

Hate (feat. Juvenile & Tunechi)

Mannie Fresh

(Aye, aye, Fresh, Stunna Man, we back at it daddy)
Them niggas be hatin' on me man
(two-thousand-sixteen, summertime shine, stuntin' on 'em)
Let me tell you the type of shit they say about me They say fuck you nigga, hate you nigga, hope you die
Hope you catch the stroke and nobody know why
I'mma stay connected like the wifi
Need her like a sixty-four gig iPod pussy nigga
Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate
(Gon' head on and) hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate When I get this money I'mma kill 'em
Twenty twenty vision to niggas who ain't want to see me with it
Nigga fuck ya
Don't make my trigger smart niggas go dumb-dumb
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Take me where these hoes at, Adderall and Prozac
I'm so fuckin' focused in this bitch I just can't hold back
Tell 'em bring that money bag, beast mode, running back
Big Tymer, Ferragamo, Juvinino where you at?
All I do is get it, dude you never get it
You be in your feelin's too, my dude you're so pathetic
You got too much sugar in your blood, diabetic
You sick, you got the hate disease and I ain't tryna get it, no
Mixin' Cristal and Ciroc
I need a name for it, call it Chris Rock
I'm in this motherfucker lookin' like a pile of some guap
Come make a name for yourself and pussy pop, pussy pop They say fuck you nigga, hate you nigga, hope you die
Hope you catch the stroke and nobody know why
I'mma stay connected like the wifi
Need her like a sixty-four gig iPod pussy nigga
Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate
(Gon' head on and) Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate Nigga got your old girl dappin' with the whole world
Trust me, just me, referee and blow girl
That's that boy BM, hit me in the DM
Bust that fuckin' pussy wide open AM to the PM
But that's another story though and I ain't tryna tell it
Now it's on, now you're hangin' out with dime rock Betty
And Betty she don't know no better, shoot up dope or smoke whatever
Used to be my homie, now you're mad 'cause we don't roll together?
We're the real nigga
And I don't give a fuck if they was real sisters

These niggas think they on, hit the kill switches
Money comin' bitch, my palms and my heels itchin', yeah yeahThey say fuck you nigga, hate you nigga, hope
you die
Hope you catch the stroke and nobody know why
I'mma stay connected like the wifi
Need her like a sixty-four gig iPod pussy nigga
Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate
(Gon' head on and) Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hateYou be hatin' on a nigga like police nigga
You be barkin', you ain't nothing but a Maltese nigga
When these sharks out, we'll see you they'll be your teeth nigga
It's Tune and Juvie we got Mannie on the beat nigga
You M-A-D nigga, yeah
You don't want to see me with a dime out
You don't want to say that I couldn't afford shit
You don't even have a watch to tell the time now
And I got 20 karats in my Rolex
Nigga lean with it, nigga rock with it
That's some lean double cup with Ciroc with it
Nigga lean with it, nigga rock with it
We got Mannie on the beat, bop-bop-bop with it
Shots fired, somebody ran up in Juvie house
That's far sober enough to have niggas spookin' out
And I got homies 'round that I got love for
But niggas go through shit so I don't root 'em outThey say fuck you nigga, hate you nigga, hope you die
Hope you catch the stroke and nobody know why
I'mma stay connected like the wifi
Need her like a 64 gig iPod pussy nigga
Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate
(Gon' head on and) Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hateYeah, yeah, we back at it daddy
Stunna man, you know there's always that one that'll hate
'Til you put a choppa in his face, you dig?
Fresh you're a fool with it

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