

Haterade (feat. Nicki Minaj & Pharrell)

Gucci Mane

We've evolved from small to tall
And shall not stall, been flying too long
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa girl I be sippin' on haterade
That deep-down getcha paid
It tastes like lemonade
Scrunch your face when you see me paid I be sippin' on haterade
That deep-down getcha paid
That flavor is lemonade
Scrunch your face when you see me paid
I'm not listening, I'm not interested
My attention only focused on what I get
Diamond's glistening, they call me Mr. Check
White ice lemonade, Black ice she thick
I got general ambition bitch, and life's a bitch
So I treat it real good like hoes is squeezed
My whole life, I ain't never seen a car like that
And she probably won't see the next shit I get
And a seventeen fresh, I say I guess
Successful, healthy, I live no stress
So today is the day that if it was shot
Drop tops everywhere, I wouldn't know how to rock
Got the titties out today showing off tan lines
Bands bending in my pocket, no it's not drumline
Me and Skateboard P in the club on time
No, not on time, but it just in time
(It's Gucci!)

We've evolved from small to tall
And shall not stall, been flying too long
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa girl I be sippin' on haterade
That deep-down getcha paid
It tastes like lemonade
Scrunch your face when you see me paid I be sippin' on haterade
That deep-down getcha paid
That flavor is lemonade
Scrunch your face when you see me paid Uh, yo, this one goes out to all of my critics
Don't you feel stupid? Look how I did it!
Look how it came to pass when I said it
We can do debit, cuz I don't need credit
Yes, I'm epic, look how I rep it
It's been eight years, but I broke the record
Yup, the record... yup, the record... yup, the record
(Just for the record)

Uh, I'm all that I can be
 And I'll admit, I'm appalled when you envy
 Cuz you can do it, too, and you can do it, too
 I just happen to be the girl that they threw it to
 So I'mma bounce back, and I'mma ball out
 And every time that you see me I go all out
 And I'mma win till the ending
 Don't be mad when you see me transcendin'... Gucci! We've evolved from small to tall
 And shall not stall, been flying too long
 Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa girl I be sippin' on haterade
 That deep-down getcha paid
 It tastes like lemonade
 Scrunch your face when you see me paid I be sippin' on haterade
 That deep-down getcha paid
 That flavor is lemonade
 Scrunch your face when you see me paid I ball hard, I should be in Sports Illustrated
 Cooler than a motherfucka in a Porshe lemonade coupe
 Pull up in a Ferrari in your hood, get intimidated
 Mutilated, Maserati, Lamborghini (are) decapitated
 Feds investigation on what I accumulated, insinuated
 That I'm not the man that I say I am
 Like I I give a damn
 But I just run around town pickin' up stacks
 Some like Louis, some like Gucci
 I love money, ya I love solutions
 And my teenage karat ring, baby girl choosin
 And I ain't hard to please baby come choose me
 Lounge around, round the town with the top chopped off
 You can call it lost and found 'cause my top stay down
 And I ain't seen a muthafucka since I bought this car
 I ain't seen a muthafucka since I bought the car
 It's Gucci! We've evolved from small to tall
 And shall not stall, been flying too long
 Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa girl I be sippin' on haterade
 That deep-down getcha paid
 It tastes like lemonade
 Scrunch your face when you see me paid I be sippin' on haterade
 That deep-down getcha paid
 That flavor is lemonade
 Scrunch your face when you see me paid You know what I'm talkin' bout?
 Just lift ya glass, gon' lift ya glass Let's think about the future and forget the past If a nigga
 key__ hate 'em, just kick ya ass If a nigga __go hard, don't make me laugh--it's Gucci

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>