Got 'Em Hatin'

Plies

it's a nitti beat... hey
hey plies, wassup? they said you got it on lock down there my nigga, hey
they said you gettin bout 20 stacks a mothafuckin show, right?
this yo first album, (wow), you fuckin wit yo boy nitti right? (that's right
)
cuz we're live again, from ghettoville, usa that is, yo plies, you ready?

Seven days a week,a full time balla
A thug and a goon,whatever you wanna call it
You hatin for nothin, cuz ima get mine irregardless
Tryina catch lil momma,i already done caught her
Want the 26's huh,i already done bought em
You cant do what i do and thats part of the problem
I got the haters goin crazy,i aint tryina stop em
You want the streets,hot dog,i already done locked em
You love blue diamonds,i already done copped em,
you always talk about K's,but ain't never shot em
I'm certified and real,lil homie you a floater
You a full-blown hater,thats what I call em

Im in a Donk on 6's ayy (got em hatin)
fucked the broad that he wanted (now I got him hatin)
ain't been right lately (got em hatin)
my jewelery game amazin (now I got em hatin)

I'm in a Donk on 6's ayy (got em hatin)
fucked the broad that he wanted (now I got him hatin)
his pape ain't been right lately (got em hatin)
you ain't doin somethin right if you ain't (got em hatin)

I'm the man in my city,you just live here,
you just got in the streets,Ive been out chere
you still dreamin about it,I did it in a year
you a pussy so I know you hate me off the rip
You can't move how I move,you ain't got chips
I can blow it and don't miss it,i got grip
I can merc you when I wanna,cuz I got clips
30-round extended .380 on the hip

Heard you was cryin when you was locked up,you a trip
I know the goons that robbed you,you ain't done shit
you the one that told,you the one sunk the ship
now you walkin round like you had closed lips

In the back of yo mind you wish Plies wasn't real
ain't never been a hater,I don't know how it feels
if you know like I know,lil homie,better chill
or you gon' have them bushes movin in frontcha crib

Some wanna see me broke,some wanna see me in the feds
the haters hate you when you livin,love you when you're dead
he just a mad rapper,he ain't blew yet
the streets don't feel him,I ain't have to go through that

I'm on fire in the streets,just got my feet wet
and you don't think I'ma sell a mill,just take the bet
I'm just one of few who ain't went commercial yet
I want you to see me when I got the top back
you got no choice to talk about me,look how I act
and why plies so wild if he got stife
he got a hundred goons around him when he rock his ice
if you ain't thuggin,you wont understand the thug life

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