

# Why You Always Hatin? (feat. Drake & Kamaiyah)

YG

All up in my face, you not from the clique  
Give me space, we might rob the shit  
Most hate it, baby they don't love the clique  
I thought they love you when you make it

This some other shit, yeah

Yeah, yeah, this some other shit

Friends and business don't mix so I'm brotherless

Tryna get back close, hit 'em with the stiff  
Gears I shift, make sure they feel the drift

Just copped the Benzo with the tint

You should know 'cause in every song I said this shit

Yeah, in every song I said this shit

I'm just proud of my accomplishments

I'm a 4Hunnid nigga, I don't care at all

Have her suck dick, lick the head and all

Heard you talkin' 'bout I'm real, I'm fraud

Your kids and broad, they straight, you shouldn't care at allPlease, please tell me why you always hatin'

Why you hatin'?

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Why you hatin'?

Please tell me why you always hatin' Hunnid 4 times how it go down

Slaps on deck for the Oaktown

On mamas, man I did it with my own sound

And I got my own city that I hold down

Just admit it already

You got plans to do it, boy we did it already

Got a couple DMs I done slid in already

Gotta ask YG if he hit it already, yeah

I'm a star like Moesha's nigga

Runnin' up the numbers like Ayesha's nigga

Yeah, I be slidin', I be creepin', nigga

Girls these days, they just don't know how to keep a nigga

But I got it all handled  
They try to box me in, I got my own angles, yeah  
I'mma spend the summer gettin' to the cake  
And I'mma wish a nigga would on every candle  
I'm likePlease, please tell me why you always hatin'  
    Why you hatin'?

Please tell me why you always hatin'  
Please, please tell me why you always hatin'  
    Why you hatin'?

Please tell me why you always hatin'  
Please, please tell me why you always hatin'  
    Why you hatin'?

Please tell me why you always hatin'  
Please, please tell me why you always hatin'  
    Why you hatin'?

Please tell me why you always hatin'If you ain't know me, bet you know now  
Drizzy came through with the verse for me both times

Bomp-town that's an automatic hold down  
What's that? Ask no questions, just hold it down  
    Why you hatin' on the progress?

I'm a humble nigga, I don't even pop shit (What I do?)  
I just drive the Maybach through the projects  
    And 'Still Brazy' ain't even drop yet  
    Hate from a distance, please don't try me  
    'Cause we'll turn it up on anybody  
    I see why they don't like me  
    Yellin' out 4Hunnid, they go too hyphy  
    I'm with the posse back at it, nigga  
    That mean Kamaiyah goin' platinum, nigga  
    That mean I got a Kindle in my mattress, nigga

I got the Bity Back Brackin' niggaPlease, please tell me why you always hatin'  
    Why you hatin'?

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Please tell me why you always hatin'

Songwriters

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