## Lil' Flip, Haters Still Mad

(feat. Big T, Lil' Ron)

[talking] Uh, Lil' Flip, them hatas still mad Man look, Big T

[Chorus: Big T]
Why y'all haters still mad
I said I don't know why baby
Cause Screwed Up Click acting bad
Cause Screwed Up Click acting bad

[Lil' Flip]

You might see me in the benzo, sitting on Lorenzos, blowing on some endo It's five o'clock so I'ma drop my top, and let down my window I'm candy paint with DVD's and Playstation 2 I got a mic with a crown on top that say R.I.P. DJ Screw But I'ma hold it down like it's supposed to go, make this Screw shit coast to coast I can't be stopped like a locomotive, M-P-C H-P eighty rolling My paper folding like laundromats, S-P-S black Cadillacs E-S-1's cause cataracts, Gucci suit with the hat to match Like Fat Pat I'm on chrome, my Prime Co. on roam Sold out shows at the Astro Dome, y'all ain't know my money long Y'all money gone cause we changed the game, and came with tighter flows I wear expensive clothes got plenty hoes, cause nigga that's all I know Like shopping sprees and credit cards, two ways and cellulars Smoking blunts and pulling broads, everyday I'm switching cars But I'm a superstar like Denzel, but I ain't gone win a Grammy I sold a hundred thousand now I see why niggas can't stand me

[Chorus]

Why y'all haters still mad
I said I don't know why baby
Cause Swisha House acting bad
Why y'all hating the way y'all do
Why y'all haters still mad
I said I don't know why baby
Cause Screwed Up Click acting bad
Cause Screwed Up Click acting bad

## [Lil' Flip]

All these cars I got to flip one, all these rims I got to whip one
All this wood I got to grip some, Texas boys off the hook huh
Chain and charm with two my chain, project corner with too much weight
Sleep day time and work at night, making cash is my life
Sipping Sprite and breaking mics, winning money shaking dice
Hitting licks and shaking vikes, you want three chickens pay the price
Bubble light on foreign wheels, iced out grill'll make me chill
Peanut butter in my Seville, buy a pint and pop a sill

## [Lil' Ron]

Buy a pint and I'll pop a sill, and my blaze chop like a south-mill Y'all hatas mad cause we in a Jag, and that Iceberg got us dressed to kill How you feel cause I'm fired up, pour me up another cup It's S.U.C. and Swisha House, and them big faces we fold up Lil' Ron make you hold up while I take a trip with Lil' Flip Blow'd get you wide up and it'll make your ass run off a cliff Kenoe got the track throwed, we making hatas hate us bad I'm a Rosewood thug that keeps my pants sagging

[Chorus]
Why y'all haters still mad
I said I don't know why baby
Cause Swisha House acting bad

Why y'all hating the way y'all do Why y'all haters still mad I said I don't know why baby Cause Screwed Up Click acting bad Cause Screwed Up Click acting bad