

# Chamillionaire, Nigga Be Hatin'

[Hook]

Mmmm-hmm, niggaz be hating  
Until they see you coming, and switch up they conversation  
Mmmm-hmm, haters still hating  
My records and my rims, in regular rotation  
Everytime you see me, I'm platinum get thoed  
And riding candy, with the suicide do's  
And you can see, I got that million dollar glow  
And in other words, I ain't worried-I ain't worried bout you hoes  
Ain't worried, nigga I show  
Ain't worried, bout you hoes (I show, I show)  
I ain't worried bout you hoes, we ain't worried  
We ain't worried, bout you hoes

[Rasaq]

Damn they hating, a man I'm taking  
Grands and making em throw, no your man's mistaken  
Any nigga talking hating, I knock his face in  
Punch him in the gut once, and give him constipation  
Lil' bloody from the altercation, or equitation  
Make niggaz get in line, like when a barber's fading  
When Rasaq is heated, Rasaq gon speak it  
Now the boy'll lay you down, like a postropedic  
I'm rocking up chips, flossing a watch  
Copping some kicks, knocking your dip dropping a drop  
Hotter the hip, raising the top Rasaq is so sick  
Squat in a drop, I'm too amazing to stop  
Your dame's on my jock claiming she not, you lame and he not  
Instead of blaming your chick, you blaming Rasaq  
Niggaz act the same as the cops, they handcuffing  
When he sees his damn muffin, flirting and blushing  
Hating on me is worthless cousin, don't hurt for nothing  
It just hurt the damn mall, when I go purchase something nigga

And they hating nigga, Rasaq on the block yeah

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]

See niggaz ask for ten, and mo' dollas they can spend  
But never be around when, you be out looking for them  
We ain't friends, you just know how to pretend  
And just trying to get up in, my circle so you can win  
And what do haters be saying, I ain't hating I'm just saying  
But they never say it to me, they always say it to them  
And he trying to get all, comfortable while he laying  
On the sofa in your den, is where that nigga be staying  
It be the nigga, in the crib where you live  
And you did let him live, in your crib for a bit  
But he would come back, to the crib with a chick  
And forget that the rims, and the whip wasn't his  
You looking at your spinning rims, and they chipped  
But this nigga didn't get, a damn job so there is  
No chance of ever ever, getting your wish  
Of him getting a bitch, and them getting them fixed  
You buying all the drinks, he sipping that liquor  
He behind you talking, ad libbing ass nigga  
He lying to you, like he's not the cash dealer  
Old two way contact, stealing ass nigga  
I hit a hater in the mouth, he hate on the South  
Or we can get specific with it, if he hate on the North  
Niggaz be opening they mouth, trying to hate on your floss  
Marshmellow ass niggaz, stop hating you're soft, Koopa

[Hook]