

Youngbloodz, Haterproof

Ya I'm ridin on them choppa thangs
I told the choppa main
I put it to ya brain
On ya shirt I'll leave a stain
Sean Paul, I ball like my birthday
I bring the K and wet yo ass up in the worst way
I'm a playa for that pussy, I can neva pay
I skip the cris and sip on henny almost everyday
Trap stars, remember im from round the way
Where niggas give they life away
and gamble wit aseria
Young killas, drug dillas
yea they blide burners
Standin on the corner
Dickies and sum white turners
Wife beaters if ya a nigga that understand my slang
East side if ya ever wanna find me main
See u be chillin posted up up in them high spots
Late nights u see the flame from them high shots
I heard they fin to come and kick some doors again, im posted wit my tech to see wat door dey com

(Chorus)

I'm 4-deep in my chevrolet
We be sippin on lean in my chevrolet
In the seat we cook green in my chevrolet
Thats y these hoes wanna be in my chevrolet
they wanna play wit me
ya try to hate but ya cant nigga im hater proof
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