

He Hate Me (feat. Gorgeous Children)

Rustie

He hate me and you love me
Basic but we fuckin'
Basically I got you cringin' like a basshead
Taste it and you love it
I ain't talkin' to none of you bitches specifically
You off the Remy and Whitney, I get it
If you with me, let's get it
She's blind to the money, she can't see my digits
She wanna get deep in, alright
Now I can't see my digits
And nah that was nasty, you prolly don't get it
But I know that she feel it
Show up 'prolly wearin' all black
With a white bitch in a ball cap
Prolly said somethin' stupid on the front
But that ass looks stupid from the front
Don't take it to heart, we ain't takin' this far
The fuck you want from me? It's nothin' but frontin'
I know that you love me
I know that you'll suck me
Prolly [?]
The way that I function is higher than you aspire to
[?] sayin' they nuts
[?] on her breasts
Raptin' and rising with every breath
Bitch we [?] she said somethin' 'bout Mary
I'm drivin' in spaceships
But don't even make any sense
He hate me and you love me
Basic but we fuckin'
Basically I got you cringin' like a basshead
Taste it and you love it
I ain't talkin' to none of you bitches specifically
You off the Remy and Whitney, I get it
If you with me, let's get it
She ain't on the liquor but still gettin' twisted
A toast to the ceiling, she teaching me this shit
She 'bout the geometry and I'm 'bout the physics
And that line was nasty, you prolly don't get it

But I know that she feel it
Show up, top down
Tom Brown, gettin' money now
Can't fuck around with y'all fuckarounds
Cause I don't fuck around bein' underground
[?] watch me all day
I hope they sell me this tape
Cause Courtney love me, goddamn she
I got some things I could say
Fuck that, I'm ballin' today
Fuck all y'all, I'm on my way
Fuck all y'all, y'all in my way
I got some things I could say
Fuck that, I'm ballin' today
Fuck all y'all, I'm on my way
Fuck all y'all, y'all in my way
Bitches finna die, finna die for a minute
I just wanna dive in it, leave my autograph in it
When they ask how I'm livin' I tell them that
This ain't the kid in
And now you can't visit me,
Don't act like we've ever been cool
don't go to decision
And I pay the judges so I'm always
Take off that belt, let's get back to the sinnin'
don't go to decision
And I pay the judges so I'm always
Take off that belt, let's get back to the sinnin'

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

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