

Haters Song

Z-Ro

Can somebody, help me please
I'm so sick of motherfuckers, steady capping up in my face
Cause they got, a little cheese
I'ma be on my way, to pay one of these days
Ready to bust, one of these A to the K's
Can't even count, how many blunts I blaze
Wetter than syrup slide, riding on the way
Can't nobody talk about pain like me, and that's about a god damn shame
Nigga been pen pimpin ever since '91, and I'm still in pursuit of my change
I done been through a group, and a solo tape
Trying to stay out the kitchen, and cook no mo' cakes
Can't stay on no crack, but I'll sell you a track
And then a nigga, headed to another photo tape
Trying to walk, on the straight and narrow
But the straight and narrow, just to gets so thin
Gotta fall off sometimes, but he know I'm trying
Not trying to sin, trying to earn the dividends
Wonder why a nigga like me, bleed the fair
Ever heard about rent, gotta pay that there
Everybody everywhere I go, need somewhere
So we living our life, like we don't care
When I'm posted up, I sting like a wasp
Z-Ro paid the cost, to be the boss
Me and my niggaz, use to be thicker than sauce
Now, they don't even come to the house
I'm drowning in pain feeling the pain, and I really do miss my kin
But a motherfucker like me, gotta feed my family
One deep, I bring the bread in

I think you better let it go, just to let you know haters
We been down too long, y'all can't hold us down no mo'
(2x)

It's Ms. Slim Chance, I'm going for the crowd and I make 'em dance
Everytime I grab the mic, and take the stand
How many mics I gotta break, till I make some grands
They say I'm ready, cause I wreck the flow
Say they got pathetic, won't let it go
All about the money, gotta get it and go
And if you ain't spending money, then you out the do'
No time for the games, try stay on my toes
So if you asking that bullshit, better let it go
Trying to get me a mill ticket, fuck getting sold
Spitting the flow hitting the optimo, and I think you better let it go

You better let it go, before you get rushed in the game
Why everybody, wanna be yelling my name
Don't they know my stress, will make a nigga do thangs
All the time, cause I be living thoed in the game
24/7, I be wrecking the microphone
And leaving everybody stuck, cause I'm wrecking on every song
And tell them hating ass cats, who wanna hate me
I'm fin to bust on sight, when cocked with a beam
It's a dirty game, but I gotta mash for mine
Ain't no more waiting, I'm fin to take what's mine
I'm a Guerilla Maab nigga, in the midst of plex
Knocking niggaz on rest, to collect my checks

Now what a wonderful world, we living in
The way of life, got a nigga living in sin
All that I wanted, was to make dividends
Maybe get my T. a new house, with a Benz to get in
And my kin folks, a platinum plack
We done dominated rap, and y'all know that
And if you didn't know that, you better let it go
We been down too long, and I'm letting y'all know

I think you better let it go, just to let you know haters
We been down too long, y'all can't hold us down no mo'
(2x)

You going ball, steady trying to stand tall
Never do nothing, but crawl
Better get up off your knees, and develop some N-U-T's
Wannabe's, and the wanna-be-me's
I really been stilling, my status
There's never ever, gonna be another me
Gonna take, too much practice
I got too many motherfucking zones, up under the mattress
Situation at hand, these motherfuckers
Wanna talk down on me, cause I shine
Even though I went a long way, I gotta keep on going
So I read the root, when I grind
Sure is funny to me, when a nigga give me my card
Another one's, talking down
Thinking they deserve the credit, they big headed like Frankenstein
But sound like, Z-Ro when they rhyme
One deep individual, up under God
Keep faith, in you Jesus Lord
But I really wanna know, will it ever get around to the good part
I'm so sick of the struggling, I wanna be bubbling
But they setting up, road blocks
Automatic mouth piece, fully loaded and cocked
And all enemies, must be dropped
Fuck it I said it first, and I'ma say it again
I'm in it to win, I'm never gon rest
My 16's be like a quest, better sit back and prepare for my address
Collaborated, by the Southside V-E-T
Singing off always, R-I-D-G
E-M-O-N-T, and a nigga gon stay one deep