

# Hater

Cam Meekins

The same shit on the on the radio (yeah, yeah)  
The same news and I hate it, yo (yeah, yeah)  
Don't give a fuck if I made it, yo  
I'm just a hater, yo  
Middle fingers up saying (yeah, yeah)  
You won a Grammy, man, way to go (yeah, yeah)  
Your music sucks, it's how much you sold (yeah, yeah)  
Don't give a fuck if I made it, yo  
I'm just a hater, yo  
Middle fingers up saying (yeah, yeah)

I'm riding in my car  
I've been working late  
I hit my girl up  
Gon' pick her up at 8  
Turn on the radio  
They playing Party Rock  
I smoke another joint  
Somebody call the cops  
Cuz these days I'm hearing all the same shit  
Everybody dance, jump, getting up, lame shit  
Talking about how much cake they made in a week  
They talking 'bout how much hate they get when they speak  
Well, guess I'm a playa hata  
If that's a hit record then see ya lata  
My girl get in the car, you know I'm flexing  
I drive to the intersection  
She told me that she, she, she love that new Ke\$ha single  
That shit sound like my cell phone jingle  
So I just lay my seat back  
Praying please let me get this mixtape out before my ears bleed  
And you see me saying

So I get out the car  
I hit the party up  
Me and my girl here  
She tryna get drunk  
We walk inside the house  
What fucking song is on  
The beat go up and down  
Something like Enron  
The clichés I'm hearing in my ear  
Make me wonder why the fuck I was even coming here  
And I don't want to sound like that guy that listens to weird music and shop  
s at REI  
And who thinks he's cooler than everybody in the room  
Playing new music from Muse, like a tool, it ain't cool  
So I'm like, oh geez  
Please let me get this mixtape out before my ears bleed  
And you see me saying

I'm just a hater, yo  
Middles fingers up saying