

# Where The Haters At?

## Young Buck

[Chorus: Young Buck]

They was glad I was broke, mad cuz I'm rich  
So put that nigga out if it's a hater in this bitch (uh-oh!!)

Stuntin in the club, make 'em start a riot  
Throw my hood up then go take it outside

[Repeat][Verse 1: Young Buck]

Why you hate me nigga? Yo baby momma love me  
She see me in the club, and runs up and hug me

I show her no love, she keep on comin back

Tellin me she got yo club, and where yo money at

It must be my 'Lac, that's sittin on Pirellis

The way I count stacks, that's got these niggas jealous

See I'm hard on a hoe, I get down for mine

You need a hand-out bitch, don't waste ya time

If you don't work (you don't work), you don't eat (you don't eat)

We go to jail, go to church, go to sleep

I'm ridin' 'round wit Scrappy in the A wit my heat

Tryna figure out how to get to Peachtree

Come on nigga[Verse 2: Lil' Murder]

Young nigga, but a certified playa

But youse a bitch nigga, youse a bonafide hater

They was glad I was broke, but now im livin major  
Hustlin and servin niggas like a waiter for the paper

We ridin down the strip in sumthin so wet

When ya bitch see a nigga, wanna suck a nigga dick

Smokin' dro and drinkin' liquor till a nigga get sick

Every city, every state, it's the same ol' shit

Nigga money make the world go 'round so get ya hustle on

These niggas snitchin' so much, I'm like "fuck a phone"

Mad cuz im on, they love to see me down

I know you gon' let me shine and get mine

nigga[Chorus][Verse 3: All-Star]

Look, hatin' aint healthy, nigga so keep it movin'

These shots will wake ya whole hood up, I'm sleepin' through it

Chea, I'm used to it, I done made a gun fire

Pull the trigger one time, sound like a gun fight

You was glad I was broke, now ya mad cuz ya hoe

Love it when a nigga put it in the back of her throat

Buck, Hi-C, Murder, and Star, we aint never scared

I don't need my pistol in the club, I'll brawl there  
I know hustlers that do deal white  
Jump stupid, find out what these boots feel like  
Yea, yall know me, All-Star im so street (yea)  
What it is, what it aint, what it gon be[Verse 4: Hi-C]  
I don't bust my gun, like a halftime football game  
I aimed straight and I took yall name  
And ya whole click look all lame  
You can catch me in the house with a pyrex and it cook all caine  
Put that metal in ya mouth, you gon swear I was doctor walls  
Im in the club with my muthafuckin' glock in drawers  
I had to let my nuts hang, so I dropped my balls  
You aint hit him wit no bullets nigga shot the walls  
You shoot to scare, I aim and kill  
When I dump on you, they gon think yo brain aint real  
Im heavyweight in the game, you featherweight  
When they hear a nigga take a loss, they wanna celebrate  
Bitch[Chorus]

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