

## Plies "Got 'em Hatin"

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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, U. S. A that is  
Yo Plies, you ready?

Seven days a week, a full time balla  
A thug and a goon, whatever you wanna call it  
You hatin' for nothin' 'cuz i'ma get mine irregardless

Tryina catch lil momma, I already done caught her  
Want the 26's, 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 tryina stop 'em  
You want the streets, hot dog, I already done locked  
'em  
You love blue diamonds, I already done copped 'em

You always talk about K's but ain't never shot 'em  
I'm certified and real, lil homie, you a floater  
You a full blown hater, that's what I call 'em

I'm in a Donk on 6's, ayy  
(Got 'em hatin')  
Fucked the broad that he wanted  
(Now I got him hatin')

Ain't been right lately  
(Got 'em hatin')  
My jewelery game amazin'  
(Now I got him hatin')

I'm in a Donk on 6's, ayy  
(Got 'em hatin')  
Fucked the broad that he wanted

(Now I got him hatin')

His pape ain't been right lately  
(Got 'em hatin')  
You ain't doin somethin right if you ain't  
(Got 'em hatin')

I'm the man in my city, you just live here  
You just got in the streets, I've been out there  
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, I 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 wasn't real  
Ain't never been a hater, I don't know how it feels  
If you know like I know, lil homie, better chill  
Or you gon' have them bushes movin' in frontcha crib

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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 mill, just 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

And why Plies so wild if he got stife  
He got a 100 goons around him when he rock his ice  
If you ain't thuggin' you won't understand the thug life

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