

Haystack

"Still You Doubted Me"

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I was born a bastard my momma was a baby.
And she didnt have the skills it would ever take to raise
me.
Pops jumped ship and left us doin bad.
I pretty much blamed him for everything i never had.
Far back as i remember i was always mad.
Constantly in trouble i was always bad.
Used to whip my ass for stealin and skippin class.
Just basicly fuckin up they said i was nothin but a fuck-
up.
Your fuckin nuts just wait and see.
I cant wait to make em eat that shit they talked about
me.
Im make granny proud of me.
Be someone that i can be.
Proud to be.
They aint fittin to make no ass outta me.
How did we overcome such obsticals and set backs.
They told me i was average but i just couldn't accept
that.
Let that be the words carved in my headstone.
P.S. you hatin motherfuckers were dead wrong.

(Chorus)x2

Told you muthafucka day one.
I was gone do it.
I was gone do it.
Still you doubted me.
Still you doubted me

Day turned to night i paid the cost for the fame.
I was drawn to the game like a moth to a flame.
Guess you could say i had a troublesome past.
Remeber talkin to my muthafuckin momma threw
glass.
The look in her i eye boy im so sick of your ass your
never gone change your just like your dad..DAMN
The look in her face told me i was a mistake.

She wish she had never made goes from back in the
day.

It came from the grave with a message i she didnt
wanna hear.
Remember that trip to hell here your lil souvenir.
Dont drink no belvedere i blow that killa smoke.
I hit that volume button then let them gurillas go.
You didnt know a seed would grow threw the concrete.
Make a million dollars mearly speakin over drum beats.
Yes ya did been tellin you since i was a kid.
N you responded get on with that bullshit.

(Chorus)x2

I rolled my eyes as if to say fuck all ya'll.
All i ever had was my muthafuckin papa.
My grandma fed me catfish n coleslaw.
I hit the weed then pass it to my road dogs.
I grip the steerin wheel i mash the gas pedal.
Bitch ima be here when the muthafuckin dust settles.
Prolly been better off if i had just let go.
Wonder where id be in life if i had just said no.
But life to short for me to ponder questions i never
answer.
But why am i still smokin after all i lost from cancer.
At this point in live all my worries are finacial.
And any losses that i have to take will be substantial.
Im not stoppin cuz its not an option.
Get it straight im not sweepin n not moppin.
A muthafuckin thing you get that boss.
And all that real job talk just piss Stack off n say...

(Chorus)x2

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