

# Haters

## Young Buck

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Don't ask me where the \*\*\*\* I'm from or what \*\*\*\* I claim  
I get money, I got a lil' bit of both games in me  
\*\*\*\* hate, so the \*\*\*\* hang with me  
Feds wanna tap up my phone 'cause they can't get me  
I might as well give it to ya since Dre sent me  
Just sit back and kick ya feet up, okay 50? I'm on 1 and I just begun  
I dare one of these blood claat, come test me \*\*\*\*  
The rude boy of the south, let me in dis \*\*\*\*  
I just wish Tupac was here to witness dis  
Give me room to breathe and I'ma blow you away  
I move a 100 \*\*\*\* a week and do a show every day Hey, somebody gotta do it, y'all  
See, I done been locked up and I didn't know who to call  
It's my time, so everybody jump on the train  
See, when tha \*\*\*\* aimed, I can \*\*\*\* \*\*\*\* a plane, \*\*\*\* Haters, what makes you wanna do wrong?  
Makes you wanna do wrong  
Just to wake up early after hustlin' all night long My \*\*\*\* damn near bigger than me, I ain't the \*\*\*\* to beef  
'Cause every time a body drop, \*\*\*\* mentionin' me  
I see a judge in my dreams when he sentencin' me  
My homeboy come in the courtroom \*\*\*\* \*\*\*\* \*\*\*\* \*\*\*\* I got the mind of a \*\*\*\*, 'bout to get him a \*\*\*\*  
All the fiends lined up, they just waitin' for me  
Better hurry, hurry, it's about to go down  
And don't you worry, I brought a \*\*\*\* \*\*\*\* count to ten and then put the \*\*\*\* in  
Whoever is the last man standin' wins  
You throw some money in the hood and it always works  
My \*\*\*\* crazy, they'll dig a dead body from the dirt Better watch ya mouth 'cause I've been watchin' ya house  
I'm in the bushes like, when this \*\*\*\* gon' come out?  
It's enough of this 'He say, she say' \*\*\*\*  
Now it's the time to find out who you with Haters, what makes you wanna do wrong?  
Makes you wanna do wrong  
Just to wake up early after hustlin' all night long, yeah The streets ain't got no love  
Oh, but I'm a \*\*\*\* on top of the house  
These \*\*\*\* don't feel my pain

Oh, these \*\*\*\* don't have a clue what I've been through, mayn  
But I ain't lookin' for love, I ain't lookin' for all your sympathy  
I gots to just do this thang, [Incomprehensible]I been brought up in the world of blind to mankind  
[Incomprehensible] hard to find  
[Incomprehensible]Haters, what makes you wanna do wrong?  
Makes you wanna do wrong  
Just to wake up early after hustlin' all night long, yeah

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