

# Hate Me

Bizzy Banks

What? (A Lau on this beat)

Bizzy

Told him to what? (Get money)

I got the, sitchie (Like)

Bow

They know that

Like, (That's structure)

Look

I know they hate me (I know they hate me)

So bitch I'm outside then, Glock got no safety (The Glock got nothing on it,  
bow)

Whole lotta shots I'm finna go crazy (Bow)

When I step on the court, I feel like I'm KD (I feel like I'm who?)

And no I don't dance bitch, got the Glock on my

I ain't gotta say too much, I call Leeky Kobe he way too clutched

And ya'll niggas say too much, gotta stay out the hood see the Jays too much

Catch me on the day Woo'd up, and my girl got the sitchie she way too tough

And she lookin good with her hang time, I swear she a baddie she throw up th  
em gang signs

And I'm on the block with the same 9, I'm in love with my Nina we bust at th  
e same time

You could hear that I'm good through the grape vine

Don't make a move, cause I just might blaze mine

Please don't talk hot cause I'm moody, you can't jack my shit if you ain't m  
aking movies

I'm on yo block with a toolie, and I spin thru ya block with my dawg like he  
Snoopy

I got a chop don't be stupid, and it really go baow it was not just the musi  
c

I don't know what's so confusing, but watch what you say cause I just might  
lose it

I'm on the block with a new grip, and it got a kick that shit so exclusive

Like, what?

(Huh)

I know they hate me for real (I know they hate me for real)

Like, look

I know they hate me for real (I know they what?)

I just, got a new chop

I put lil bro on the drill (Bow)

And yeah when he shooting, I said he trained to kill

I told him, get that nigga

Who really riding? Who really sliding?

If you want smoke, go spliff that nigga

Nobody dying, boy why you lying

I might tell Swervo, lift that nigga

Shots start flying, mommas crying

Put him on a shirt can't forget that nigga

He yelled out bro when I hit that nigga

Like

Imma just shoot till it drop out, you know

Pass me the pizzy

She said I move different since pop out (haha)

Cause them niggas ain't with me

No I ain't into the politics (at all)  
So send me the foolery  
I swear this beef shit ain't new to me  
I used to trap in some truey jeans  
Duckin' from truancy  
Yeah I got breesh in my pockets, but I still might take his jewelry  
Like

I told him, get that nigga  
Who really riding? Who really sliding?  
If you want smoke, go spliff that nigga  
Nobody dying, boy why you lying  
I might tell Swerv, go lift that nigga  
Shots start flying, mommas crying  
Put him on a shirt can't forget that nigga  
He yelled out bro when I hit that nigga  
Like, (Bow bow bow bow)