

HATE

Jpegmafia

You don't put me in your top five, that's hate
You don't like me 'cause you can't relate
I fuck on that ho like she 1090 Jake
I fuck with that ho, she remind me of Satan
Pressure I smoke and it came from the bay
I feel so low, I can't communicate
I sent that lo' and I came with a K
You sent that lo and I came with a- uh
She know she my hoe she came wit some K
Real remain at the end of the day
Peggy legs crossed on the floor like a Sensei
You rappers treat drugs like character trait
Don't know your face from a can of paint
When I pop out, you can bet that I'm dank
These rappers down low like they in the paint
Clicked up with Ye, now I'm breakin' the bank
Let the choppa sing like Tyrese and Tank
To keep it frank, you rappers is hot dog
Capital H, swallow me, yelling out "My god" like T.D. Jakes
They are all on call
I'm in Sri Lanka with a bad bitch and she think she Bianca
Flip that bitch like she a double entendre
She gave me head so I took out her tonsils, uh
In the back, gettin' my mind blown, uh
Yeah, you, don't get your mind blown, uh
Like Cudi car I blow up, soon as I show up, I roll up
Uh, yeah

You don't put me in your top five, that's hate
You don't protect me and you a fan, that's hate
You don't protect me, you a fan of the hate, uh, yeah, yeah
You don't put me in your top five, that's hate
You don't protect me and you a fan, that's hate, uh
You don't protect me and you a fan, that's hate
You don't put me in your top five, that's hate
You don't protect me and you a fan, that's hate, what? Yeah
You don't put me in your top five, that's hate
You don't protect me and you a fan, that's hate
You don't protect me and you a fan, that's hate, yeah
You don't put me in your top five, that's hate
You don't put me in your top five, that's hate, yeah
You don't put me in your top five, that's hate
You don't protect me and you a fan, that's hate
You don't protect me and you a fan, that's hate
You don't protect me and you a fan, that's hate