

B.O.B.

"Haters Everywhere"

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[Chorus]

We got 'em goin' down for the count, lookin' at the ground

That's why we got haters, that's why we got haters

Haters everywhere we go, haters everywhere we go

Haters everywhere we go, where we go

Haters goin' down for the count (ONE) lookin' at the ground (TWO)

I think you're a hater, I think you're a hater

Haters everywhere we go, haters everywhere we go

Haters everywhere we go, where we go, haters goin' down for the count

[Verse 1: B.O.B.]

Yes sir it's the beast from Decatur

Cain't see enemies and the haters

Real sharp on my thing like a razor

Blade, come clean like a shape up

So guess I got a game of tape up

But e'rybody gonnaa feel the need to say sum'n

But can't speak up whenever you face 'em

Thats what I call microphone gangsters

Yea I got 'em okie-doke, teah I'm raw you know my flow

'Cause folk be actin hard like a Viagra overdose

Talkin' that noise on all them songs

A buncha lil' boys but you all look grown

Those niggaz there and these niggaz here

It really don't matta cause they all just clones

Go to school, read a book, be a lawyer

Hell yeah man I'm all for the cause

Ain't tryin to get involved with the law sir

But a nigga will get caught with the Mausberg

And that just ain't a threat on the song

Don't get it wrong 'cause this track is my own

'Cause niggaz that slip they don't last long

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Wes Fif]

Hey - what the heck, breathe homie, me I'm doin' what I always do

Grindin' if you wasn't steady hatin' you'd be ballin' too

I know you see us fallin' through, all the rich niggaz is
on my crew
Fuck it, they can't touch us, if stuck up is what you call it
cool
Ooh~! You shoulda seen when I came down in that
Black on black, custom gator, haters face down on the
mat
Splat! Yeah I can make a green nigga mad
Quick, fast, flash like ten cash on his bitch ass

[B.O.B.]

You can tell I'm a G by the walk and the stance
How I play the game make 'em talk in the stands
Watch how you talk when you talk to the man
If it ain't about bread you can talk to the hand
I, I, show you how to get rich
You got a weak arm I'll show you how to pitch
Made it so play I'll show you how to hit
And tell the police I don't know about shit
Ay guy, I'm fly, somethin' like the air
Ain't that somethin' when it's stuntin' man there's
nothin' like air
Homey hold it right there, homeboy hold it down
Spent five at the mall and had the haters goin dowwwn

[Chorus]

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