

Lyfe Jennings "Haters"

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Yeah, ha, ha, ha, what up, track boy?
I wanna send a big shout out to all you haters
Now I know normally a nigga don't do it
But see, I'm different, I'm grateful for you haters
Let's get it

Flow's so cracked, the feds wanna indict me
So ill, your immune system wanna fight me
So poor that the weed heads wanna light me
Balling so hard, the quarterback wanna hike me

You dudes crying that it's lonely at the top
Stop whining, it's sauce and macaroni at the top
I'm not a pimp by blood, I'm a pimp by all means
All it takes to knock a chick is to put on some clean
jeans

You know my style, dude, tell it to the next man
I ain't buying that sell it to the next man
Going postal but mail it to the next man
I can't hear you, hater

You know my style, dude, tell it to the next man
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You see that Maserati hauled in the driveway
I saw a picture went and bought that bitch the same
day
I paid cash for it, a hundred twenty grand
The whole dealership, my father saying I'm the man

He got a Visa, I got a black card
Got so much cheese on it, I call it the rat card
I gotta good girl, I gotta bad mouth
She like my swagger 'cause I'm nasty like the waffle
house

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If you see you're hater put your hand in the air and say
Hi, hater, hi, hater
If you see your hater put your hand in the air and say
Bye, hater, bye, hater
If somebody tells you you'll never be nothing, see
You're a lie, hater, lie, hater

This is your time, this is your shine
These are the best years of your life
Now go on and tell them haters

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I can't hear you, hater

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Hater, see you later
Hater, see you later
Hater

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