

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 to
ld 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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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
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