

Haters

Crooked I

How does it feel
Know when shits real
Nigga my big wheel
Whip peel through killin fields so I grip steel
Aimed wit sick skill
My itchy trigger finger need benedrill
Sit still you can get kill
Look how the game switch
The niggaz hatin cause they ain't rich
They ready to infiltrate my main bitch
Set me up and had me takin major bank trips
But fuck a fake trick she ain't shit
Enemies came to my first show
I had some killers in the thrid row
I had a bitch poppin merlow
Rockin her skirt low
Wit a glock and a fur coat
Ready to drop you at the first blow
So much pain since I earned dough
It turned my betfriend into my worst foe
But I had to let the hurt go
Niggas know y'all phony style
Keep it pushin we ain't homies now
Chorus:
I'm navigatin in the six double
I keep a burner on me yeah that's for show though
I spot a hater almost everywhere I go
So don't make me have to hit you with the four four
I know you mad because I make a littel dough
If you a gangsta why you jealous like a hoe yo
I guess that's something only real cats know
And all my real niggas still love the row yo
Verse: You niggas know that imma get mine
Its Rick time so I big grind
Lip nines for the bitch kind you
Spit rhymes from a sick mind
Dick thick dimes after we sip wine
Big chicks imma flip mine
Make the street sizzle
In a lowrider side seat swiffle
Gotta do my g-dizzle

Cause it can't stop
Candy paint drop
Chromed out with more glass then a bank shot
Suckers mad cause they hot
Gay fags cryin cause the cash is exactly what they ain't got
Wheter you slang coke or make dope music
Haters can't hope they straight hope
Your boat sink and ya stay broke
But imma frontline line
Nevermind one time
Its crunchtime ya touch mine duck I'm finna duck nine
Niggas funny as punchline
And you can't rain on my sunshine

Chorus:

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Verse: Follow me now as we journey to them hood spots
Where them half knocks cook rocks
And put you hooks up in a wood box
And there ain't a such thing as cops
Inside your bodies where they put shots
Better get some good blocks
I'm heat holdin
If you ain't interested in me and you make or keep scrollin
I'm a wolf in sheeps clothin
Yeah you keep dolin
I sleep wit one E-Y-E open
This cold world got the streets frozen
When it gets dark shit start and my heat pops
A quick sparks and splits marks
Now what its come to
Use to be real love wherever I come through
Now its like fuck you
Y'all best to go hard
You know what's eastside to the four yard
We pull your hoe card
It break my heart everytime that its time to trip
I love niggas but I empty a clip
Chorus: I'm navigatin in the six double
I keep a burner on me yeah that's for show though
I spot a hater almost everywhere I go

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