

Haters Still Mad

Lil' Flip

Uh, Lil' Flip, them hatas still mad
Man look, Big T

Why y'all haters still mad
I said I don't know why baby
Cause Screwed Up Click acting bad
Cause Screwed Up Click acting bad

You might see me in the benzo, sitting on Lorenzos, blowing on some endo
It's five o'clock so I'ma drop my top, and let down my window
I'm candy paint with DVD's and Playstation 2
I got a mic with a crown on top that say R.I.P. DJ Screw
But I'ma hold it down like it's supposed to go, make this Screw shit coast t
o coast
I can't be stopped like a locomotive, M-P-C H-P eighty rolling
My paper folding like laundromats, S-P-S black Cadillacs
E-S-1's cause cataracts, Gucci suit with the hat to match
Like Fat Pat I'm on chrome, my Prime Co. on roam
Sold out shows at the Astro Dome, y'all ain't know my money long
Y'all money gone cause we changed the game, and came with tighter flows
I wear expensive clothes got plenty hoes, cause nigga that's all I know
Like shopping sprees and credit cards, two ways and cellulars
Smoking blunts and pulling broads, everyday I'm switching cars
But I'm a superstar like Denzel, but I ain't gone win a Grammy
I sold a hundred thousand now I see why niggas can't stand me

Why y'all haters still mad
I said I don't know why baby
Cause Swisha House acting bad
Why y'all hating the way y'all do
Why y'all haters still mad
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All these cars I got to flip one, all these rims I got to whip one
All this wood I got to grip some, Texas boys off the hook huh
Chain and charm with two my chain, project corner with too much weight
Sleep day time and work at night, making cash is my life
Sipping Sprite and breaking mics, winning money shaking dice
Hitting licks and shaking vikes, you want three chickens pay the price
Bubble light on foreign wheels, iced out grill'll make me chill
Peanut butter in my Seville, buy a pint and pop a sill

Buy a pint and I'll pop a sill, and my blaze chop like a south-mill
Y'all hatas mad cause we in a Jag, and that Iceberg got us dressed to kill
How you feel cause I'm fired up, pour me up another cup
It's S.U.C. and Swisha House, and them big faces we fold up
Lil' Ron make you hold up while I take a trip with Lil' Flip
Blow'd get you wide up and it'll make your ass run off a cliff
Kenoe got the track throwed, we making hatas hate us bad
I'm a Rosewood thug that keeps my pants sagging

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