

Haterade

Gucci Mane

We've evolved from small to the tall and shall not stall, been flyin too long

Ooo whoa oh! Ooo whoa oh!

Ooo whoa oh! Ooo whoa oh, girl...

I be sippin on haterade (yup!)

That deep-down, getcha paid (yup!)

And it taste like lemonade (yup!)

Scrunch your face when you sing it babe (yup!)

I be sippin on haterade (yup!)

That deep-down, getcha paid (yup!)

That flavor's lemonade (yup!)

Scrunch your face when you sing it babe, y'knalmtalkinbout?

I'm not listenin, I'm not interested

My attention only focused on what I get

And I'm glistenin, they call me Mr. Check

White ice lemonade, red ice she thick

Got a general Phantom, bitch I'm icy and peachy

So I treat it real good like hoes is squeezed

My life, I ain't ever seen a car like that

And she prolly won't see the next shit I get

And a seventeen fresh, and I say, "I guess"

Successful, healthy, I live no stress

So today is the day that the big boys shine

Drop tops everywhere, I wouldn't know how to rock

Got the titties of today showin off tan lines

Cash bendin in my pockets, no it's not, draw lines

Me and Skateboard P in the club on time

No not on time, but it's just in time

It's Gucci!

Uhh, yo, aiyyo

This one goes out to all of my critics

Don't you feel stupid? Look how I did it

Look how it came to pass when I said it

We can do debit, I don't need no credit

Yes I'm epic, look how I rep it

It's been eight years, but I broke the record

Yup, the record - yup, the record - yup, the record

(And just for the record)

Uhh, I'm all that I can be

And I'll admit, I'm appalled when you envy

Because you can do it too, and you can do it too

I just happen to be the girl that they do it too

So I'ma bounce back, and I'ma ball out

And every time you see me, I'ma go all out

And I'ma win till the endin

Don't be mad when you see me transcendin

Guc!

I ball hard, I should be in Sports Illustrated

Cooler as a muthafucka in a Porschelemonade coupe

And a Ferrari in your hood, you're intimidated

Mutilated, Maserati Lamborghini decapitated

Fed investigation on what I accumulated

Sayin he ain't real, that I'm not the man that I say I am, like I give a damn much

Ride around town pickin up stacks
Some like Louis, some like Gucci
But I love money, yeah I love solution
And my teenage karat ring, baby girl choose
And I ain't really hard to please baby come choose (come choose [echoes])
Lounge around, around the town with the top chopped off
You can call it lost and found 'cause my top stay down
And I ain't seen a muthafucka since I bought this car
I ain't seen a muthafucka since I bought the car
It's Gucci!

Gon' lift ya glass, gon' liftya glass
Just think about the future and forget the past
Everybody just lift ya glass, gon' lift ya glass
If a nigga keep hatin, tell him kiss ya ass
Just lift ya glass, gon' lift ya glass
Let's think about the future and forget the past
Everybody just lift ya glass, gon' lift ya glass
That nigga think they goin hard, don't make me laugh - it's Gucci