

## Young Buck

### "To All My Haters"

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(Chorus)

It's time to toast for all the haters  
Hold your bottles up in the sky  
You just mad 'cause I made it  
And I'm living that gangsta life  
Wouldn't change a thing for nothing  
This is how I'm living my life  
Look at me now  
Look at me now

(Verse)

Started here with no game and no art in me  
There was no father here, cocaine it's all is here  
The young buck is saving up, hustling all this shit  
So they can fuck the club up and park anywhere  
I lost houses, cars now I'm right back on  
You packing 70 G ,I need this white pack on  
I can't gloom jogs, niggas did me wrong  
But then you try to hide it all when your kids is home  
I'm not trying to buy it all I'm just trying to get on  
I try to get my hands off I got too much to sit on  
And if you know I know a better way  
Still I refuse to do the thing seen 3 letters say  
See I can easily go to Hell or go to jail today  
You say you wanna go to Heaven but you never pray  
They say I had a junk shop now I'm selling ye  
But shawty wanna ride in my drop seven train,ok  
So fuck a hater nigga

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

All the peace and bullshit

I'll be on that can't hold me by hand  
Cuffing me to a contract neither with no ready or  
playing  
With this federal case I'm still ahead in your race  
Now what you call that, Woo too bail in it ,with a bail in it  
Can I get a bail in it 'cause it got that smell in it  
Rolled me , got money 'till my hands swelling  
You can teach the son how to walk but can't stand for  
him  
All my haters I'll be praying for 'em  
I'm too high in the sky and I won't land for 'em  
And bankruptcy with a bank roll,what  
You think I'm broke nigga,I'm thinking no holmes  
I'm on my own what I need a bank for,Yeah  
You watch your mind shawty what I need to thank for  
Besides who are you to tell me where I can't go  
And when you thank at my funeral,take a little bow  
You know the saint ain't gonna hate, but the real no

(Chorus)

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