Niggas Be Hating Me

Lil' Keke

Yeah
I'm lyrically inclined to be a poetic threat
A million dollar crook from a Southside set
As I proceed to break out, I'm fierously demonstratin'
On some fly pressure, on the marks, forever hatin'
Relax your mind, as I restarce the prey
Ascroociate pain, givin' left for game
Cause boys be hatin' me, and makin' my pressure rise
Niggas get bigger, but my glock same the same size
I cock it and ride, fire sweet and hit the gas
Cause as the swain glass, able to mash class
Your ass is grass, if you in that black mass
Future present past, another'll beat his ass
I'ma mash, fast, with the heart of a hustler
Quick to break up a busta, so what's up motherfuckers
I ain't makin' no bargains, no deals or no plea
Stayin' strapped at all times, cause niggas be hatin' me
Niggas be hatin' me and makin' my pressure rise
I'm trowed up in the game, got my eyes on a fucking prize
Niggas be hatin' me and makin' my pressure rise
Lil' Keke is a fact, won't you haters just realize, cause ah
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Lil' Keke is a fact, won't you haters just realize
On the Southside, we be hittin' licks
Nine sold, have a thang, 27 the bricks
Tricks be hatin', feds got my phone tapped
Loaded glock on my lap, jealous niggas got me strapped
I black on blaze, swang freeze to floss those
Coast-to-coast shows, pimps playas and pros
A 9 I pack, dedicated to stack
Smokin' weed sippin' serve movin' ounces of crack
The shit gone hit the Fed and the strip gon' flip
The answer when you trip is a flime in a clip
I tip a hater, just like he's a waiter
A polished in mastermind, and a dope rhyme creator

Heart-breaker, a baller legendary show-stopper

Southside representin', pops up on the chopper
Open your eyes you face to face with a g
Give the game for free, cause niggas be hatin' me
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Now we be ballin', and yo we puttin' in work
The L-i-l K-e and this nigga named D
Back up ain't no mistakin', it's money we makin'
Put all drama on hold until the record make dough
So far so good, ain't no complaints in Herschelwood
Same things in my hood, it's understood
When the sun come up, it's dollar bills y'all
And when them punks run up, it's time to kill y'all
Somebody said to me "Whatever you do just keep it tru
Make your cash and dash cause see these haters are after you"
Flashin' gold cash in them hoes face
Nobody fuck with me, I wanna paperchase
Poetic since '84 I used to rhyme and rainbow
Noticin' how the game go, I puts it down so
You got beef then bring your beef hardrugged
From the streets of hard knocks, the way you g's love it
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