

Haters Gon Hate

504 Boyz

[Chorus: Curren\$y]

When I pull up at the club in a big black
Truck on dubs (these niggas gon hate)
Cause I'm doing big thangs, and I got a lot of ice
In my chain (these niggas gon hate)
When I come through the door, and take all the hoes
I know (these niggas gon hate)
Cause I'm playing with some chips, and I make a lot of hits
I know (these niggas gon hate)

[Curren\$y]

I don't know if it's the Porsche or the Lamb, that make these niggas
Hate me, like I'm a member of the Klu Klux Klan
I mean god damn, how much money I got in my hand
Really don't concern you man
But I know why you niggas boot me up
Cause I come through pushing brand new Coupes and stuff
You say you wanna shoot me up
Because I got a pair of Jordans won't be out for at least two months
They call me Curren\$y the Hot Spitter
And that's cause I keep my money, in stacks
I know they got hatas out to jack niggas
So that's why I ride, with my gat
A glock and a mask in the dash of the Jaguar, and that's a X-K-8
And if you cross me, you'll die dog
So I advise y'all, please don't hate

[Chorus: Krazy]

When I walk in the club and the bitch
Touching bread starts smiling (these niggas gon hate)
When I buy the bar, hit the flo' just start wilding
You feel that (these niggas gon hate)
When them tires on the Navi just keep on spinning
Look at that shit man (these niggas gon hate)
In the club thugged out, with my P. Miller denim
Nigga see that (these niggas gon hate)

[Krazy]

With a high rich I get I still remember, the bad times
In the Ville rock hustling, with a loaded nine
All the niggas said I'd never make it, be friends now
All the dick-riders see this bitch, take a while
All the hoes that never liked me, wanna fuck me
I'll two-way you for some head, you can trust me
It must be this tank, or the shiny gold teeth
Make these hoes get wet, everytime I speak
These streets I push weight, silent nigga
Unless you turn me into a, violent nigga
Smiling in my face, nigga hate behind my back
And you wonder why these bitch ass niggas get smacked
No fear of the police, only the feds
Catch him snitch late night, I'll bust his head
No love for these hating niggas, or the informants
Ask bank run about me, my account's enormous

[Chorus: Choppa]

When I'm walking through the mall, I'm chilling with my dogs

Or my girl (these niggas gon hate)
I don't even notice nigga why you spoke to this
Nigga got a choke me a hater (these niggas gon hate)
This 8 is beginning this 8, no gimmick
This the New No Limit (these niggas gon hate)
And all the ladies love Choppa, cause they know
He's such a poppa but all (these niggas gon hate)

[Choppa]

Niggas gonna hate no matter what you do
So if you don't fuck with me, I don't fuck with you
And I could care less, who did what with who
See I love when you hate, so do what you do
Rolaid, I understand that's your crew
But them cats ain't got no love for you
Y'all wonder why, your careers and you died
Cause your songs sound the same, like you doing a lie
Don't wanna do nothing else, then shake the streets
That's why I'm glad big rap gave a dang to me
And my nigga Master P gave the flame to me
Making hits after hits, what it came to be
Not just a boss rapper, but a hot m.c.
All them other niggas sound like me, think about it
I'm Choppa, that Westbank show stopper
If you sick of me, then nigga go see a doctor

[Chorus]

When I pull up at the club in a big black
Truck on dubs (these niggas gon hate)
When I buy the bar, hit the flo' just start wilding
You feel that (these niggas gon hate)
This 8 is beginning this 8, no gimmick
This the New No Limit (these niggas gon hate)
Cause I'm playing with some chips, and I make a lot of hits
I know (these niggas gon hate)