Hatin'

Lil Boosie

Lil boosie bad azz (lil boosie bad azz) An I wanna know tonite Y dey hatin on me? Shh. Ima good nigga believe that Lets roll... Tell me y dey hatin (y dey hatin) Hatin on me (y dey hatin on me) Cuz Im tryna get this paper (cuz im tryna get this paper) Thuggin in these streets (thuggin in these streets) Nigga ate at my momma table my daughter called him uncle (she called him unc le) I treated him like he was donkey and he told on me The judge lookin like he wanna drop a load on me My nigga loookin like he wanna break the code on me Tell me y they let me ride for a year Now they want my 745 until I show for this here Nigga tried to sneak me but thats hoe shit You aint gonna get no strikes off me lil daddy u betta try sum moe shit Now he fuck wit my gurl head Da hoes she be round kept puttin her souldja down and she cant focus now (un un un) Aint that a shame how they fuck up ya name Tell Promoters ya gon cut throat em now ya missin ya change Who gon take the pistol charges and everybody convicted Been to 5 funerals in 3 months Lord knows that I miss em I guess when I get old and grey and my mission is done You pussy mutha fuckas yall gon hate on my son Tell me y dey hatin (y dey hatin) Hatin on me (y dey hatin on me) Cuz Im tryna get this paper (cuz im tryna get this paper) Thuggin in these streets (thuggin in these streets) From da cradle to the grave Ima always be a hustler As long as u 16 they gon always be a buster They hated Dr.King they hated when he marched They hated Malcolm X and they hated Rosa Parks Sometime yo enemy on yo passenger side Riding wit cha gettin high But u cant believe it But u know dat he sneaky When I was five my mama looked at her son she said boy You gon break hearts cuz you to cute for just one I guess its this baby face and rap skills that God blessed me wit Got nigga nuts hangin ready to come and test me bitch but look You know that say I was dead 2 shot up in my head Sum say I OVed off dat X Wat they gon say next? Tell me y dey hatin (y dey hatin) Hatin on me (y dey hatin on me) Cuz Im tryna get this paper (cuz im tryna get this paper)

Thuggin in these streets (thuggin in these streets)

Now they say me and Weebie beef we on the same team We drop hits you nosey bitch we got the same dream Alot of niggas playa hate cuz they aint me So when they mine they wont hesitate to spank me Done seen alot of shit Lord knows I try Rumors hurt me inside but Im still showin pride Want diggahs like jigga with a brain like dane Cant slip like beans cuz i dreams to be da mayne But I never change no matter how raw it get Im beast mode lil daddy so Im prepared for the rawest shit They called me out my name They told me I was stuntin I told them one day bitch Ima have sum Oprah money

Tell me y dey hatin (y dey hatin) Hatin on me (y dey hatin on me) Cuz Im tryna get this paper (cuz im tryna get this paper) Thuggin in these streets (thuggin in these streets)

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