

That's Why They Hatin'

Snow Tha Product

I was made for this lifestyle, rich and famous
My aim for tomorrow is to get more haters
Paparazzis always jot me cause I'm on the A-List
So I get so much hate, I swear it's outrageous
Cause I'm stating something new (That's why they hatin')
Cause of jewels (That's why they hatin')
Cause we make moves (That's why they hatin')
Cause we that crew (That's why they hatin')
Cause we get loot (That's why they hatin')
Cause we too cool (That's why they hatin')
Cause we got swag from the head down to the shoes

It must be something in the water
That got these haters mugging and whispering
Or maybe its that the money is coming in and getting spent
Perhaps the fact that I be buzzing and getting bent off
Two hundred dollar bottles while clubbing and kicking it
Maybe cause I be taking trips with international destinations
I be gassing and wrecking stages while I'm rapping and getting famous
I'm making my ends meet while I'm laughing at all these haters
Cause I'm smashing these imitators so they mad cause I'm getting paper
I think they hating, so I'ma show 'em
And you better believe that I'ma show them
What happens when you piss snow off
I'ma speed it up a bit
Show them how to get the club to crunk up a bit
I'ma show them real stacks with Benjamins peeled back
And I'ma be the cause for their suffering
Cause if they mad now, they've got to hate me then
Cause by this summer I'ma show them that I'm made to win
Let them know they're crazy if they hate again
Cause maybe if I'm in the mood to prove them wrong
Tell them that the whip was made for this

Grew up in the hood, let me put that work
I come from the streets, let me do that dirt
Whoop that blow, shit that smell
Lay back in a Maybach, blowin purp
Mind on my cash, wine in my glass, nine in stash
And if I say I want ASS, she gonna give it to me NOW
Oh my god, I go hard on any track, snow, let them know
Twin desert eagles in arm reach and I let them blow
Rap is overrated, you're constipated (tell them what that means, Flip)
That mean they spitting bullshit
More clips, M3's, zim pops, red beams
I tell them 'Hi, Haters' as I will soon dream
Drop top my global beats larger than a shot cloud
My track, baby, you can hear my music play in Bash Crop
I'm getting mad props, cash knots, bad drops
I'm pushing penny red trucks like red fox
Old school or gold shoes (I call them Micheal Johnsons)
And I can make you a death wish (Just call me Charles Wayne)

You see the fact I'm hot, the fact you're not
Is because you ain't ever done half what I
Done in a year, or done in a week

Its because no one even like you on your block
I don't know, but keep it up
Cause I get new fans when you bring me up
'Ey, ey, Snow White, isn't that that girl that you wish you was?'
See, you would hate her from your face to your nikes
That's why you say that you don't like me, but then you bite me
You're not original, and I mean you're psyche
Keep it up, you'll be sleeping with the fishes like a Pisces
Bye hater, as I'm hopping on a plane
And an hour later, I arrive up in the Bay
To a show then get my dough and hit the road to another place
Case closed, you's a joke, and you know that you's a fake
But this is real Gucci and the luggage is real Luis
And I run with folk that only know you as a real groupie
So haters are welcome, feel free to feed my buzz
Just don't be surprised when you pick up you phone and all your luck is up