

Bethany Dillon "Haters Gon Hate"

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[Chorus: Curren\$y]

When I pull up at the club in a big black Truck on dubs (these niggas gon hate)

Cause I'm doing big thangs, and I got a lot of ice

In my chain (these niggas gon hate)

When I come through the door, and take all the hoes

I know (these niggas gon hate)

Cause I'm playing with some chips, and I make a lot of hits

I know (these niggas gon hate)

[Curren\$y]

I don't know if it's the Porsche or the Lamb, that make these niggas

Hate me, like I'm a member of the Klu Klux Klan I mean god damn, how much money I got in my hand Really don't concern you man

But I know why you niggas boot me up

Cause I come through pushing brand new Coupes and stuff

You say you wanna shoot me up

Because I got a pair of Jordans won't be out for at least two months

They call me Curren\$y the Hot Spitter

And that's cause I keep my money, in stacks

I know they got hatas out to jack niggas

So that's why I ride, with my gat

A glock and a mask in the dash of the Jaguar, and

that's a X-K-8

And if you cross me, you'll die dog

So I advise y'all, please don't hate

[Chorus: Krazy]

When I walk in the club and the bitch

Touching bread starts smiling (these niggas gon hate)

When I buy the bar, hit the flo' just start wilding

You feel that (these niggas gon hate)

When them tires on the Navi just keep on spinning

Look at that shit man (these niggas gon hate)

In the club thugged out, with my P. Miller denim

Nigga see that (these niggas gon hate)

[Krazy]

With a high rich I get I still remember, the bad times In the Ville rock hustling, with a loaded nine All the niggas said I'd never make it, be friends now All the dick-riders see this bitch, take a while All the hoes that never liked me, wanna fuck me I'll two-way you for some head, you can trust me It must be this tank, or the shiny gold teeth Make these hoes get wet, everytime I speak These streets I push weight, silent nigga Unless you turn me into a, violent nigga Smiling in my face, nigga hate behind my back And you wonder why these bitch ass niggas get smacked

No fear of the police, only the feds Catch him snitch late night, I'll bust his head No love for these hating niggas, or the informants Ask bank run about me, my account's enormous

[Chorus: Choppa]

When I'm walking through the mall, I'm chilling with my dogs

Or my girl (these niggas gon hate)
I don't even notice nigga why you spoke to this
Nigga got a choke me a hater (these niggas gon hate)
This 8 is beginning this 8, no gimmick
This the New No Limit (these niggas gon hate)
And all the ladies love Choppa, cause they know
He's such a poppa but all (these niggas gon hate)

[Choppa]

Niggas gonna hate no matter what you do So if you don't fuck with me, I don't fuck with you And I could care less, who did what with who See I love when you hate, so do what you do Rolaid, I understand that's your crew But them cats ain't got no love for you Y'all wonder why, your careers and you died Cause your songs sound the same, like you doing a lie Don't wanna do nothing else, then shake the streets That's why I'm glad big rap gave a dang to me And my nigga Master P gave the flame to me Making hits after hits, what it came to be Not just a boss rapper, but a hot m.c. All them other niggas sound like me, think about it I'm Choppa, that Westbank show stopper If you sick of me, then nigga go see a doctor

[Chorus]

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