Haters

Lords of the Underground

HATERSSSSSSSSS
Hatin cause my 20's be, choppin! choppin
Hatin cause these hoes be, jockin! jockin
Try me and my glock'll be, cockin! poppin
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Why you wannaaaaaaaaa playa hate on meeeeeee?
Is it the big truck sittin' up on Mike Jordans, thats 23's
With the big ole owl, dual heads roaring
Or is it the Caprice sittin' Emmitt Smiths, thats 22's
On the Impala on 20 inches
Mo' wood in it than old Abe Lincoln's cabin
And with mo' glass in it, than in your cabinets
Or is it the way we come down watchin' XXX
White sex from the ceilin', visors, and headrests
Or is it the chain, the gucci hat, the gucci Air Jordan retros to match
Even though I step on the scene, so fresh and so clean
Nice tek'n wit' me, I still got my weapon wit' me
Strapped wit' a tek in my jeans
Ready to squeeze, cause I know you haters get tempted to wear my
Neck a lace
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Now just imagine if there wasnt no real niggas
No hustlas, thugstas, mobstas, and field niggas
On the treal, T double D, I still keep it real
I love the streets that you fuck niggas named Haterville
Lied on me, said I was a murderer, said I used to serve you work
But I aint never heard of you
I love dub-deuces, only cause I'm sittin on em
And once again I'm gunnin, copped the big 500

A Chevy boy, candy green and chrome fronted
Niggas hide out or they ride out cause my shit runnin
I sold more oz's than cd's and lp's
Baby, I'm a thug plus I'm OG
I roll 'em heavy, I'm bout my fetti
And the feds is what I'm headed

If you fuck niggas keep tellin'
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I was sittin in the rankin, 69
And ceelo twankys, choppin
4 15' Subwoofers, blasting
I dont like that nigga, fuck that nigga
Man, I wanna shoot, slap, punch, kick, cut that niggaa
Thats what they say on the low
WE'RE LOSING HIMMMM
Thats what paramedics'll say
While you lay on the floor
Can we all just get along? smoke trees, hit a bong
Haters pussy niggas, so I'm a choke 'em wit' a thong
Even the block envy me, I make a mill wit' the flo'
But I'm better wit' coke and hot hennessey
My peers is like queers they only get mad
Cause I ride rims old enough to buy beers
They smileeee while hatin' but when it comes to fakes
I spot more than dalmations
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