

Where The Haters At

Guerilla Maab

[Dougie D]

What you know about the boys in Texas, we sipping and swang
And knocking and gripping the grain, and floss and let the screens rain
And tip-toe crawling down slow, and we sliding the city
Candy dripping off of the Lac, or the Benz or the Bentley
Creased up pieced up, smelling like Gucci or Versace
Bitches they love me and bop me, niggaz they love me deny me
Trunk cracked with the top back, we ride
I keep my glock coked, up on 84's my car bitch we glide
And you ain't know we keep it crunk, sitting low Excursion that bump
Four do's pop and lock up, you feel me throw the deuce up
Maabing and mashing the gas, soldiers united for cash
f**king with deadly can mash, it's Guerilla Maab we ain't had
How a playa does it I is, I put that up on my kids
Z-Ro and Trae in the mix, with G.I.N. balling and shit
We hitting hoes with the dick, fifth wheel recline with the kit
Smoking light green it's bliss, watch how do it like this like this
[Hook: Dougie D & (Trae) - 2x]

You ain't never seen a nigga crawling down so thoed
C-note, four do', swanging glass 84's
(You ain't never seen a nigga that could do it like that
Trunk cracked top back, yelling where them haters at)
[Trae]

I'm so throwed, crawling on 84's
Swanging and tipping slow, body rocking with a bad hoe
Nigga we tote techs, don't barre plex and blinding with a Rolex
Out the Southside of Houston Tex, where the thug niggaz fon't rest
We too playa, better cuff your hoe when I walk up in the do'
A certified Maab type nigga, tinted up in the fo' do'
See I'm a chrome zone rider, you dirty boppers get nada
Better stay the f**k from my casa, we clicked up like that Raza
One of a kind legendary thoed mouthpiece
For the Southwest, on back to the Southeast
You haters better get up off me, candy painted on a Kawasaki
With my nigga H.A.W.K., blue face falling over gray
Staying ready for the pistol play, it's be best not to f**k with Trae
Cause we Screwed Up Click thug niggaz, we push and we shove niggaz
Running up in the club nigga, when it's plex we plug niggaz
Texas tough, trunk pop, screens on two tone
Grab a chrome, for the haters till they all get gone
[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

You ain't never seen another nigga, holding like me
You ain't seen a nigga with Benjamins, folding like me
You ain't never seen a guerilla, that's looking so lovely
Have you seen a jacuzzi, that's running over with bubbly
You aint never seen a nigga, represent the Dirty 3rd
You ain't seen me lately, cause I been ducking the whirly bird
You ain't never seen a nigga, put mo' food on the table
Z-Ro, Guerilla Maab, Cl'Che and Mello on the same label
You never seen a billboard, get hit so fast
Cause I'm a real nigga, that kinda put a foot in yo ass
Have you ever seen a nigga, roll the dice like me
Got big swoll ass partnas, named Bice like me
Have you ever seen a nigga, write a verse so fast
Plus I burst so fast, you gonna hurt so fast
Have you ever seen a nigga, with more skills than me

Blowing mo' dro, sipping drank, popping mo' pills than me
[Hook - 4x]