

B.O.B. f/ Wes Fif "Haters Everywhere"

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[Chorus]

We got 'em goin down for the count, lookin at the ground

That's why we got haters, that's why we got haters
Haters everywhere we go, haters everywhere we go
Haters everywhere we go, where we go
Haters goin down for the count (ONE) lookin at the ground (TWO)

I think you're a hater, I think you're a hater
Haters everywhere we go, haters everywhere we go
Haters everywhere we go, where we go, haters goin down for the count

[Verse 1: B.O.B.]

Yes sir it's the beast from Decatur
Cain't see enemies and the haters
Real sharp on my thing like a razor
Blade, come clean like a shape up
So guess I got a game of tape up
But e'rybody gonnaa feel the need to say sum'n
But can't speak up whenever you face 'em
Thats what I call microphone gangsters
Yea I got 'em okie-doke, teah I'm raw you know my flow
Cause B.O.B. be actin hard like a Viagra overdose
Talkin that noise on all them songs
A buncha lil' boys but you all look grown
Those niggaz there and these niggaz here
It really don't matta cause they all just clones
Go to school, read a book, be a lawyer
Hell yeah man I'm all for the cause
Ain't tryin to get involved with the law sir
But a nigga will get caught with the Mausberg
And that just ain't a threat on the song
Don't get it wrong cause this track is my own
Cause niggaz that slip they don't last long

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Wes Fif]

Hey - what the heck, breathe homie, me I'm doin what I
always do

Grindin if you wasn't steady hatin you'd be ballin too
I know you see us fallin through, all the rich niggaz is
on my crew
Fuck it, they can't touch us, if stuck up is what you call it
cool
Ooh~! You shoulda seen when I came down in that
Black on black, custom gator, haters face down on the
mat
Splat! Yeah I can make a green nigga mad
Quick, fast, flash like ten cash on his bitch ass

[B.O.B.]

You can tell I'm a G by the walk and the stance
How I play the game make 'em talk in the stands
Watch how you talk when you talk to the man
If it ain't about bread you can talk to the hand
I, I, show you how to get rich
You got a weak arm I'll show you how to pitch
Made it so play I'll show you how to hit
And tell the police I don't know about shit
Ay guy, I'm fly, somethin like the air
Ain't that somethin when it's stuntin man there's nothin
like air
Homey hold it right there, homeboy hold it down
Spent five at the mall and had the haters goin downwn

[Chorus]

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