

Lil' Wayne "Haters"

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[Glasses]
Yea Yea

[Lil Wayne]
Yessir

[Glasses]
Badass Bluda Vision Baby

[Lil Wayne]
Soup...Whoop

[Glasses]
Its So Cajun Around Here Right Now Nigga

[Lil Wayne]
Eastside

[Glasses]
Its like Kobe & Shaq

[Lil Wayne]
Yea it is.

[Glasses]
Jr. Weezy Bitch

[Lil Wayne]
ah hah hah

[Glasses]
Who bangin the squire, Cash money to Ten
Young Money All-Star, motha fuckaa
Pay attention nigga...Yeaaaa
Im in da Club throwin down something clean out front
like,
uhh, you know the niggas dont like that
Lookin so damn fly send the corpse through the sky
like,
ahh, you know the niggas dont like that
Spend a hundred on my dime piece so if you aint a
dime piece,

whooh, you know the niggas dont like that
Shit but thats just how it go when a nigga gettin dough
like,
ohhh, you know the niggas dont like that

[Verse 1]

I hear you talkin hater but you aint sayin nothin,
I hear you talkin hater but you aint sayin nothin,
I hear you talkin hater but you aint sayin nothin,
Man i let him keep talkin, let alone this motherfuckers
barkin
Im a grown ass man, you want a C.I.D.
Filthy rich on the floor, fuck V.I.P.
Got my hand on my gripe, other hand on my waist
2 steppin to the beat, I chunked my set in a niggas face
like,
ohh, this beat got me bouncin like a check
and my ground wroted G's, causin stats on my specs
I move you like money, If i see it then im stackin it
Your wife in my show, & my shot is so accurate
You niggas like acitivists, appealing to the phsykie
Man Malone a get it jerkin, I just do it like Nike
See I'm really with the fight team, & I'm really with the
vented man
Im married to the game, & as god as my witness

[Chorus]

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[Lil Wayne-Freestyle]

Yeaaa
Weezy F matchin with Bird Baby
VRP's, SB's, matchin shirt, maybe
White T, V-Neck, glasses are Versace
Married to the mob, but im a bachelor baby
Love is in the air, I put on a Gas Mask
I rather be head first, than the ass last
I'm a Gorilla, call me Sasquach,
and I keep my army with me like M.A.S.H.
Light up the purp, pass it like Steve Nash

Bitch your so hot i give yo ass a heat rash
Young Money boy, I'm on 03' cash
Such a CEO, like my homie D-Dash
Gas... we mash like Pac and the outlaws
and we stand-up, and try not to down-fall
tryin to reach my goal, like a round-ball
Freddy'll do anything for the crown yall
David Beckham, i wont pay'em or respect' em
pop one pop two, bitch i'm on a triple decker
Icicle on my necklace, on a cashmere sweater
Keep a shotgun, I'm a hunter like heada
yessir, shuddup and listen to the professor
or it could get ugly like Esther
Whether in the South or that Westcoast weather
I'm poppin, Malone is Stockton
Cotton!

[Chorus]

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[Chorus #2]

If you got a fly ride put your keys in the sky scream,
eyy, you know the niggas dont like that
If you feelin like a star spend a thousand at the bar
scream,
ohh, you know the niggas dont like that
If theres honeys in your purse ass hikin up the skirts
scream,
ayy, you know the niggas dont like that
If your girls sheeted up & your ass whipped up scream,
ohh, you know the niggas dont like that

[Verse 2]

Drop a hundred on my watch, a couple hundred on the
chain (chain)
Whip out front cost a half a whole thang (thang)
Drop your drores with the automatic doors
Fifty on the pinky, twenty five on my hoes
Stunna man been ballin since the eightnigs
Ball fifty whips and ball one for my ladies (for my

ladies)
Betcha bottom dollas jewels aint flaws (aint flaws)
Cash money ball til ya fall

[Chorus]

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