

# Lil Flip "Haters Still Mad"

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**(feat. Big T, Lil' Ron)**

*[talking]*

Uh, Lil' Flip, them hatas still mad  
Man look, Big T

*[Chorus: 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', make this Screw  
shit coast to coast  
I can't be stopped like a locomotive, M-P-C H-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

*[Chorus]*

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 rims 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 chain, 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  
me 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  
south-mill  
Y'all hatas 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 hatas hate us  
bad  
I'm a Rosewood thug that keeps my pants sagging

*[Chorus]*

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