

Let Em Hate

Young Buck

Aiyo Kay Slay
Aiyo whats up nigga
I see you nigga
Ha Young Buck
Aiyo I got my weight up
And I ain't been in the jail neither nigga

Every hood get ready I've been in the kitchen I'm back
My cook game wicked I flip it and count stacks
My hands still in it so my finger nails dirty
I can't switch teams like Vince Chesterverte
Rappers be keepin' my name in they mouth
I say something back and I might lose count
Hold up 400, 500 thousand damn thats what I'm talkin' about
I goin' on
To all my enemies so long
Ya ain't killed me yet might as well go home
I'm a boss I could've been got it done it don't cost
Just love to shoot where I'm from so knock it off
You niggas soft
I'm overseas with 50 we playin' golf
You see the streets already know I bust my heat
And if the police know about it this ain't beef

Let 'em hate
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Fuck them hos
What? this the way I roll
Just a gangsta, hustler this all I know
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Fuck them hos
They just mad they broke
I get money you niggas used to have the dough

I see the craziest shit on TV
So I ain't got to adjust to nothing ya'll see me
Life is hard homie but dying is easy
We give to the rich but we take from the needy
Damn
Thats why we break down grams
No ho training we don't say yes mam
Keep on hatin' you don't know who I am
The chopper go blah and the glock go blam
I ain't got no fam
But no friends
Some niggas ain't got no Lamb or no Benz
Some niggas ain't got them rims that just spin
Some niggas ain't got no ends
My brother in the pen

But when he comin' out I might be goin' in
You see the streets already know I bust my heat
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