

Haters (feat. Mac, Skatt D, Face & Sef)

So Solid Crew

So many haters are clocking our figures
So many haters don't like us rakin' papers
But all we did was bring garage through
From the underground straight to you
Used to wanna screw and bawl, now they wanna join the crew
T to the H, U to the G
Thuggin' and we'll be till we D I E
M to the A to the C that's me, S K A T D
3 thugs representing so solid family
Stackin' the chips an' the bricks, you'll see, you'll see
M A C's taking over, ladies call me cassanova
I thought I told you I'm a so solid soldier
You see me coming in a broke down Nova
Mind out 'cus you will get run over
Reason be I'm a so solid soldier
Reason be I'm a so solid soldier
Reason be I'm a so solid soldier
I thought that I told ya
You wanna hate on me 'cus I'm the one that's chosen
Looking kinda frozen, L, double O flow, you don't know, don't know
So solid is a family, we got a key in this life
To just make it, break it, hate it, don't ya
Ya'll better recognize me like a true solid soldier
So many haters are clocking our figures
So many haters don't like us rakin' papers
But all we did was bring garage through
From the underground straight to you
Used to wanna screw and bawl, now they wanna join the crew
Now you believe in us, wanna roll with us, get
lean with us
Before you was hatin' us, are you sure you believe in us?
You said we would never bust
Now you hand you roll up and you smoke the dust
It's better you bite the dust, I'm crazy believe me trust
Like a grenade, I'm about to bust
While you playing you're hatin' us
When I bust all you see is dust
If you're here then you're feelin' us
I won't sweat but I'm serious
Suicide and dangerous
So solid, can you handle us?
So solid, can you handle us?
So many haters are clocking our figures
So many haters don't like us rakin' papers
But all we did was bring garage through
From the underground straight to you
Used to wanna screw and bawl, now they wanna join the crew
Spit, crooky nigga going a trip
Use your cast, now I'm writing the rich

I quit, now I've had my turn on the rips
I better tripping in the base, I'm a vocalist You must be mad to come on the fray mad
You see your friend and they're really your friends dad
'Cus if I hit ya, will you really defend that?
Just remember your wife and 2 kids Yaga, yo, why you watchin' me? Why you clockin' me?
Why you hatin' me? Why you bitin' me?
Is it the ice? I'm on fire, is it the cream? I got fire
Is it the hits? Is it the whips? Is it the tricks
Please let me know So many haters are clocking our figures
So many haters don't like us rakin' papers
But all we did was bring garage through
From the underground straight to you
Used to wanna screw and bawl, now they wanna join the crew While you be hatin', it's money I makin'
I'm demonstrating, your honey I'm takin'
I talk now 'cus the players are hatin'
I'm at home but the front a be waiting It's on this year, better beware
Clips and we bust like a firing line of duty
It's on this year, better beware
Clips and we bust like a firing line of duty Don't give me no bullshit, hesitant, never step to the clique
With a droll like yo and the ice style clips
And the ice on my wrist, ya'll haters ain't shit
So solid's my clique And were making the hits
And were making you sick
And were spitting the bricks
With a thoughtless eclipse So many haters are clocking our figures
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