

Haters And Fools

Beenie Man

Tell mi when niggas will stop sending other niggas to the pen
Bitches will stop hating other bitches for their men
People player hating other people will it end
Listen to the blend, tell them come again

Fake ass niggas they can never be my friends
Back stabbing fools I think it's time you comprehend
We making crazy money so stop watching what we spend
We multiply by ten, selassie fly the gate

I trample all my enemies 'cause man a hold the faith
Mi naw go call no name mi friend, but nuff a dem nuh straight
We busy making money nuff a dem a player hate
Dem fassy deh a bait, well Beenie Man yuh great

Survival of the fittest and the vibe I generate
And people give me money for the style that I create
Even to this date, nuff a dem nuh rate
The works that I perform and all the good I instigate

So yuh want to run the place? Well yuh better wait
'Cause nuff a unno want fi box the food outta mi plate
You old pirate

Haters and fools, treating me cruel
Putting me down, don't want them around
Sons acting crazy, for money and cars
Fools wanna see, me go behind bars

They want to see me die, they wanna see me die no doubt
Beenie Man shining and they all wanna get me out
Know that they don't like me from the day I came about
Fassys are behind my back running up their
We be rolling twenty deep and niggas got clout

Big up my colleagues who making money down south
Sailing the Caribbean in million dollar boats
In winter we'll be wearing fur coats
Unfortunately, me and the fassy them at war
Judging from my jewellery you can tell I am a star

No ordinary fool can't push a fifty-G car
Nuff a dem a suffer and we all know who they are
Lot a them don't like us cause their money fits in jars
We making fat bank account and living like Tzars
Snitches are working for me to be behind bars
This time they went a little too far