## **Hate Runs Deep**

**Saukrates** 

Hate runs deep in the hearts of many Hate runs deep in the guts of all 'Cause your hate can judge a fate When guns blaze at nightime 'cause it's the right time for wrong Hate runs deep in the hearts of many Hate runs deep in the guts of all 'Cause your hate can judge a fate 'Cause niggas cuttin they lifelines for crime, but we still movin' on

Index fingers touch rewind as my aura proples your mindstate Leaving behind fake visions You're blind 'cause it's hard to find Lyrics flood the black market more than rock can steal My stock's hot, 'cause it's realer than real when caps peel Pay rent for cement, mother's hearts gettin' bent 'Cause nights is trife And it's chllin' like a villian executin' his killin' but there's no blood s pillin'

And it's just as illin', prefer for head-fillin' When you enter my jurasdicition of non-fiction And lead-fillin' if you steppin' to mad niggas bitchin' 'Cause your gang is regretful when you're leadful Bleedin' buckets of red from your head over duckets, f\*\*k it I'm living for next year, my dear I say cheers and guzzle eleven beers to celebrate The years of my life, I got mo' days than foes' days Though some I hold days an optimistical state For me, my grandmother will pray a tech spray my way Losin' sleep over victims of the creep The well runs dry as niggas wish to die He said goodbye watchin' his honey cry From the other side of Ryker's glass eye Sauk guards no fraud Elequent speach will teach, though my hate runs deep, nigga Word up yo, my hate runs deep

Aiyo, my hate runs deep like still waters The thought of all frustrations, bring forth inovations I flip my riddle, wreck a direct hit With some egotistical mystical type of shit to make that head split I bring complex sexual intercourse to microphones Hittin' the slang with the anger from my childhood Runnin' around with dirty stains in dirty Haines Peepin' flirty dames, shit never stay the same I used to write 'cause it was appropriate But now I feel like I gotta write for industries and associates Some years back I found a pillow to scream into I was fiendin' through crates of legendary greates And seein' through the wack individuals who left residuals of bullshit lying around Fuckin' with niggas like me, 'cause now they're tryin' to be down With my session, corrupt like projects in the recession Consider it a blessing when Marvel hit the stage Go home and write a page 'cause it's my daily routine Vibrations are caught and then I see the unseen When I creep, you know my shit is deep, word up

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