

Piles

"Got Em' Hatin'"

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Intro:

It's a nitti beat... hey
Hey plies, wassup? they said you got it on lock down
there my nigga, hey
They said you gettin bout 20 stacks a mothafuckin
show, right?
This yo first album, (wow), you fuckin wit yo boy nitti
right? (that's right)
Cuz we're live again, from ghettoville, usa that is, yo
plies, you ready?

Verse 1:

Seven days a week, a full time baller,
A thug and a goon, whatever you wanna call it,
You hatin for nothin, cuz I'ma get mine irregardless,
You tryin to catch lil mama, I already done caught her.

You want the 26s, huh, I already done bought em,
You can't do what I do and that's part of the problem,
I got the haters goin crazy I ain't trying to stop em,
You want the streets, hot dog, I already done locked
em.

You love blue diamonds, already done copped em,
You always talk about K's, but ain't never shot em,
I'm certified and real, lil homey you a floater,
You a full-blown hater, that's what I call em.

Chorus:

I'm in a dunk six and stay (got em hatin),
Fucked the broad that he wanted (now I got em hatin),
His pape ain't been right lately (got em hatin),
My jewelery game amazin (now I got em hatin).

I'm in a dunk six and stay (got em hatin),
Fucked the broad that he wanted (now I got em hatin),
His pape ain't been right lately (got em hatin),
You ain't doin somethin right if you ain't (got em hatin).

Verse 2:

I'm the man in my city, you just live here,
You just got in the streets, I've been out cha,
You still dreamin about it, I did it in a year,
You a pussy so I know you hate me off the rip.

You can't move how I move, you ain't got chips,
I can blow it and don't miss it, got grip,
I can merc you when I wanna, cuz I got clips,
30-round extended .380 on the hip.

Heard you was cryin when you was locked up, you a
trip,
I know the goons that robbed you, you ain't done shit,
You the one that told, you the one sunk the ship,
Now you walkin round like you had closed lips.

In the back of yo mind you wish Plies wadn't real,
Ain't never been a hater, I don't know how it feel,
If you know like I know, lil homey, better chill,
Or you gon' have them bushes movin in frontcha crib.

(Chorus)

Verse 3:

Some wanna see me broke, some wanna see me in the
feds,
The haters hate you when you livin, love you when
you're dead,
He just a mad rapper, he ain't blew yet,
The streets don't feel him, I ain't have to go through
that.

I'm on fire in the streets, just got my feet wet,
And you don't think I'ma sell a mil', then take the bet,
I'm just one of few who ain't went commercial yet,
I want you to see me when I got the top back

You got no choice to talk about me, look how I act,
???
He got a hundred goons around him when he rock his
ice,
If you ain't thuggin, you won't understand the thug life.

(Chorus to fade)

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