

Haters

Mr. Capone-E

HATERSSSSSSSSSS

Hatin cause my 20's be, choppin! choppin

Hatin cause these hoes be, jockin! jockin

Try me and my glock'll be, cockin! poppin

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Why you wannaaaaaaaaaaaaa playa hate on meeeeeeee?

Is it the big truck sittin' up on Mike Jordans, thats 23's

With the big ole owl, dual heads roaring

Or is it the Caprice sittin' Emmitt Smiths, thats 22's

On the Impala on 20 inches

Mo' wood in it than old Abe Lincoln's cabin

And with mo' glass in it, than in your cabinets

Or is it the way we come down watchin' XXX

White sex from the ceilin', visors, and headrests

Or is it the chain, the gucci hat, the gucci Air Jordan retros to match

Even though I step on the scene, so fresh and so clean

Nice tek'n wit' me, I still got my weapon wit' me

Strapped wit' a tek in my jeans

Ready to squeeze, cause I know you haters get tempted to wear my

Neck a lace

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Now just imagine if there wasnt no real niggas

No hustlas, thugstas, mobstas, and field niggas

On the treal, T double D, I still keep it real

I love the streets that you fuck niggas named Haterville

Lied on me, said I was a murderer, said I used to serve you work

But I aint never heard of you

I love dub-deuces, only cause I'm sittin on em

And once again I'm gunnin, copped the big 500

A Chevy boy, candy green and chrome fronted
Niggas hide out or they ride out cause my shit runnin
I sold more oz's than cd's and lp's
Baby, I'm a thug plus I'm OG
I roll 'em heavy, I'm bout my fetti
And the feds is what I'm headed

If you fuck niggas keep tellin'

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I was sittin in the rankin, 69

And ceelo twankys, choppin

4 15' Subwoofers, blasting

I dont like that nigga, fuck that nigga

Man, I wanna shoot, slap, punch, kick, cut that niggaa

Thats what they say on the low

WE'RE LOSING HIMMMM

Thats what paramedics'll say

While you lay on the floor

Can we all just get along? smoke trees, hit a bong

Haters pussy niggas, so I'm a choke 'em wit' a thong

Even the block envy me, I make a mill wit' the flo'

But I'm better wit' coke and hot hennessey

My peers is like queers they only get mad

Cause I ride rims old enough to buy beers

They smileeee while hatin' but when it comes to fakes

I spot more than dalmations

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