

# Hate Less

Azizi Gibson

We was cool until we wasn't  
Shame to call you as a brother  
It ain't on no same mother  
We was in the same bucket in our own lanes  
Ducking bitches everyday cluckin  
Me and you were made of something made something got to frontin  
politicin  
On papa stead' of getting better you just made it awkward

Hate on yourself, don't hate on me  
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Every ex is kill bill, but they tryna chill still  
Need to pop a chill pill  
Ain't you with that nigga still  
Werent you preaching you was real  
Didn't you cut off the deal  
Didn't you hit me with a heel  
And what I mean you could feel  
Uh Wow, look at you now  
Assed out always chillin with these other hoes (With the hoes)  
Always looking for a nigga yea I suppose (I suppose)  
Hittin up every rich nigga in your phone (in ya phone)  
I know  
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Hate on yourself, don't hate on me  
Don't hate on me

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