

## Douglas Jim

### "Haters Still Mad"

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(\*talking\*)

Yeah, it's Lil' Ron and Lil' Flip  
(haters still mad) I know, I know  
Whoa yeah, yeah, yeah, uh

[Lil' Flip]

You haters still mad, cause you see how we living  
I'm Lil' Flip, I'm dancing like Ernie Skippins  
I got a touchdown, when I went platinum  
I thought you was suppose to be hot, what happened  
Your shit came out, but you got the big head  
While you had the big head, I made big bread  
I got a big house, I got a big car  
I got a lot of shit, I even got a club with a bar  
What you want some Grey Goose or Belvedere  
I'm the new rap tight, artist of the year  
Feel me, listen to my style  
And when you see blue diamonds, that's my smile  
I'm a pimp by nature, I'd never hate ya  
I get a bitch you act up, I can replace ya  
I went to Asia, and bought a couple of things  
I bought a couple of watches, I bought a couple of rings  
Bling bling, that's what I like to do  
I ain't you, nigga so stay true  
To the game, and think like me  
I saw you went to the mall, and bought a mink like me

(\*talking\*)

Ha-ha, yeah, yeah  
We in this motherfucker, haters mad  
Stop acting like that, but we don't  
Give a fuuuuck ha ha, Ron wreck this motherfucker  
(uh, yeah, uh, uh, uh, uh)

[Lil' Ron]

Got flows to make you say whoa, Lil' Ron be pimping  
them hoes  
In the back of the limo, I'm blowing on that hydro  
In a six deuce Impala, watch all the hoes folla  
Your chain hollow nigga, you will never see tomorrow  
Swallow your pride, and rise up to the top nigga

You fuck with me, then you will get popped nigga  
Flip in the Testarosa, nine in the holster  
Bitches running to the car, saying sign the poster  
Don't approach us, if you ain't might get some money  
Cause we ain't playing with you bitches, ain't shit funny

[Lil' Flip]

Cause we about our money, we call it moola  
I know you know me, but I don't know who you are  
You saying you the man, you wanna do a track  
I'm saying nigga right now, I need ten stacks  
And if you playing, I'ma turn my back on ya  
And if you try to jack, I'll turn my gat on ya  
It ain't no joke, don't play with my money nigga  
Cause I'm a street nigga, I ain't a dummy nigga  
I had money before, they had big faces  
I was riding, jamming Scarface "Sex Faces"  
Me and Devin about, to do some tracks  
And I'm, like Will I'm a man in black  
I got a gun and a gat, got a tech and a HK  
A AK, got a partna named Clay-Day  
I mean Clay-Do, killas on the payro'  
And I never drank, on the K-Ro  
Go to Dego's, for a couple of tats  
I go to the Ammo Dome, for a couple of gats  
I got the bullets with the green tips, shooting through  
ya vest  
Nigga, and watch your ass get flipped  
I gotta stick to the script, I can't be a laim nigga  
If he got you fucked off, why you still hang nigga  
You say he your friend, but he talk behind your back  
My advice to you, is walk behind your gat  
Cause the streets be watching, nigga be plotting  
Hoes wanna fuck you, cause they be bopping  
Niggaz be holding, cars be stolen  
Album is platinum, but first it went golden  
Now I'm rolling, look at my rims  
No more cloudy diamonds, look at my gems  
Now I'm smoking on the best shit  
Yeah I'm Lil' Flip, I'm in the S.U.C. click  
Screwed Up Click, for y'all that don't know  
You hear about it, for y'all that don't go  
To my concerts, one girl got one shirt  
I put my autograph, right on her skirt  
And she told everybody at her job  
Lil' Flip, music really goes hard  
Now my fans, just liking what I'm doing  
Cause I'm entrepreneuring, nigga wanna boo em  
But they can't, cause they know I'm a legend  
They got monitors on they leg, in the house by seven  
It seems like niggaz get dumber and dumber

How you trade in a Benz, just to get you a Hummer  
You went to jail, now you on probation  
For real, should of went and got a education  
But your dumb ass, couldn't be patient  
You wanted to smoke weed, now time you're facing  
Three years, behind three blunts  
Three freaks, damn nigga three sweets  
And that wasn't even endo  
You went to jail, for some regular weed  
And you saying, that you better than me  
You smarter than me, how the fuck you harder than me  
Come on my nigga, how you recording in three  
Different studios get your own shit, get your own click  
Nigga why you fucking with that nigga wife, get your  
own bitch

(\*talking\*)

Biatch (biatch) ha-ha, haters still mad  
What can I say, iight, cool

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