

## Haters

## Young Buck

Aye-Uh Huh Huh Huh

Don't ask me where tha fuck I'm from, or whudd set I claim  
I git money (Yuh!), I got a lil' bit of both games in me  
Niggas hate so tha marshburg hang with me  
Feds wanna tap up my phone, 'cause they can't git me  
I mite as well give it to ya since Dre sent me  
Just sit back and kick ya feet up, okayye 50?  
I'm on 1 and I just begun  
I dare one of these blood claats come test me gun  
Tha rude bwoi of tha south let me in dis bitch  
I just wish Tupac was here to witness dis  
Give me room to breathe and I'ma blow you away  
I move a 100 bricks a week and do a show every day  
Ayyyye, somebody gotta do it y'all  
See I done been locked up and I don't know who tha call  
It's my time, so everybody jump on tha train  
With tha A.K. aimed I can shootdown a plane (Mothafucka!)

Haters, what makes you wanna do wrong? (Makes you wanna do wrong?)  
Just to wake up early, afta hustlin' all night long (Yeh-eh-eh-eh-uhh)

My gun damn near bigga then me  
I ain't tha nigga to beef  
'Cause everytime a body drop, niggas mentionin' me  
I see a judge in my dreams when he sentencin' me  
My homeboi come in tha courtroom and hit him with 3  
I got tha mind of a nigga 'bout to git him a kii (Yuh!)  
All tha feins lined up, they just waitin' fo' me  
Betta hurry-hurry, it's about to go down  
And don't cha worry, I brought a 100 rounds (Buck!)  
We gon' count to ten and then put tha clips in  
Whoeva is tha last man standin' wins (C'monn)  
You throw some money in tha hood and it always works  
My niggas crazy, they'll dig a dead body from tha durrt (Yeahh)  
Betta watch ya mouth, 'cause I been watchin' ya house  
I'm in the bushes like "When dis nigga gon' come out?!"  
It's enough of dis he say she say shit  
Now it's time to find out who you wit'

Haters, what makes you wanna do wrong? (Makes you wanna do wrong?)  
Just to wake up early, afta hustlin' all night long (Yeh-eh-eh-eh-uhh)

Tha streets ain't got no love (Oh but I'm a nigga on top of thangs)  
These niggas don't feel my pain (Oh these niggas don't got a clue what I bee  
n through mayn')  
But I ain't even lookin' for love (Oh but I ain't lookin' fo' all ya sympath  
y)  
I gots to just do my thang

Haters, what makes you wanna do wrong? (Makes you wanna do wrong?)  
Just to wake up early, afta hustlin' all night long (Yeh-eh-eh-eh-uhh)