

They Don't Like Me

Lil One The Champ

Look I aint got no time for no kindergarten ass grabbin friendly actin touchy feely cock suckin coward ass game

Stop speakin on my money getting bitch fuckin whip drivin pistol packin real street powered ass name

If you hatin my depressin ass street stories struggling type hustling music project jamming ass song

Get yo friendly ass big shade mowhawkin skinny jean vans wearin dopeboy dancing ass on

I be on some real street life club hoppin vodka sippin weed rollin foreign drivin money makin shit

And you just a ol lie tellin penny pinchin clothes sharing beggin ass Misdemeanor crumb chasing bitch

I donâ€™t even wanna see a nigga dap a nigga greet a nigga smell a nigga hear a nigga nothing if he fake

All you bitch made switch ways dick ridin sometiming pussy ass niggas get the fuck up out my face

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Bitch im out them dope slinging head bussin throat cutting door kickin car jackin ratchet ass streets

So you know im wit my dread swangin soldier raggin dust toolie choppa bustin pants saggin ratchet ass peeps

I grew up round some hard headed Wammy slangin fist fighting gutta livin bitch training thuggin ass cats

Come around and get ya private school both parents family matters Church raised subdivision reppin ass jacked

I aint lying I be on big booty Louis baggin manicured roller wrappin dick tastin nasty ass freaks

And they tell me how yo dollar drinkin bill payin lover boy car hoppin lame game faggot ass weak

I aint never been no hatin ass cock blockin Snitchin type tag along yes manning bummy ass scrub, but you

A. a Hater

B. a Cock blocker

C. a Snitch

Matter fact nigga you d bitch
That's all of the above

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Lyrics Submitted by Beautiful Chaos bka PrettyGirl

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