

# Lil' Keke, Niggas Be Hating Me

Yeah

I'm lyrically inclined to be a poetic threat  
A million dollar crook from a Southside set  
As I proceed to break out, I'm fierously demonstratin'  
On some fly pressure, on the marks, forever hatin'  
Relax your mind, as I restarce the prey  
Ascroociate pain, givin' left for game  
Cause boys be hatin' me, and makin' my pressure rise  
Niggas get bigger, but my glock same the same size  
I cock it and ride, fire sweet and hit the gas  
Cause as the swain glass, able to mash class  
Your ass is grass, if you in that black mass  
Future present past, another'll beat his ass  
I'ma mash, fast, with the heart of a hustler  
Quick to break up a busta, so what's up motherfuckers  
I ain't makin' no bargains, no deals or no plea  
Stayin' strapped at all times, cause niggas be hatin' me

Niggas be hatin' me and makin' my pressure rise  
I'm trowed up in the game, got my eyes on a fucking prize  
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Lil' Keke is a fact, won't you haters just realize, cause ah  
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On the Southside, we be hittin' licks  
Nine sold, have a thang, 27 the bricks  
Tricks be hatin', feds got my phone tapped  
Loaded glock on my lap, jealous niggas got me strapped  
I black on blaze, swang freeze to floss those  
Coast-to-coast shows, pimps playas and pros  
A 9 l pack, dedicated to stack  
Smokin' weed sippin' serve movin' ounces of crack  
The shit gone hit the Fed and the strip gon' flip  
The answer when you trip is a flime in a clip  
I tip a hater, just like he's a waiter  
A polished in mastermind, and a dope rhyme creator  
Heart-breaker, a baller legendary show-stopper  
Southside representin', pops up on the chopper  
Open your eyes you face to face with a g  
Give the game for free, cause niggas be hatin' me

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Now we be ballin', and yo we puttin' in work  
The L-i-l K-e and this nigga named D  
Back up ain't no mistakin', it's money we makin'  
Put all drama on hold until the record make dough  
So far so good, ain't no complaints in Herschelwood  
Same things in my hood, it's understood  
When the sun come up, it's dollar bills y'all  
And when them punks run up, it's time to kill y'all  
Somebody said to me "Whatever you do just keep it tru  
Make your cash and dash cause see these haters are after you"  
Flashin' gold cash in them hoes face

Nobody fuck with me, I wanna paperchase  
Poetic since '84 I used to rhyme and rainbow  
Noticin' how the game go, I puts it down so  
You got beef then bring your beef hardrugged  
From the streets of hard knocks, the way you g's love it

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