

Hater Bug

Clinton Sparks

[Kardinal Offishall]

Get familiar, Black Jays, yeah
Hehe, Clinton Sparks - yeah!
G.F.N. nigga, yes
One two two two, ohh!
Yes - Offishall Kardinal, one two
Yeah, hah..

[Verse 1: Kardinal Offishall]

Aiyyo, I used to be in love with this thing called rap
But fuck it, 90 percent of these niggaz spittin is wack (YEAH)
So I treat it like how I met it, way back in '83
Tried to destroy every other microphone that I see
These, we the peons and old man actin
like they 16 with the tight jeans saggin
Clothes lookin like bootleg Dapper Dan from the corner of Canal
Let me show you 'bout style
I could, rock a outfit for less than three bucks
And still scoop all of you women from the rudebwoy talk
You could be, blind and deaf and walkin with a crutch
Just say "one two" - ah watch the crowd get pumped
Got the, perfect answer for what y'all need
Right before you go to the club with a 20 sack of weed
We don't really give a fuck about who ain't scared
Cause I be livin in the hood and trust it, they ain't there (YEAH)
All my niggaz pour heavy cause, we don't care
Stay low to the streets cause there's shots in the air
And I could give a fuck about your top ten hit
Cause I ain't bendin my ass over for shit, trust it (c'mon!)

[Chorus]

Aiyyo, cars and cribs it don't mean shit, uh-huh
My niggaz hustlin for that green shit, uh-huh
We ease back with that weak-ass crew
We ain't hatin we just don't like you, uh-huh
Playtime comes after paper, uh-huh
Plenty of time for chicks later, uh-huh
We ease back with that weak-ass crew
We ain't hatin we just don't like you, my nigga

[Verse 2: Kardinal Offishall]

Aiyyo, big-up these rap stars wearin they lipstick
Cause it makes it easier to see who on my dick
I got time to make money, respect and rip shit
Make weight with 8-0-8's, take it and flip shit
The only thing you flippin is powder from Bisquick
And you can scream it louder but it still doesn't mean shit
I'm comin with that mean shit, but yo I'm a cool dude
And I'm not a hater, I just don't like you
All the hype writers ain't spreadin in my crew
Victoria told your (Secret), we "see-through" you (YEAH)
East coast, West coast, Dirty South
Need to harness what a nigga leakin outta the mouth
If you listen to your girl you'll see what it's about
90 percent stroke, and 10 percent clout
25 percent looks, ain't none of it luck
Cause I get more than a hundred when I'm fuckin shit up

[Chorus]

[scratched samples of Kardinal Offishall]

"Kar-Kar-Kardinal" - "Black, Black Jays"

"Get-get familiar"

"Well it's him up with Kardi' reppin for the T-Dot, Dot, Dot, Dot"

"Black-Black Jays is the team"

"Boston to T-Dot" - "don-don't know"

"Original rudebwoy on the scene"

[Kardinal]

Fuck y'all labels and the niggaz in your crew

It's a wrap killin 'em with Clinton nigga, whatchu gon' do?

Kardinal!