

11/5**"Hate To See Me Have Shit"**Visit "[Hate To See Me Have Shit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Maine-O]

Nigga I'm from the projects
Now pack my tech
And I demand respect
You plan a place and get checked
And I'll make your t-shirt wet
See I'm that fed up out the Sco nigga
A pro nigga
What you mean that's all you got
Get your ass on the floor nigga
Move faster if you have to
And if you ain't got what I'm knockin'
Mutha fucka I'ma attempt to get me
The convo before I go Joe Blow
I'm robbin' niggas for they doe
And hittin' the cuts and lay low
I'll spray your whole block up
And everybody's gettin' popped up
Nobody got up
Because you bitches all got shot up
Clock up my nina, fuckin' supina'd
I'm not goin' back to jail
I'm blastin' niggas to hell
And if I fail then I'm all in
But at least wit a piece
I can release when I'm a star bitch
Cuz I'm a Northern Cali killa
Stack, still a cap pilla
I got dealers stackin' skrilla from jackin' niggas

[Chorus: x2 Hennessy]

Niggas rather see me blasted
I lay dead in the casket
To see me laughin'
But I ain't havin' it
The gas pedal I be mashin'
To escape the assassin
Cuz mutha fuckas hate to see me have shit

[Hennessy]

It's time to smash the gas pedal
Openin' off 4-4 barrels

Wit my strap in my lap
Cuz these mutha fuckas jealous
Cuz I drinkin' brews
Wit my man dressed in blue
Top notches on my jock
Tryin' to choose cuz I make it move
That's why I'm 4 deep
Drunk off the Olde E
And if you got beef
Lets hate banger's to the goatee
These scandalous ass bitches
Is just as bad as these niggas
And niggas could get riches
So that these bitches could roll in benz's
My business on the hump, on the down low like R
Wit my windows smoke tinted
So you can't see up in my car
Callin' shots on niggas life's
Like I'm Jesus Christ and uh
Thou shall not grind without kickin' in mine
Cuz time after time they're back
Game scattered like roaches
They be victims of my sickness
Cuz I'm vicious when it's slowly
I'm the nigga bitch
And best believe there's no mistakin'
Cuz these other niggas fakin'
Like they're makin' what I'm makin' nigga

[Chorus x2]

[Taydatay]

Sort of like a psycho
Fuck no, a lunatic
I'm ready to do some dirt
Because I'm deep up that bullshit, wit 45
Different ways to express
These eleven hollow points
Into yo mutha fuckin' chest
Who wanna test
That criminal minded nigga bustin' like a savage
All for the love of the cabbage
When I see it, I got to have it
Fuck a ho, and milk a bitch
That be the way
Cuz they hate to see me lavage
Makin' money, gettin' paid on the regular
No hesitations for my filla, realla
Cuz a nigga illa for the skrilla
Peel yo cap back
And creep like a mutha fuckin' menace

And witness as I jack and bounce wit the quickness
Stack the money in the safe
Rendezvous wit the click
Think of Mr. Make-A-Mil
I'm the mutha fuckin' shit
It's so drastic
And keep away from niggas who be blastin'
And hatin' on a nigga
Cuz they hate to see me have shit

[Chorus x2]

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