

Mark Spiewak, PEARLCOPPER**"Watch Dem Haters"**

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[Guy]

Damn bra, I'm tellin' ya

You can get that nigga, Man i'm tellin' ya

[Other Guy]

Damn bra, you shoulda been told me that shit there

[Guy]

His house big, he stashing 10 million

[Other Guy]

How many? How much?

Chorus: 1x

Man you gotta watch dem haters

Watch dem haters, watch dem haters

Man you gotta watch dem haters

You know they wanna see you fall

Verse 1: [Beelow]

I gots a million motherfuckers that is down on my team

But theres a few niggas that hate me,

Cause when I walk I bling bling

See that's the niggas I gots to try

That's the niggas I rock-a-bye

That's the niggas that gots to die, Show the killa in my eye

Why try to hate on something you can't control

And take a chance to catch a bullet, from head to yo ass hole

Why it's always niggas that you know that's trying to do you in

I find myself busting at my own friends

Bitch made nigga with a smile on his face

"You my boy", "That's my nigga"

You know what I say, "You gotta watch dem haters"

It's them niggas in yo town

"You gotta watch dem haters"

When you tryin' to get own the mound

"You gotta watch dem haters"

It's not them niggas on the sideline
"You gotta watch dem haters"
Ya own boy a rob ya blind
Yungstar, Jackson, Junior or what
Just a pussy ass nigga trying to make a come up
Hopping from click to click or should i say dick to dick
You done spent to many days behind bars bitch
It ain't my fault you got drunk and got yo fucking ass
wiped
Now you walking round town always grunting and shit
You got beef speak up, don't be mumbling shit
Hard as hell behind close doors, just a second ballin
click
We can speed this shit up, or we can slow this shit
down
Either way Zuriel bring it we gone tear this bitch down
I hate you niggas with a passion, you can see it in my
eyes
All playa haters i gotta rock a bye bye bye

Chorus repeats 2x

Verse 2: [?]

Watch ya ki's, watch ya house, slap ya hoe tell her
watch ya mouth
Watch ya cars, watch ya g's, hide ya dope and hide ya
weed
Watch da same nigga that be dappin' ya down
Same nigga that be slappin' ya round
Same nigga that be dabbing ya down
Same nigga that a cap ya down
99 haters, 99 can't fade us,
99 can't take us, Shit 99 can't break us
Fuck you haters, fuck you fakers, coward niggas ya'll
can't take us
Fuck you haters, fuck you fakers, coward niggas ya'll
can't break us
Wanna hate me cause I ride on chrome, hate me cause
I ride alone
Hate me cause I'm rolling on, Now hate me cause I'ma
send ya home
All you nigga's got to die, stick a needle in my eye
Man, I ain't gone tell no lie, these playa haters they
must die
How the fuck these niggas gone tear me down
Buckin' em up, Buckin' em down
Fuckin' that nigga hoe and hold em down
Fuck what you say I'm top of the mound
I don't really wanna spill these nigga
I don't really wanna peal this nigga

I don't really wanna kill this nigga
Mama I ain't kill that nigga
Yeah bitch I gotcha know
Yeah bitch I found ya now
Red beam I dot'cha now
Pop, Pop, Pop drop'cha now
Keep the nine on my side
Hmm, I'm bout to ride
Keep the nine on my side
Die nigga die

Verse 3: [?]

I keep a smoke in my coat
If niggas ain't know, now they know
Put a fucking slug in yo throat behind my felonies it go
You fuck with my money, my dope, my weed, my
cheese,
you fucking with me
I'm keeping a eye up on these niggas and hoes
They wanna be in my clothes
They wanna be with my hoes, and mo'
Wanna yank me out my party,
Wooday come get me and my soulja's
Ya'll niggas ain't fucking with no hoe
Get it on my mind bra
These niggas don't wanna test me
These niggas don't wanna test me
I put 'em to rest see
You see i'm a dog behind mine
Bitch I'ma hog behind mine
Laying niggas down behind mine
Spraying niggas down behind mine
You see I'm strictly bout my paper
I ain't no motherfucking faker i keep a wathch on them
haters

Chorus repeats 2x

Verse 4: ???

When push come to shuv, man these niggas want me
Bitch I got it on my mind if you got PC
See I'll take it off ya motherfucking shoulder boy
I ride for my niggas and my hustla's, Magnolia boy
You fucking around, I peel yo ass like a fucking potato
Throw yo bitch ass in the grease, Yeah! thats how i like
my haters
See I march nigga step on you big mouth punks
And I'll march nigga step if you fools got funk
Nineteen with six figures ain't a dream no more

I step in the club with a tight ass bitch you ain't seen
before
And there they go, there they go with there hating
before
But they don't know, they don't know I'm 'bout to shut
this bitch down

Chorus repeats 3x

[Beelow ends telling what a hater is]

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