

# Hate (feat. Kanye West)

Jay-Z

Haters, haters, these niggas is haters!  
And I made myself so easy to love Yeah, yeah,  
How much they hate it, very  
Kiss girls like Katy Perry  
I am never sprung but I Springer, Jerry  
Don't try to this at home, results may vary  
King like T.I. but in the Chi-lary Whova? Hova, both of a'  
American gangstas you choose whose, colda'  
Rappers get nasty in the booth,  
But I'm gross, I can't even stomach myself  
Ulcer, more realer cause I'm closer  
Had girlies in girdles weighing more than they suppose to  
Posera, no sir, my hustle, so Russell,  
I stretch work, yoga  
You know I got it down dog,  
Al Roker, I used to knock pounds off  
It ain't nothing for me to knock nails off,  
But these M-C's are prayin' for my downfall,  
They just, haters  
I wave at you, I'm so player,  
I'll never be done I'm so rare'r We killin' the game it's not fair  
You motherfuckers stay right they're  
'cause we too high up in the air  
We blastin' off just like a layzer  
Nigga pewoon, pewoon, pewoon  
Give me rap, give me room, room, room  
D-B-9 like vroom, vroom, vroom  
Young Hov what we doin', doin', doin'

Songwriters

SHAWN CARTER, KANYE WEST Published by

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