

## Beelow "Watch Dem Haters"

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[Guy]

Damn bra, I'm tellin' ya  
You can get that nigga, Man i'm tellin' ya

[Other Guy]

Damn bra, you shoulda been told me that shit there

[Guy]

His house big, he stashing 10 million

[Other Guy]

How many? How much?

Chorus: 1x

Man you gotta watch dem haters  
Watch dem haters, watch dem haters  
Man you gotta watch dem haters  
You know they wanna see you fall

Verse 1: [Beelow]

I gots a million motherfuckers that is down on my team  
But theres a few niggas that hate me,  
Cause when I walk I bling bling  
See that's the niggas I gots to try  
That's the niggas I rock-a-bye  
That's the niggas that gots to die, Show the killa in my  
eye  
Why try to hate on something you can't control  
And take a chance to catch a bullet, from head to yo  
ass hole  
Why it's always niggas that you know that's trying to do  
you in  
I find myself busting at my own friends  
Bitch made nigga with a smile on his face  
"You my boy", "That's my nigga"  
You know what I say, "You gotta watch dem haters"  
It's them niggas in yo town  
"You gotta watch dem haters"  
When you tryin' to get own the mound  
"You gotta watch dem haters"  
It's not them niggas on the sideline

"You gotta watch dem haters"  
Ya own boy a rob ya blind  
Yungstar, Jackson, Junior or what  
Just a pussy ass nigga trying to make a come up  
Hopping from click to click or should i say dick to dick  
You done spent to many days behind bars bitch  
It ain't my fault you got drunk and got yo fucking ass  
wiped  
Now you walking round town always grunting and shit  
You got beef speak up, don't be mumbling shit  
Hard as hell behind close doors, just a second ballin  
click  
We can speed this shit up, or we can slow this shit  
down  
Either way Zuriel bring it we gone tear this bitch down  
I hate you niggas with a passion, you can see it in my  
eyes  
All playa haters i gotta rock a bye bye bye

Chorus repeats 2x

Verse 2: [?]

Watch ya ki's, watch ya house, slap ya hoe tell her  
watch ya mouth  
Watch ya cars, watch ya g's, hide ya dope and hide ya  
weed  
Watch da same nigga that be dappin' ya down  
Same nigga that be slappin' ya round  
Same nigga that be dabbing ya down  
Same nigga that a cap ya down  
99 haters, 99 can't fade us,  
99 can't take us, Shit 99 can't break us  
Fuck you haters, fuck you fakers, coward niggas ya'll  
can't take us  
Fuck you haters, fuck you fakers, coward niggas ya'll  
can't break us  
Wanna hate me cause I ride on chrome, hate me cause  
I ride alone  
Hate me cause I'm rolling on, Now hate me cause I'ma  
send ya home  
All you nigga's got to die, stick a needle in my eye  
Man, I ain't gone tell no lie, these playa haters they  
must die  
How the fuck these niggas gone tear me down  
Buckin' em up, Buckin' em down  
Fuckin' that nigga hoe and hold em down  
Fuck what you say I'm top of the mound  
I don't really wanna spill these nigga  
I don't really wanna peel this nigga  
I don't really wanna kill this nigga

Mama I ain't kill that nigga  
Yeah bitch I gotcha know  
Yeah bitch I found ya now  
Red beam I dot'cha now  
Pop, Pop, Pop drop'cha now  
Keep the nine on my side  
Hmm, I'm bout to ride  
Keep the nine on my side  
Die nigga die

Verse 3: [?]

I keep a smoke in my coat  
If niggas ain't know, now they know  
Put a fucking slug in yo throat behind my felonies it go  
You fuck with my money, my dope, my weed, my  
cheese,  
you fucking with me  
I'm keeping a eye up on these niggas and hoes  
They wanna be in my clothes  
They wanna be with my hoes, and mo'  
Wanna yank me out my party,  
Wooday come get me and my soulja's  
Ya'll niggas ain't fucking with no hoe  
Get it on my mind bra  
These niggas don't wanna test me  
These niggas don't wanna test me  
I put 'em to rest see  
You see i'm a dog behind mine  
Bitch I'ma hog behind mine  
Laying niggas down behind mine  
Spraying niggas down behind mine  
You see I'm strictly bout my paper  
I ain't no motherfucking faker i keep a wathch on them  
haters

Chorus repeats 2x

Verse 4: ???

When push come to shuv, man these niggas want me  
Bitch I got it on my mind if you got PC  
See I'll take it off ya motherfucking shoulder boy  
I ride for my niggas and my hustla's, Magnolia boy  
You fucking around, I peel yo ass like a fucking potato  
Throw yo bitch ass in the grease, Yeah! thats how i like  
my haters  
See I march nigga step on you big mouth punks  
And I'll march nigga step if you fools got funk  
Nineteen with six figures ain't a dream no more  
I step in the club with a tight ass bitch you ain't seen

before  
And there they go, there they go with there hating  
before  
But they don't know, they don't know I'm 'bout to shut  
this bitch down

Chorus repeats 3x

[Beelow ends telling what a hater is]

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