

# Constantly Hating

Young Thug

Pour that shit up fool, it's ours. Monster! Man so you ain't gonna pour? Oh so you're gonna make a nigga beg you to pour... okay bool

Hopped out my mothafuckin' bed  
Hopped in the mothafuckin' coupe (SKRRRRR)  
Pulled up on the Birdman (BRRRRR)  
I'm a beast, I'm a beast, I'm a monster  
You got 50 whole bands, you'll be my sponsor (just for the night)  
Them snakes on the plane, me and Cognac-conda (condas)  
I might piece him up and let my partner smoke him  
Chuck E Cheese, I'm about pizza and my Rol' on  
I'm a gangster, I don't dance, baby I poke  
Right now I'm surrounded by some gangsters from Magnolia  
I heard I put it in the spot, yessir she told me  
My niggas muggin', these niggas YSL loaded  
I heard my Nolia niggas not friendly, like no way  
But we not friendly either, you know it  
Yeah thumbs up  
I've seen more holes than a golf course on Donald Trump's course  
My bitch a tall blooded horse, nigga, bronco  
And if you catch us down bet you're not gon' trunk us  
You got a body, lil nigga, we got a ton of 'em  
You got some Robin's, lil nigga, we got some Badmans  
I let that choppa go "blocka, blocka, " get back, son  
You got them MJs, nigga, I got them Jacksons (racks)

But really what is it to do  
When the whole world constantly hatin' on you?  
Pussy niggas hold their nuts, masturbatin' on you  
Meanwhile the fuckin' federal baitin' on you  
Nigga tell me what you do  
Would you stand up or would you turn to a pussy nigga?  
I got a hundred things to do  
And I can stop rappin' but I can't stop stackin' fuckin' figures

Yeah, I'm from that mothafuckin' 'Nolia, nigga  
Birdman'll break a nigga nose, lil' nigga  
You need to slow your fuckin' roll, lil' nigga  
We created Ks on shoulders, nigga  
I'm a scary fuckin' sight, lil' nigga  
We won a hundred mil' on fights, lil' nigga  
A hundred bands, sure you're right, lil' nigga  
I keep some AKs on my flights, lil' nigga  
Birdman Willie B  
Smoke some stunna blunts, now my eyes Chinese  
Hundred K on private flights overseas  
Choppas City nigga, free BG  
Bentley with the doors all 'round, not a Jeep  
Rich nigga shit, smoke two pounds in a week  
Can't find a bitch that don't know we them streets  
Bitches know that I am Birdman, that's OG

Nigga I'm a crack addict  
Thought about lettin' them get a cut, then I went and snagged at it  
The new' Boosie Badazz at it  
I'm a drop a nigga life, just like a bad habit  
I stick to the ground like a mothafuckin' rug

I'm a big dog, lil' fuck nigga you a pup  
Lil' bitch clean your drawers before you think you're a thug  
Before I be in front your shows, just like your pub  
I ain't even lyin', baby  
I swear to God I ain't lyin', baby  
First I'll screw you without these pliers, baby  
I might dap you like, "good try, " baby  
Big B livin', baby  
Them boys on my left throwin' up Cs  
I promise their mama see them this week  
And I don't break promises with my Ds (them my dogs)  
I want Ms and cheese, mister Mickey Ds  
She know I am a beast, I am obese  
In Miami I swear they don't got good weed  
Wiz Khalifa can you give me some weed please?

Yeah, overseas, nigga, top floor, clear windows, nigga  
Glass house, drankin' GT, you understand?  
We in that Red Light District, you understand?  
3 and 1, that mean 3 on me, nigga, you understand me?  
Just livin' the life, boy, aye Thug, just a dollar for a 1, nigga  
We can blow a mil', boy. Rich Gang YSL, bratt!