

Hate (feat. Juvenile & Lil Wayne)

Mannie Fresh

Aye, aye, Fresh, Stunna Man, we back at it
daddy
Them nias be hating on me man
2016, summertime shine, stunting on em
Let me tell you the type of st they say aboutme
(- Juvenile)
They say fk you nia, hate you nia, hope
you die
Hope you catch the stroke and nobody know
why
I'ma stay connected like the wifi
Need her like a 64 gig iPod puy nia
Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hateGon head on and Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate,
hate, hate
(1 - Mannie Fresh, Lil Wayne &
Juvenile)
When I get this money I'ma kill em
20/20 vision to nias who ain't want to see
me with it
Nia fk ya
Don't make my trigger smart nias go dumb-
dumb
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Take me where these hoes at, Adderall and
Prozac
I'm so fking focused in this bih I just can't
hold back
Tell em bring that money bag, beast mode,
running back
Big Tymer, Ferragamo, Juvino 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're sick you got the hate disease and I
ain't tryna get it, no
Mixing Cristal and Ciroc
I need a name for it, call it Chris Rock

I'm in this motherfker looking like a pile of
some guap

Come make a name for yourself and puy
pop, puy pop

(Repeat)

(2 - Mannie Fresh, Lil Wayne &
Juvenile)

Nia got your old girl napping with the whole
world

Trust me, just me, referee and blow girl

That's that boy BM, hit me in the DM

Bust that fking puy 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 hanging 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 nia

And I don't give a fk if they was real sisters

These nias think they on, hit the kill
switches

Money coming bih, my palms and my heels
itching, yeah yeah

(Repeat)

(3 - Mannie Fresh, Lil Wayne &
Juvenile)

You be hating on a nia like police nia

You be barking, you ain't nothing but a
Maltise nia

When these sharks out, we'll see you they'll
be your teeth nia

It's Tune and Juvie we got Mannie on the
beat nia

You M-A-D nia, 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

Nia lean with it, nia rock with it

That's some lean double cup with Ciroc with it
Nia lean with it, nia 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 nias
spooking out

And I got homies round that I got love for
But nias go through shit so I don't root em
out

(Repeat)

(- Birdman)

Yeah, yeah, we back at it daddy
Stunna man, you know there's always that one
that'll hate

Till you put a choppa in his face, you dig?
Fresh you're a fool with it
hehe by elvis kiprop

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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