

Guerilla Maab

"Where The Haters At"

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[Dougie D]

What you know about the boys in Texas, we sipping and swang

And knocking and gripping the grain, and floss and let the screens rain

And tip-toe crawling down slow, and we sliding the city
Candy dripping off of the Lac, or the Benz or the Bentley

Creased up pieced up, smelling like Gucci or Versace
Bitches they love me and bop me, niggaz they love me deny me

Trunk cracked with the top back, we ride
I keep my glock coked, up on 84's my car bitch we glide

And you ain't know we keep it crunk, sitting low
Excursion that bump

Four do's pop and lock up, you feel me throw the deuce up

Maabing and mashing the gas, soldiers united for cash
Fucking with deadly can mash, it's Guerilla Maab we ain't had

How a playa does it I is, I put that up on my kids
Z-Ro and Trae in the mix, with G.I.N. balling and shit
We hitting hoes with the dick, fifth wheel recline with the kit

Smoking light green it's bliss, watch how do it like this like this

[Hook: Dougie D & (Trae) - 2x]

You ain't never seen a nigga crawling down so thoed
C-note, four do', swanging glass 84's
(You ain't never seen a nigga that could do it like that
Trunk cracked top back, yelling where them haters at)

[Trae]

I'm so throwed, crawling on 84's
Swanging and tipping slow, body rocking with a bad hoe

Nigga we tote techs, don't barre plex and blinding with a Rolex

Out the Southside of Houston Tex, where the thug niggaz fon't rest

We too playa, better cuff your hoe when I walk up in the do'

A certified Maab type nigga, tinted up in the fo' do'

See I'm a chrome zone rider, you dirty boppers get nada

Better stay the fuck from my casa, we clicked up like that Raza

One of a kind legendary thoed mouthpiece

For the Southwest, on back to the Southeast

You haters better get up off me, candy painted on a Kawasaki

With my nigga H.A.W.K., blue face falling over gray

Staying ready for the pistol play, it's be best not to fuck with Trae

Cause we Screwed Up Click thug niggaz, we push and we shove niggaz

Running up in the club nigga, when it's plex we plug niggaz

Texas tough, trunk pop, screens on two tone

Grab a chrome, for the haters till they all get gone

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

You ain't never seen another nigga, holding like me

You ain't seen a nigga with Benjamins, folding like me

You ain't never seen a guerilla, that's looking so lovely

Have you seen a jacuzzi, that's running over with bubbly

You aint never seen a nigga, represent the Dirty 3rd

You ain't seen me lately, cause I been ducking the whirly bird

You ain't never seen a nigga, put mo' food on the table

Z-Ro, Guerilla Maab, Cl'Che and Mello on the same label

You never seen a billboard, get hit so fast

Cause I'm a real nigga, that kinda put a foot in yo ass

Have you ever seen a nigga, roll the dice like me

Got big swoll ass partnas, named Bice like me

Have you ever seen a nigga, write a verse so fast

Plus I burst so fast, you gonna hurt so fast

Have you ever seen a nigga, with more skills than me

Blowing mo' dro, sipping drank, popping mo' pills than me

[Hook - 4x]

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