 'cause you're nothin' but a
trick
Tryin to give her all your money, but whatchu gon' get?
I get 'em all, suited at the player's ball
Up against the wall, just got another number to call

Y'all see me I'm a real player, I do this nightly
You wanna fight me, 'cause you can't be like me
All you hatin' ass suckers in the place
You better stop starin' in my motherfuckin' face

Too many jealous thoughts goin' through yo' mind
You mad like you guilty, goin' to do some time
Pay yo' pussy bill nigga if you want a date
But you just talkin' shit I figure you just wanna hate
You hater

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Now you can catch me I-80 in the diamond lane gettin'
head
In the rearview, make a wrong move and I gotsta have
your head
I put 23's in the game on the Avalanche and give you
the blues
And blow white smoke up out the sunroof while we keep
it on cruise

I ride with a hog in the back and the vogue
In the back and you hatin on that
It's just V. White, T. \$hort, Twista boy we blazin' on track
It's just that Eastside psycho-chronological mind-
stopper
Keep a burner at yo' waist while we serve these haters
proper

You better get up, get out, get somethin', nigga, and
stop frontin'
If I had no car and stayed with my momma
Then I'd be hatin' on somethin'
Nah, but nope, not me, I give 'em out, above the knee
You could catch one in the torso, B-2-1-2, fuckin' with
me

Now you can hate me all you want to 'cause I ain't hard
to find
I got hitters on payroll and parolees dyin' to shine
That'll leave a hole in your dome like Rogaine
Old school like road games
You can't stop me from shinin, I'm highly flammable
like propane

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Yeah, we got some real players in this motherfucker
Too \$hort, Twista, V. White, Lil' Jon, Eastside Boyz,
Delinquents
Yeah, we see you haters up in this motherfucker
Tryin' to kick it like us real players but you know what
we gon' do?

We gon' sift you motherfuckin' haters out
And we gon' beat yo' motherfuckin' ass

Yeah, that's right, whup that hater's ass
Beat his ass, like he stole somethin'
Quit hatin' motherfucker, quit hatin'
Now slow it down for the retarded people

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