

Bye! Bye! Hater!

Tela

Let's keep it quiet, I'm gon' shine, I'm in the body wide
I'm comin down the street, I'm in twenty inch tires
I'm leaned up, I'm screened up
I'm bout to clean up the South, ain't shit happen to young Tela
I'ma sit right here, and I'ma get my shit clear
I'ma sit right here, and I'ma finish my beer
Now I'ma go on and make the block cause I'm just on hard
I'ma go ahead and stop mayne, fuck the laws
Now I'ma go ahead and bounce because them hoes do be trippin
I'ma head to the house and I'ma keep my shit pimpin
I'm the realest Down South, I'm on a cut-up mission
for some red, bowlegs, no braids, no extensions
I'ma get by this bitch and I'ma call this bitch
This Nextel drop calls, so I'ma hop on the Sprint
They say, "Who that nigga there? He lookin all in my shit
Lookin all through my tint like he wanna come and bitch boi"

Bye bye haters, I gets papers
Y'all muh'fuckers can hate me later
Ha hoes, I gets O's
I comes through the damn club so throwed

There go two things in life that I don't wanna see
Me not believin in Christ; my kids die befo' me
And I promise you this - if the shit is sweet
or if the shit gets deep, from the valley to the beat
They say I went pop, and I lost my streets
The only thing that is pop, is me with this heat
And I pop wine bottles and pop fine models
and pop off sparks from the shells that's hollow
I like nice parties, I got the new Bugotti
It's gutted out white with the candy-apple body
Haters can't see me, cause haters don't like me
We two different players: I'm gator, you Nike
Accept that player, can't help that player
I don't care if you just sit there player
Nigga youse a lame you ain't even in the game
Youse a bitch in the stands, stickin on a man

Hey yo, understand me I'm at yo' door with yo' keys
Tearin up yo' shit on the flo' where she bleeds
I'm diggin through your couch cause I'm lookin for the cheese
Nigga this the South, there's some shit off in the breeze
I tell a bitch quick, aiy you're fuckin or leave
And I don't give shit, but I gots to receive
I lays it flat like this, I got mouths to feed
I'm the captain of the team, so I'm to the extreme
Hmm, so hold it in if you're feelin calicay
or feel the breeze from the wind from the holes in your Escalade
I sho' hate it, you're outdated
Expired, deleted, for fuckin with the greatest
I know you're feelin calicocky and swoll (oh)
But don't get yourself rowdy and cold (oh)
Oh young nigga gonna call me like
Gonna find his ass, split to fuck with the pipes
Keep playin aight?

Uhh, so throwed
Uhh, so throwed
Bye bye hater.. y'know?