

Doro & Warlock

"Haters Still Mad"

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(talking)

Uh, Lil' Flip, them hatas still mad

Sing the hook Big T

(Hook: Big T)

Why y'all haters still mad

I said I don't know why baby

Cause Screwed Up Click acting bad

Cause Screwed Up Click acting bad

[Lil' Flip]

You might see me in the Benzo, sitting on Lorenzos,
blowing on some endo

It's five o'clock so I'ma drop my top, and let down my
window

I'm candy paint with DVD's and Playstation 2

I got a mic with a crown on top that say R.I.P. DJ Screw

But I'ma hold it down like it's no cigo', take this Screw
shit coast to coast

I can't be stopped like a locomotive, M-P-C X-P eighty
rolling

My paper folding like laundromats, S-P-S black

Cadillacs

E-S-1's cause cataracts, Gucci suit with the hat to
match

Like Fat Pat I'm on chrome, my Prime Co. on roam

Sold out shows at the Astro Dome, y'all ain't know my
money long

Y'all money gone cause we changed the game, and
came with tighter flows

I wear expensive clothes got plenty hoes, cause nigga
that's all I know

Like shopping sprees and credit cards, two ways and
cellulars

Smoking blunts and pulling broads, everyday I'm
switching cars

But I'm a superstar like Denzel, but I ain't gone win a
Grammy

I sold a hundred thousand, now I see why niggas can't
stand me

(Hook)

Why y'all haters still mad
I said I don't know why baby
Cause Swisha House acting bad
Why y'all hating the way y'all do
Why y'all haters still mad
I said I don't know why baby
Cause Screwed Up Click acting bad
Cause Screwed Up Click acting bad

[Lil' Flip]

All these cars I got to flip one, all these bricks I got to
whip one
All this wood I got to grip some, Texas boys off the
hook huh
Chain and charm with two my ice, project corner with
too much weight
Sleep day time and work at night, making cash is my
life
Sipping Sprite and breaking mics, winning money
shaking dice
Hitting licks and shaking vikes, you want three chickens
pay the price
Bubble light on foreign wheels, iced out grill'll make
you chill
Peanut butter in my Seville, buy a pint and pop a sill

[Lil' Ron]

Buy a pint and I'll pop a sill, and my blaze chop like a
saw-mill
Y'all hateras mad cause we in a Jag, and that Iceberg got
us dressed to kill
How you feel cause I'm fired up, pour me up another
cup
It's S.U.C. and Swisha House, and them big faces we
fold up
Lil' Ron make you hold up, while I take a trip with Lil' Flip
Blow'd get you wide up and it'll make your ass run off a
cliff
Kenoe got the track throwed, we making hateras hate us
bad
I'm a Rosewood thug that, keep my pants sagging

(Hook)

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