

Dr.alban

"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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