

Guerilla Maab f/ Young Paccinos

"What U Haters Say"

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(*talking*)

A lot of y'all, didn't think that we'd get to this point
You weren't expecting it, but look here feel this

[Hook]

I don't give a damn, with what you haters say
I don't care about you, anyway
And I don't wanna, make a fuss
Because you gonna say, what you wanna say
I don't give a damn, with what you haters do
And I don't give a damn, so fuck you
I know, you just jealous
So gonna do, what you wanna do

[Kendro]

I'ma shake these haters off, at the intersection
Straight bust my glocks, in the right direction
I'ma do my thang, and keep gripping the grain
The trunk popped neon lights, yeah I flow my name
When I be body rocking, leaches on my pain
Now the front hopping, with woman grill in the frame
Three screens in the Range, with DVD and the bang
They knocking me Gucci shirt, and a piece and chain

[Dougie D]

See I ain't come here for no bumping, although a lot of
lips gon do it
I just pick up my pen and pad, and lace the game up so
fluent
I ain't gotta say no names, boys already know who they
is
Them the type of niggaz I separate myself from, up in
this bitch
Man on the cool if y'all only knew, all the bullshit we
done heard and seen
Haters wanna be on our team, after we done went
platinum and made some green
Man look here that's a god damn shame, boys trying to
get fame up off my name
Jealous than a bitch we done got rich, so Resurrection
in the majors mayn

[Hook]

[Raw-D]

Now listen here, baby
You can say what you wanna say, because you jealous
baby
But now I got me a occupation, staying paid daily
When I was broke and disgusted you didn't want me
baby, now hold on and look-look
Now it's too many ducks up in my pond, when I flip my
tongue I'ma leave you sprung
When you bump your gums it might meet the palm, you
talk too much now you on the run
We Resurrection they hate that mayn, I'm Raw-D y'all
know the name
I'ma head to the South in a private plane, head to hydro
I gotta maintain

[Trae]

I really don't give a damn what they say, see the Trae
and the Doug and the Raw and the K
I know you heard about what they saying, better mind
your bidness get up out my face
If I ain't worried about it why you care, cause you ain't
doing nothing but starting up plex
And about to get somebody put to bed, and then a
nigga like me straight going fed
Now why you gotta interfere with my life, then turn it
around like I'm the one shife
Man find some'ing better to do with your time, 'fore you
mess around and get a flat line
Cause all them games you wanna play with us, ain't
doing nothing but sparking up fuss
And only thing left is the glock to bust, seventeen mo'
times 'fore you eat the dust

[Hook]

[Trae]

Ever since 8-31-99, ain't nobody want Trae and Doug to
shine
We never did quit we had to grind, when it come to rap
we lead the line
Running with Rakesh we show the skills, and I'ma pimp
the pen till I make a mill
Thinking platinum placks when I break eight dats, you
know them haters ain't gon like that
Trae and Dougie D still off in the wind, and through all
the hate we still bound to win
And keep watching me because ain't shit changed, I'm

a Guerilla Maab vet still gripping the grain
Just the two of us yeah the 3D2, we can't be stopped
and you know this mayn
To tell the truth we don't need no fake, M double A-B
y'all know the name

[Dougie D]

You need to slow y'all roll, cause all that talking ain't
my shit
We was born to stack these chips, and we was born to
floss these whips
All of that and y'all doing, and let me know that I'm on
y'all mind
Because y'all think of me all of the time, you always got
my name in your mouth
Motherfuckers on my dick, they need to hold it down
with that shit
Check your life and try to get bent, before you bite the
bullet with the other lip
Ain't got time for no mo' games, saying this shit
straight right on this page
And y'all gon feel this god damn names, when I pull out
the AK and spray

[Hook - 2x]

[Dougie D]

Y'all can do, what you wanna do
And y'all can say, what you wanna say
But we won't stop, we rising up to the top
We cocking the glock, and we busting they heads when
we spray
Yeeeah, all of the hating won't stop
All of the hating won't stop, all of the hating won't stop

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