

Tela

"Bye Bye Haters"

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Let's keep it quiet, I'm gon' shine, I'm in the body wide

I'm comin down the street, I'm in twenty inch tires

I'm leaned up, I'm screened up

I'm bout to clean up the South, ain't shit happen to
young Tela

I'ma sit right here, and I'ma get my shit clear

I'ma sit right here, and I'ma finish my beer

Now I'ma go on and make the block cause I'm just on
hard

I'ma go ahead and stop mayne, fuck the laws

Now I'ma go ahead and bounce because them hoes do
be trippin

I'ma head to the house and I'ma keep my shit pimpin

I'm the realest Down South, I'm on a cut-up mission

for some red, bowlegs, no braids, no extensions

I'ma get by this bitch and I'ma call this bitch

This Nextel drop calls, so I'ma hop on the Sprint

They say, "Who that nigga there? He lookin all in my
shit

Lookin all through my tint like he wanna come and bitch
boi"

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Bye bye haters, I gets papers

Y'all muh'fuckers can hate me later

Ha hoes, I gets O's

I comes through the damn club so throwed

[Tela]

There go two things in life that I don't wanna see

Me not believin in Christ; my kids die befo' me

And I promise you this - if the shit is sweet

or if the shit gets deep, from the valley to the beat

They say I went pop, and I lost my streets

The only thing that is pop, is me with this heat

And I pop wine bottles and pop fine models

and pop off sparks from the shells that's hollow

I like nice parties, I got the new Bugotti

It's gutted out white with the candy-apple body

Haters can't see me, cause haters don't like me

We two different players: I'm gator, you Nike

Accept that player, can't help that player

I don't care if you just sit there player

Nigga youse a lame you ain't even in the game

Youse a bitch in the stands, stickin on a man

[Chorus]

[Tela]

Hey yo, understand me I'm at yo' door with yo' keys

Tearin up yo' shit on the flo' where she bleeds

I'm diggin through your couch cause I'm lookin for the
cheese

Nigga this the South, there's some shit off in the breeze

I tell a bitch quick, aiy you're fuckin or leave

And I don't give shit, but I gots to receive

I lays it flat like this, I got mouths to feed

I'm the captain of the team, so I'm to the extreme

Hmm, so hold it in if you're feelin calicay

or feel the breeze from the wind from the holes in your Escalade

I sho' hate it, you're outdated

Expired, deleted, for fuckin with the greatest

I know you're feelin calicocky and swoll (oh)

But don't get yourself rowdy and cold (oh)

Oh young nigga gonna call me like

Gonna find his ass, split to fuck with the pipes

Keep playin aight?

[Chorus] - 4X

[Tela]

Uhh, so throwed

Uhh, so throwed

Bye bye hater.. y'know

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