

## **Bob**

# **"Haterz Everywhere"**

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[Chorus:]

We got em goin down for the count  
Lookin down at the ground  
That's why we got hataz  
That's why we got hataz  
Hataz everywhere we go  
Hataz everywhere we go  
Hataz everywhere we go, where we go,  
Hataz goin down for the count (ONE)  
Lookin at da grounda (TWO)  
I think your a hata  
I think your a hata  
Hataz everywhere we go  
Hataz everywhere we go  
Hataz everywhere we go, where we go,  
Hataz goin down for the count

[Verse 1:]

This sir, is the beef from the caterz  
K, C's, dem men, and dem hataz [? ]  
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 errybody gotta feel the need to say summin  
But can't speak up whenever you face em  
That's what I call microphone gangstas  
Yea I got em over do'd[? ]  
Yea I'm raw you know my flow  
Cause b.o.b be actin hard like a Viagra overdose  
Talkin that noise on all dem songs  
A buncha lil boys and ya don't look grown  
Those niggas there and these niggas here  
But it really don't matta cause they all just clones  
Gotta school, do the work, be a lawyer  
Hell yeah I'm all for the cause  
Don't wanna get involved with tha law sir  
But a nigga still got the moss burs  
And that just fell on tha track and the song [? ]  
Don't get it wrong this track is my own  
Cause niggas that slip they don't last long

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Hey what it live, breath 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 sprawlin through  
All the rich niggas is on our crew  
Fuck it, they can't touch us  
If stuck-up's what ya call it cool  
Ooh, You shoulda seen when I came down in that  
Black on Black  
Gata hataz face down on the mat  
Splat  
I can make a green nigga mad  
Quick, fast, flash like tin cash on this bitch's tag

[Verse 3:]

You can tell I'm a G from a walk in the stands  
Don't care bout 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 da hand  
I, I, Show you how to get rich  
The game we on, I'll show you how to pitch  
Made a play with a hit[? ]  
And told the police I don't know bout shit  
Ay guy, I'm fly, summin like tha air  
Ain't that summin, when it's stunting, there's nothing  
like air  
Homey hold it right there  
Home boy hold it down  
Spit five at the mall and had them hataz goin  
dowwwnnnn

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