

## Lil B

### "Hatin"

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[Intro:]

Lil boosie bad azz (lil boosie bad azz)  
An I wanna know tonite  
Y dey hatin on me?  
Shh. Ima good nigga believe that  
Lets roll...

[Chorus:]

Tell me y dey hatin (y dey hatin)  
Hatin on me (y dey hatin on me)  
'cause Im tryna get this paper ('cause im tryna get this  
paper)  
Thuggin in these streets (thuggin in these streets)

[Verse:]

Niggahated my momma table my daughter called him  
uncle (she called him uncle)  
I treated him like he was donkey and he told on me  
The judge lookin like he wanna drop a load on me  
My nigga lookin like he wanna break the code on me  
Tell me y they let me ride for a year  
Now they want my 745 until I show for this here  
Nigga tried to sneak me but that's hoe shit  
You aint gonna get no strikes off me lil daddy u betta  
try sum moe shit  
Now he fuck wit my gurl head  
Da hoes she be round kept puttin her souldja down and  
she can't focus now (un un un)  
Aint that a shame how they fuck up ya name  
Tell Promoters ya gon cut throat em now ya missin ya  
change  
Who gon take the pistol charges and everybody  
convicted  
Been to 5 funerals in 3 months Lord knows that I miss  
em  
I guess when I get old and grey and my mission is  
done  
You pussy mutha fuckas yall gon hate on my son

[Chorus:]

Tell me y dey hatin (y dey hatin)

Hatin on me (y dey hatin on me)  
'cause Im tryna get this paper ('cause im tryna get this  
paper)  
Thuggin in these streets (thuggin in these streets)

[Verse:]

From da cradle to the grave Ima always be a hustler  
As long as u 16 they gon always be a buster  
They hated Dr.King they hated when he marched  
They hated Malcolm X and they hated Rosa Parks  
Sometime yo enemy on yo passenger side  
Riding wit cha gettin high  
But u can't believe it  
But u know dat he sneaky  
When I was five my mama looked at her son she said  
boy  
You gon break hearts 'cause you to cute for just one  
I guess it's this baby face and rap skills that God  
blessed me wit  
Got nigga nuts hangin ready to come and test me bitch  
but look  
You know that say I was dead  
2 shot up in my head  
Sum say I Oved off dat X  
Wat they gon say next?

[Chorus:]

Tell me y dey hatin (y dey hatin)  
Hatin on me (y dey hatin on me)  
'cause Im tryna get this paper ('cause im tryna get this  
paper)  
Thuggin in these streets (thuggin in these streets)

[Verse:]

Now they say me and Weebie beef we on the same  
team  
We drop hits you nosey bitch we got the same dream  
Alot of niggas playa hate 'cause they aint me  
So when they mine they wont hesitate to spank me  
Done seen a lot of shit Lord knows I try  
Rumors hurt me inside but Im still showin pride  
Want diggahs like jigga with a brain like dane  
Cant slip like beans 'cause i dreams to be da mayne  
But I never change no matter how raw it get  
Im beast mode lil daddy so Im prepared for the rawest  
shit  
They called me out my name  
They told me I was stuntin  
I told them one day bitch Ima have sum Oprah money

[Chorus:]

Tell me y dey hatin (y dey hatin)  
Hatin on me (y dey hatin on me)  
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[Chorus:]

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