

Cranberries

"Hatin' My Song"

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[Hook: Rocko - 2x]

S.L.A.B. beating down your block
Your little mama's on my jock
She put my c.d. on
Jealous niggas started hating my song

[Trae]

Everyday I made with black gun on
A nigga be plexing, living on my day
Coming up out of the corner with a 4-4
And a mouth piece, trying to get rich
If you thinking you better than us
Half of you cats don't be fucking with us
It'd be best to be sticking on hunts
Before that glock 4 ready to bust
Lil' Trae the young gun
Keeping these fake niggas on the run
We just hooked up with the young gun
All work no play ain't no time for fun
We some of the best at what we do
Respect the game, and the game respect you
You gotta crawl, before you learn how to walk
For real, its all about paying dues
You gotta make that change, get on your grind
And stack your change, get the fuck out of my mix
Talking down on my name, to a bitch for fame
I'm telling you like it is, when I'm spitting my shit
They be liking this, all the hoes on the block
They be rocking this, like keeping a nigga the host
Steady jocking to this, so none of you hatas can stop
this

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Jealous ass niggas started hating my song
Your bitch ain't never met me, but my music puts her in
the zone
Z-Ro Vs. the World, and King of Da Ghetto
She cuts the music up on max, and go to wiggly like
jello

Bitch ass boy, press and eject and chuck in my c.d.
But she ain't mad, cause she know she can come and
get one from me
Niggas be talking down on me, the hoes trying to get
some bed play
Must think I'm a pretender, ain't nothing pretend about
this rent rate
Sometimes I pull up on a block, on the other side of
town
Niggas be mugging when I slide by, but they don't ever
make a sound
Until they get with hoes (cover blown), hater you been
spotted
I was a hoe before you get your woman, told y'all about
it

[Hook - 2x]

[Dougie D]

Well look here, I already peeped the hater-ation
But that's suspect, from these be on the square
minded
Mentality having asses, son of a bitch don't lie to me
Hey now diggers don't bother me, you one of them
same
Motherfuckers that be in the club, talking bout you in
my Ferrari
Trying to get in free, nigga with a paid I dues
Ain't nobody fin to gangsta you, gotta get up, get out
and go get it
Get off you ass, and handle all of your business
I'ma ride for the chedda, I'ma slide for the chedda, get
down for the chedda
Constantly we gon mob for the chedda, gripping the
rounds
I know time fin to let us, Dougie D, Trae and the S.L.A.B.
family
Fin to wreck up to you hoes, like you need
Sipping you motherfuckers is what you need
Some of you motherfuckers'll hate on me
Smile in my face, talk down behind my back
But that's all good, cause I know where your nuts at
I'm gon scoop your gal, and fuck her off this track
How you brothers gon hate now

[Hook - 2x]

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