

Hatin' Me

Z-Ro

These motherfuckers be hating us the way they do
Every motherfucking day, all motherfucking day long
Nigga can't get no motherfucking rest, that's why
I drink and smoke so motherfucking much
You feel me, get off my dick

Why you be hating me
Day and night, baby
Mad at me, cause I don't buy
The dreams that you selling lately

I needed to get up off my rump, and stack something
I was tired of walking around, ready to plack something
Big heads, screwdrivers, spark plugs to break the glass
Hold my bases of selling dope, anything to get that cash
I was getting grown faster, than average niggas
Bills and mouths to feed, I needed cabbage nigga
Did a little rapping on the side, but I was full time grind
Till they ran up and 50 one eleven, and shut it down
When I got out, I wanted to get some work and do it over
Instead I picked up a pen, and got to jotting in a folder
Niggas was bobbing they head, bitches was bobbing they head
The first time in my life, I didn't worry bout no feds
But I wasn't out the woods yet, round shife too
Niggas be killing eachother over lime light fool
Ain't with it fuck a million, I just want what I earn
But they don't like it when I holler KMJ because it burn

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If you wanna jam, you can grab a hold of my funk
But if you plan to take me off of my game, like I'm a chump
I won't punk about it, I'ma do my thang
Dumping on niggas from the turning lane
But it's burning man, cause that's how it go down
Niggas be trying to get you, when you live in H-Town
And you throwed, in the game
Wanna get you for your mouthpiece or your name
Have you giving up hits, having no change
Having more overdue bills, no strings
Not me, no more, it's a new day
I'm in a new ride, and it's looking too gray
Remember if you sew it, it'll read right back
So when you treat a nigga wrong, the heavens'll handle that

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Got a name for myself now, selling them tapes
I still be traveling I-10, but I ain't selling no weight
No more, blue over gray four do', in and out the lanes
Steady keeping my melodies, running in and out your brain

But I need my money, cause ain't no working for free
If it ain't twenty-five hundred, no appearances from the Z
Man, got to get my feet man, got to be treated fair
Trying to put me on a back burner, I'm out of there
A veteran to the game, you can't do me like no hoe
When my crib got flooded, you didn't help me you let me float
Now you wanna exercise your contractual right
But if you fuck me the first time, there ain't gon be a twice
Recognize ain't no hate in my heart, cause I'm a guard
I don't hate nobody, just hate it when times get hard
In my new situation, I'm having rich-nigga troubles
Without the switch, I'd have in a ditch-nigga troubles