

HIM**"Nigga Be Hatin'"**

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[Hook]

Mmmm-hmm, niggaz be hating
Until they see you coming, and switch up they
conversation
Mmmm-hmm, haters still hating
My records and my rims, in regular rotation
Everytime you see me, I'm platinum get thoed
And riding candy, with the suicide do's
And you can see, I got that million dollar glow
And in other words, I ain't worried-I ain't worried bout
you hoes
Ain't worried, nigga I show
Ain't worried, bout you hoes (I show, I show)
I ain't worried bout you hoes, we ain't worried
We ain't worried, bout you hoes

[Rasaq]

Damn they hating, a man I'm taking
Grands and making em throw, no your man's mistaken
Any nigga talking hating, I knock his face in
Punch him in the gut once, and give him constipation
Lil' bloody from the altercation, or equitation
Make niggaz get in line, like when a barber's fading
When Rasaq is heated, Rasaq gon speak it
Now the boy'll lay you down, like a postropedic
I'm rocking up chips, flossing a watch
Copping some kicks, knocking your dip dropping a
drop
Hotter the hip, raising the top Rasaq is so sick
Squat in a drop, I'm too amazing to stop
Your dame's on my jock claiming she not, you lame
and he not
Instead of blaming your chick, you blaming Rasaq
Niggaz act the same as the cops, they handcuffing
When he sees his damn muffin, flirting and blushing
Hating on me is worthless cousin, don't hurt for nothing
It just hurt the damn mall, when I go purchase
something nigga

And they hating nigga, Rasaq on the block yeah

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]

See niggaz ask for ten, and mo' dollas they can spend
But never be around when, you be out looking for them
We ain't friends, you just know how to pretend
And just trying to get up in, my circle so you can win
And what do haters be saying, I ain't hating I'm just
saying
But they never say it to me, they always say it to them
And he trying to get all, comfortable while he laying
On the sofa in your den, is where that nigga be staying
It be the nigga, in the crib where you live
And you did let him live, in your crib for a bit
But he would come back, to the crib with a chick
And forget that the rims, and the whip wasn't his
You looking at your spinning rims, and they chipped
But this nigga didn't get, a damn job so there is
No chance of ever ever, getting your wish
Of him getting a bitch, and them getting them fixed
You buying all the drinks, he sipping that liquor
He behind you talking, ad libbing ass nigga
He lying to you, like he's not the cash dealer
Old two way contact, stealing ass nigga
I hit a hater in the mouth, he hate on the South
Or we can get specific with it, if he hate on the North
Niggaz be opening they mouth, trying to hate on your
floss
Marshmellow ass niggaz, stop hating you're soft,
Koopa

[Hook]

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