

# 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 all  
Please, please tell me why you always hatin'  
Why you hatin'?  
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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 like 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'  
 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' nigga 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'  
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