

Haters

Lyfe Jennings

Yeah, ha, ha, ha, what up, track boy?
I wanna send a big shout out to all you haters
Now I know normally a nigga don't do it
But see, I'm different, I'm grateful for you haters
Let's get it Flow's so cracked, the feds wanna indict me
So ill, your immune system wanna fight me
So poor that the weed heads wanna light me
Ballin' so hard, the quarterback wanna hike me You dudes crying that it's lonely at the top
Stop whining, it's sauce and macaroni at the top
I'm not a pimp by blood, I'm a pimp by all means
All it takes to knock a chick is to put on some clean jeans You know my style, dude, tell it to the next man
I ain't buying that sell it to the next man
Going postal but mail it to the next man
I can't hear you, hater You know my style, dude, tell it to the next man
I ain't buying that sell it to the next man
Going postal but mail it to the next man
I can't hear you, hater You see that Maserati hauled in the driveway
I saw a picture went and bought that bitch the same day
I paid cash for it, a hundred twenty grand
The whole dealership, my father saying I'm the man He got a Visa, I got a black card
Got so much cheese on it, I call it the rat card
I gotta good girl, I gotta bad mouth
She like my swagger 'cause I'm nasty like the waffle house You know my style, dude, tell it to the next man
I ain't buying that sell it to the next man
Going postal but mail it to the next man
I can't hear you, hater You know my style, dude, tell it to the next man
I ain't buying that sell it to the next man
Going postal but mail it to the next man
I can't hear you, hater If you see you're hater put your hand in the air and say
Hi, hater, hi, hater
If you see your hater put your hand in the air and say
Bye, hater, bye, hater
If somebody tells you you'll never be nothing, see
You're a lie, hater, lie, hater This is your time, this is your shine
These are the best years of your life
Now go on and tell them haters You know my style, dude, tell it to the next man
I ain't buying that sell it to the next man
Going postal but mail it to the next man
I can't hear you, hater You know my style, dude, tell it to the next man

I ain't buying that sell it to the next man
Going postal but mail it to the next man
I can't hear you, haterHater, see you later
Hater, see you later
Hater

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