

Don't Hate Me

Berner

Don't hate me!

Now baby girl I'm good I told her like
Cause I'm dripping on this wood, want them round, girl
I'm too cold, got a neck full of dough, baby

Don't hate me

Thirty fucking rounds, and my giant, bitch! Brand new roly with the pearl face

I put a flat screen in your girl's place
Kiss your girlfriend, how my dick taste?
I'm richer, get the powder out the [?]
My bitch dropped twenty and the banker told me
Get the new Porsche truck, daddy you're a king
I party overseas and wake up in the states
With a smile on my face, a few hundreds in the safe
I'm a shoebox boy, I touch money galore
I like the coke break door, I let the KK cure
And my two doors speeding like the cops ain't out
And the driver run shit, boy, I can't run out
Two bitches on my nuts, like which one should I fuck?

More weed, more money to touch

I'm living life in a rush, baby girl please just

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Brand new house where your crib at?
I took the rap money, and I flipped that?
I took the dope money and I flipped that
You got your chain took, now you're begging for your shit back
Twenty five to life, such a long stay
Twenty five K, what a long day
Like, I ain't from the bay no more
Cause I'm on tour, and we don't get a hey no more
I put on from the city that I'm from
Every October, I'm rich from the sun
And every two months I pull a few hundreds
From the indoor spots that I run, boy I'm on
Uh, three cars, in a four car drive way

I do one fifty when I'm on that high way
Bad bitches on my face, like which one's gonna hate, damn!
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Don't hate me

Thirty fucking rounds, and my giant, bitch!
Everywhere I go, they guys sound crazy just saying no, no
Can I get this? I want it for the low when I tell her no
Don't hate me, hate me, hate me
Everywhere I go, they guys sound crazy just saying no, no
Can I get this? I want it for the low when I tell her no
Don't hate me, hate me, hate me
Don't hate me!

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Cause I'm dripping on this wood, want them round, girl
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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