

# Tela, Bye Bye Haters

(Tela)

Let's keep it quiet, I'm gon' shine, I'm in the body wide  
I'm comin down the street, I'm in twenty inch tires  
I'm leaned up, I'm screened up  
I'm bout to clean up the South, ain't shit happen to young Tela  
I'ma sit right here, and I'ma get my shit clear  
I'ma sit right here, and I'ma finish my beer  
Now I'ma go on and make the block cause I'm just on hard  
I'ma go ahead and stop mayne, fuck the laws  
Now I'ma go ahead and bounce because them hoes do be trippin  
I'ma head to the house and I'ma keep my shit pimpin  
I'm the realest Down South, I'm on a cut-up mission  
for some red, bowlegs, no braids, no extensions  
I'ma get by this bitch and I'ma call this bitch  
This Nextel drop calls, so I'ma hop on the Sprint  
They say, "Who that nigga there? He lookin all in my shit  
Lookin all through my tint like he wanna come and bitch boi"

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Bye bye haters, I gets papers  
Y'all muh'fuckers can hate me later  
Ha hoes, I gets O's  
I comes through the damn club so throwed

(Tela)

There go two things in life that I don't wanna see  
Me not believin in Christ; my kids die befo' me  
And I promise you this - if the shit is sweet  
or if the shit gets deep, from the valley to the beat  
They say I went pop, and I lost my streets  
The only thing that is pop, is me with this heat  
And I pop wine bottles and pop fine models  
and pop off sparks from the shells that's hollow  
I like nice parties, I got the new Bugotti  
It's gutted out white with the candy-apple body  
Haters can't see me, cause haters don't like me  
We two different players: I'm gator, you Nike  
Accept that player, can't help that player  
I don't care if you just sit there player  
Nigga youse a lame you ain't even in the game  
Youse a bitch in the stands, stickin on a man

(Chorus)

(Tela)

Hey yo, understand me I'm at yo' door with yo' keys  
Tearin up yo' shit on the flo' where she bleeds  
I'm diggin through your couch cause I'm lookin for the cheese  
Nigga this the South, there's some shit off in the breeze  
I tell a bitch quick, aiy you're fuckin or leave  
And I don't give shit, but I gots to receive  
I lays it flat like this, I got mouths to feed  
I'm the captain of the team, so I'm to the extreme  
Hmm, so hold it in if you're feelin calicay  
or feel the breeze from the wind from the holes in your Escalade  
I sho' hate it, you're outdated  
Expired, deleted, for fuckin with the greatest  
I know you're feelin calicocky and swoll (oh)  
But don't get yourself rowdy and cold (oh)  
Oh young nigga gonna call me like  
Gonna find his ass, split to fuck with the pipes  
Keep playin aight?

(Chorus) - 4X

(Tela)  
Uhh, so throwed  
Uhh, so throwed  
Bye bye hater.. y'know?