

Constantly Hating (feat. Birdman)

Young Thug

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hopped out my mothafuckin' bed
Hopped in the mothafuckin' coupe (SKRRRRR)
Pulled up on the Birdman
I'm a beast, I'm a beast, I'm a mobster
You got 50 whole bands, you'll be my sponsor (Just for the night)
Them snakes on the plane, me and Cognac-conda (Condas)
I might piece him up and let my partner smoke him
Chuck E Cheese, I'm about pizza and my Rol' on
I'm a gangster, I don't dance, baby I poke
Right now I'm surrounded by some gangsters from Magnolia
I heard I put it in the spot, yessir she told me
My niggas muggin', these niggas YSL only
I heard my Nolia niggas not friendly, like no way
But we not friendly either, you know it
Yeah thumbs up
I've seen more holes than a golf course on Donald Trump's course
My bitch a tall blooded horse, nigga, bronco
And if you catch us down, bet you're not gon' trunk us
You got a body, lil nigga, we got a ton of 'em
You got some Robin's, lil nigga, we got some Balmain's
I let that choppa go "blocka, blocka," get back, son
You got them MJ's, nigga, I got them Jacksons (Racks) But really what is it to do
When the whole world constantly hatin' on you?
Pussy niggas hold their nuts, masturbatin' on you
Meanwhile the fuckin' federal baitin' on you
Nigga tell me what you do
Would you stand up or would you turn to a pussy nigga?
I got a hundred things to do
And I can stop rappin' but I can't stop stackin' fuckin' figures Yeah, I'm from that mothafuckin' 'Nolia, nigga
Birdman'll break a nigga nose, lil' nigga
You need to slow your fuckin' roll, lil' nigga
We created Ks on shoulders, nigga

I'm a scary fuckin' sight, lil' nigga
 We won a hundred mil' on fights, lil' nigga
 A hundred bands, sure you're right, lil' nigga
 I keep some AKs on my flights, lil' nigga
 Birdman Willie B
 Smoke some stunna blunts, now my eyes Chinese
 Hundred K on private flights overseas
 Choppas City nigga, free BG
 Bentley with the doors all 'round, not a Jeep
 Rich nigga shit, smoke two pounds in a week
 Can't find a bitch that don't know we them streets
 Bitches know that I am Birdman, that's OG But really what is it to do
 When the whole world constantly hatin' on you?
 Pussy niggas hold their nuts, masturbatin' on you
 Meanwhile the fuckin' federal baitin' on you
 Nigga tell me what you do
 Would you stand up or would you turn to a pussy nigga?
 I got a hundred things to do
 And I can stop rappin' but I can't stop stackin' fuckin' figures Nigga I'm a crack addict
 Thought about lettin' them get a cut, then I went and snagged at it
 The new Boosie Badazz said it
 I'ma drop a nigga like, just like a bad habit
 I stick to the ground like a mothafuckin' rug
 I'm a big dog, lil' fuck nigga you a pup
 Lil' bitch clean your drawers before you think you're a thug
 Before I be in front your shows, just like your pub
 I ain't even lyin', baby
 I swear to God I ain't lyin', baby (No)
 First I'll screw you without these pliers, baby
 I might dap you like, "good try," baby
 Big B livin', baby
 Them boys on my left throwin' up Cs
 I promise their mama see them this week
 And I don't break promises with my Ds (Them my dogs)
 I want Ms and cheese, mister Mickey Ds
 She know I am a beast, I so am obese
 In Miami I swear they don't got good weed
 Wiz Khalifa can you send some weed please?

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