

Hater What You Lookin' At

Freekey Zekey

Diptrack bitch
You know the fuck I hate B, you know?
When I be ridin clean with no tints and I pull up
You dig, and I look and I be like Hater, what you looking at?
What you looking at?
Hater, what you looking at?
What you looking at? Go and get some paper stacks
Get some paper stacks
Hater, what you looking at?
What you looking at? Hater, what you looking at?
What you looking at?
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What you looking at? Go and get some paper stack
Get some paper stacks
Hater, what you looking at? Freaky, freaked on the stroll, caked on the block
Shit, a wrist chain big man lotta props
Back out the imp, put it to his nodachey
(Hater, what you looking at, what you looking at?) Pistol whip him said, "Hater, now look at that"
You ain't no freak, big boss half lunatic
Girl magnet, pop shit with his hooligans
Head cracked, trips, Autobenz, Giovanni rims Click big whip, new metro card, hop a train
Whip thru' the metro honk shorty hoppin' it
Gonna run a train, yea, me and tito poppin'
Dipset popping, tell when we hoppin' Whole club stopping, all girls jocking
Watch how we pop that bud, get it rocking
Freak style lambo, you dirty dodgin'
Prada be in love, gifts car seats and carpet Hater, what you looking at?
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Hater, what you looking at?
What you looking at? I'm looking sharper than a razor

Smoking on some haze, riding low pro
Chopping on them blades
Two tones digi dash, panoramic tops
Coming down the block, bet you all the bitches jockYeah, I ride so dirty but I shine so mean
Candy on the chevi, that bitch so clean
Swinging does, banging hoes, doing my thing
80 on my neck that bitch ching-a-lingYeah, I see you in the streets, looking like fools
Cloudy ass diamonds, thunder storm jewels
Fuck nigga, don't trip, my fours make you holler
Candy paint gators, matching the ImpalaHater, what you looking at?
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Get some paper stacks
Hater, what you looking at?
What you looking at?I'm a first class hitter, you in coach smelling arm pits
Stone cold sinner, got the heat when I'm flossin'
Hold up your horses, your boy and his horsemen
His move and be cautious
Don't wanna see none of ya'll stiff in the coffinNorth gate, flossing, the way I left them all
You think they got extorted
Dipset president, 7 figure office, checks on the
Respect how we morph from
The streets to the desk, and we all came off soGo and get some paper stacks
Get some paper stacks
Don't wanna be the nigga that sped off
And let the dirt hit [Incomprehensible]
FreakyHater, what you looking at?
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