

Constantly Hating (feat. Birdman)

Young Thug

Pour that shit up fool, the sauce - monster!
Man so you ain't gonna pour?
Oh so you're gonna make a nigga beg you to pour? Okay bool
You digHopped out my mothafuckin' bed
Hopped in the mothafuckin' coupe (SKRRRRR)
Pulled up on the Birdman (BRRRRR)
I'm a beast, I'm a beast, I'm a mobster
You got 50 whole bands, you'll be my sponsor (just for the night)
Them snakes on the plane, me and Kanye-conda (condas)
Yeeeah...
I might piece him up and let my partner smoke him
Chuck-E-Cheese him up, I pizza him, I roll him
I'm a gangster, I don't dance, baby I poke
Right now I'm surrounded by some gangsters from Magnolia
I heard I put it in the spot, yessir she told me
My niggas muggin', these niggas YSL only
I heard my Nolia niggas not friendly, like no way
But we not friendly either, you know it
Yeah thumbs up
I've seen more holes than a golf course on Donald Trump's course
My bitch a tall blooded horse, nigga, bronco
And if you catch us down bet you're not gon' trunk us
You got a body, lil nigga, we got a ton of 'em
You got some Robin's, lil nigga, we got some Batmans
I let that choppa go "blocka, blocka," get back, son
You got them MJ's, nigga, I got them Jacksons (racks)
But really what is it to do
When the whole world constantly hatin' on you?
Pussy niggas hold their nuts, masturbatin' on you
Meanwhile the fuckin' federal baitin' on you
Nigga tell me what you do
Would you stand up or would you turn to a pussy nigga?
I got a hundred things to do
And I can stop rappin' but I can't stop stackin' fuckin' figures Yeah, I'm from that mothafuckin'
'Nolia, nigga
Birdman'll break a nigga nose, lil' nigga
You need to slow your fuckin' roll, lil' nigga
We created Ks on shoulders, nigga
I'm a scary fuckin' sight, lil' nigga
We won a hundred mil' on fights, lil' nigga
A hundred bands, sure you're right, lil' nigga
I keep some AKs on my flights, lil' nigga

Birdman Willie B

Smoke some stunna blunts, now my eyes Chinese
Hundred K on private flights overseas
Choppas City nigga, free BG
Bentley with the doors all 'round, not a Jeep
Rich nigga shit, smoke two pounds in a week
Can't find a bitch that don't know we them streets
Bitches know that I am Birdman, that's OG
But really what is it to do
When the whole world constantly hatin' on you?
Pussy niggas hold their nuts, masturbatin' on you
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Nigga tell me what you do
Would you stand up or would you turn to a pussy nigga?
I got a hundred things to do
And I can stop rappin' but I can't stop stackin' fuckin' figures
Nigga I'm a crack addict
Thought about lettin' them get a cut, then I went and snagged at it
The new Boosie Badazz at it
I'ma drop a nigga life, just like a bad habit
I stick to the ground like a mothafuckin' rug
I'm a big dog, lil' fuck nigga you a pup
Lil' bitch clean your drawers before you think you're a thug
Before I be in front your shows, just like your pub
I ain't even lyin', baby
I swear to God I ain't lyin', baby, nooo
First I'll screw you without these pliers, baby
I might dap you like, "good try, baby"
Big B livin', baby
Them boys on my left throwin' up Cs
I promise their mama see them this week
And I don't break promises with my Ds (them my dogs)
I want Ms and cheese, mister Mickey Ds
She know I am a beast, I am so obese
In Miami I swear they don't got good weed
Wiz Khalifa can you send me some weed please?
Yeah, overseas, nigga, top floor, clear
windows, nigga
Glass house, drankin' GT, you understand?
We in that Red Light District, you understand?
3 and 1, that mean 3 on me, nigga, you understand me?
Just livin' the life, boy, aye Thug, just a dollar for a 1, nigga
We can blow a mil', boy. Rich Gang, YSL, blatt!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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