

Don't Hate

D12

Yo, what's up?
D12 in the building, '07
Sorry for the delay
We took a little time off
But we gonna show you how we doing in the Midwest, haha
What up, yo?
(Young Mase)

When you see me with the new Jordan's on (Don't hate)
Carti's on my face, Cudi on board (Don't hate)
'Cause you see me on the block gettin' rich (Don't hate)
When you see me drivin' off with your bitch (Don't hate)
When you see me with them new Jordan's on (Don't hate)
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I live in Atlanta, but mostly in Detroit
[?] out here always trying to prove a point
[?] you ain't gangsta, [?] just chill
Pop appeal, listen to some Stephanie Mills I'm real
And so sincere
Detroit murder capital don't come out here
I got two bricks
Go ahead baby so I can re-up, like the album on Shady
And lately, I been feeling depressed
Vicodin and ambient, trying to take away the stress
What you know about fight cases?
Six-month probation, county jail
No shoelaces, and all I do is smoke
Do I look like a bro?
Motherfucker, I just bought the bible, oh, Boh, damn!
In Atlanta I'm low-key, In Chicago I'm a player
In Cali I'm a fruit, In Detroit I'm the mayor Yo!

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Yeah, guess who's back
Since this is a new era, got a fresh new jack
We lost Proof but we gained an angel
So from now on I pray to him
And God before I bang you
[?] been got it twisted like we soft or we fell off
Like I won't go in your mouth and bust a shell off
You can go and be a buffoon and speak reckless
Pouring syrup over some shit don't make it breakfast
I got a cool demeanor
A chain don't make you a thug
In fact it probably fall apart at a jewelry cleaner
I'll do to you what I'd give to Tina

And you wouldn't kick a ball Charlie Brown
You in your pack of peanuts
You still standing
Roll with people with real cannons
You won the war already homie you still planning
So face back and get your face cracked
Or see fivr doing straight and black
Now you get hooked up

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Listen for the D-Tweezy
When these fuckboys balling
Stay getting money every bit rappers will be staked
Runyon avenue soldier, protege of Doc Dre
Drop a new dickhead ride like Air of the Week
Still fuck with them rat hoes, I ain't too Hollywood to creep
I keep a piece of trash with me
[?] think I'm a bit brash or flashy
But fuck it, I don't remember the last time my pockets ain't had droplets
I'm in it now, I'm a general
Need a B, I'll send a file
Need a hit, that's dirty style
Come through, lay it down
You ain't workin' with that much?
Fuck it, I'll hook you up
Other [?] on some woman phone shit

You gon' mistake me as a weak human being
You say things, but your bullets don't connect
Like a A-team
You hate cream
Plus you can't relate to me
Claim you ridin' dirty, but you stay clean