

Young Buck f/ All-Star, Lil' Murder, & Hi-C "Where The Haters At?"

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[Chorus: Young Buck]

They was glad I was broke, mad cuz I'm rich
So put that nigga out if it's a hater in this bitch (uh-oh!!)
Stuntin in the club, make 'em start a riot
Throw my hood up then go take it outside
{Repeat}

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

Why you hate me nigga? Yo baby momma love me
She see me in the club, and runs up and hug me
I show her no love, she keep on comin back
Tellin me she got yo club, and where yo money at
It must be my 'Lac, that's sittin on Pirellis
The way I count stacks, that's got these niggas jealous
See I'm hard on a hoe, I get down for mine
You need a hand-out bitch, don't waste ya time
If you don't work (you don't work), you don't eat (you
don't eat)
We go to jail, go to church, go to sleep
I'm ridin' 'round wit Scrappy in the A wit my heat
Tryna figure out how to get to Peachtree
Come on nigga

[Verse 2: Lil' Murder]

Young nigga, but a certified playa
But youse a bitch nigga, youse a bonafide hater
They was glad I was broke, but now im livin major
Hustlin and servin niggas like a waiter for the paper
We ridin down the strip in sumthin so wet
When ya bitch see a nigga, wanna suck a nigga dick
Smokin' dro and drinkin' liquor till a nigga get sick
Every city, every state, it's the same ol' shit
Nigga money make the world go 'round so get ya
hustle on
These niggas snitchin' so much, I'm like "fuck a phone"
Mad cuz im on, they love to see me down
I know you gon' let me shine and get mine
nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: All-Star]

Look, hatin' aint healthy, nigga so keep it movin'
These shots will wake ya whole hood up, I'm sleepin'
through it
Chea, I'm used to it, I done made a gun fire
Pull the trigger one time, sound like a gun fight
You was glad I was broke, now ya mad cuz ya hoe
Love it when a nigga put it in the back of her throat
Buck, Hi-C, Murder, and Star, we aint never scared
I don't need my pistol in the club, I'll brawl there
I know hustlers that do deal white
Jump stupid, find out what these boots feel like
Yea, yall know me, All-Star im so street (yea)
What it is, what it aint, what it gon be

[Verse 4: Hi-C]

I don't bust my gun, like a halftime football game
I aimed straight and I took yall name
And ya whole click look all lame
You can catch me in the house with a pyrex and it cook
all caine
Put that metal in ya mouth, you gon swear I was doctor
walls
Im in the club with my muthafuckin' glock in drawers
I had to let my nuts hang, so I dropped my balls
You aint hit him wit no bullets nigga shot the walls
You shoot to scare, I aim and kill
When I dump on you, they gon think yo brain aint real
Im heavyweight in the game, you featherweight
When they hear a nigga take a loss, they wanna
celebrate
Bitch

[Chorus]

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