

Mac T. Colione The Memphis Car "Haters Can't Stand Me"

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[T-Mac: talking]

Shit, brah Bucks, these niggas' can't stand to see a nigga' like me

They hatin' and shit brah, I'm sayin' why is they hatin'?

Cause I'm fuckin' they broads, I'm drivin' my cars

My house keys gold, What the fuck they hatin' for?

My record company worth six figures about to be seven figures

Man they can't stand this shit,

I'mma keep on fuckin' they broads nigga'

Dem' haters can't stand to see a nigga' like me

They see dem' gator boots and (ver)sace' suits they know who it be

Put your hands up nigga' throw dem' Rollie in the air

Put your hands up nigga' throw dem' Rollie in the air

Man dem' haters can't stand to see a nigga' like me

They see dem' gator boots and (ver)sace' suits they know who it be

Put your hands up nigga' throw dem' Rollie in the air

Put your hands up nigga' throw dem' Rollie in the air

[T-Mac]

Y'all know me gator boot down from Chucktown

I represent the south, I'm the coldest nigga' in this town

Hoe's this way, hoes that way shit

Cars and broads nigga' that's the only way I play

Bezels nigga' with the 20 karat begets

I'm mobbin' round' town with my fuckin' wet sex

Ice on shine nigga' keep your eye's blind

Ask anybody I be like this at all time

[MegaBucks]

You better reach for your heater

Put up your dick-beaters

Mega-Man wettin' niggas' like a Pepsi 3-liter

Geech(ie) boys got dem' niggas' in the club gettin' wild

Niggas' drinkin' Dom P. like its going out of style

Hoes steady clockin', cause' a nigga' on shine

Playa-hatas congregatin' tryin' to take whats mine

I stay strap with dem' thangs, in case a nigga' wanna

trip

I got 44 ways to put a stop to that shit

Dem' haters can't stand to see a nigga' like me
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[T-Mac]

60 g's on my Lexus truck 470
Candy paint, twenty inch, a nigga' rollin' heavy
Woodgrain, TV's,[????????????????]
Sunday at the Battery I'm comin' through
Megabucks layin' in the that Rover
Got pulled over
I think you betta' let em' go brah

[MegaBucks]

Even dem' cops know me and T dem' Carolina dogs
Gotta clique of major niggas' 263 be the bomb
If you ain't holdin' 50 g's why you talkin' bout' cheese
I open the door to my home with gold and platinum
house keys
When it's cold outside I put the Misses on the street
If it ain't a hundred percent it ain't touchin' my feet
I love my sex wet stack chips like duplex
Ice keep my wrist cold
Bought a sweater for my Lex
Bitches I ain't hatin', ain't no breakin' my bond
If I make a million my whole clique gon' make a million
If you can get with that, you betta stack up your chips
If you can't shut the fuck up and let us ballas do this

[T-Mac talking]

Shit nigga' that's how we ride in the Charlyo...

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