

Kool Keith "Haters"

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Two-thousand-three baby, Kool Keith, I'm up in here

Very different - and he wants to talk to you
Admire his immaturity

Took you away to better places

Brazil, Costa Rica you seen new faces

Covered the bills you struggled to pay - gave you life

No more kid with a scarf around his beatin you up
every day

Plastic surgery breast implants the small hustler made
you cry

Because he was confused, you lay while he play

Cleanin my house, you look gorgeous in lingerie

Is that the kid on the phone? Hardcore

Hawkin you in front of the building everyday

When is he gonna learn? It's over, it's my turn

You're pregnant with my kid

By the fireplace, we watch his doo-rags burn

I remodeled you, gave you the diamonds he couldn't
wisely concern

Always talkin bout the cash he got

The little pesos for shows

And God knows his materialistic raps and wack flows

are like Stay Free pads, fake V.I.P. rappers get garbage
disposed

Unrecouped for his flamboyance and reflection

He's leasin rentin and frontin - yeah, yeah..

Haters come around from downtown

I get surround sound - I get big!

Haters come around from downtown

I get surround sound - I get big!

Haters come around from downtown

I get surround sound - I get big!

Stop the chorus back to your Bentley

Your wife is gone, she's with me

On a first class flight in the Bahamas, grab your bags quickly

Sorry top ten rapper on the answering machine

You're over like Al Green

This song is written for the 2003 team

V.I.P. with Ben Vareen

Cancel your A&R meeting light you up like Heatwave - central heating

Eject your premature CD in the whirlpool while we're eating

Shut down all material, new tracks fall on your head like a crane

All you offered to women is sound of weak drums

Fill they hearts with pain

I'm in your dungaree jacket like a bleach stain

Girls cry on my arm, he was cheap and silly don't complain

He's a nerd with a hardcore twist, playin with racing cars

(Count the rain on the window pane)
We look out the window and count the rain on the
window pane

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Haters come around from downtown
I get surround sound - I get big!

Haters come around from downtown

I get surround sound - I get big!

Here's a tissue for the tears

He gave you hard times over hard rhymes for years

Shattered your career

like an uncomfortable thong twisted in your rear

He was eight years behind, I was already advanced,
I've been here

Denim suits with alligators

Your man sports black all the time with no flavors

From castle to castle, hassle to hassle

House to house, man to mouse (man to mouse)

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