

# Don't Hate

Lil Debbie

I'm that bitch, that bitch, that bitch  
That bitch, that bitch, that bitch, don't hate, don't hate

Bomb, that bomb  
Yeah, I'm always smokin' that bomb  
Gettin' money, real long  
I'm always gettin' chased by King Kong  
I'm that bitch he on  
He likin' on me, he wanna wife me  
I'm hella icy, we hella saucy  
We hella bossy, what it cost me?  
Please, who's lookin' at tags these days?  
I heard you went broke, you a charity case  
What you're layin' next to can't compare to this face  
Can't walk in my shoes, can't stand in my space  
Bitch, I'm a one of one, you a dime a dozen  
Don't call me if it ain't about the money  
I'ma get it if I motherfuckin' want it  
Pull the credit card out, tell 'em run it

I'm that bitch, that bitch, that bitch  
That bitch, that bitch, that bitch, don't hate, don't hate  
I'm that bitch, that bitch, that bitch  
That bitch, that bitch, that bitch, don't hate, don't hate

Stylin', profilin'  
Everybody in the clique be wildin'  
Umbrellas in my drink on an island  
All you beat up hoes, throw the towel in  
Money just pilin'  
Hella shows across the country  
Slim waist but always hungry  
Is that why you say you want me?  
'Cause I'm gettin' that cake, cake, cake, cake, cake, cake  
Tell me put it in his face, face, face, face, face  
He be, he be goin' cray, cray, cray, cray, cray  
Yeah, we do this every day, day, day, day, day  
Tell 'em run it

I'm that bitch, that bitch, that bitch  
That bitch, that bitch, that bitch, don't hate, don't hate  
I'm that bitch, that bitch, that bitch  
That bitch, that bitch, that bitch, don't hate, don't hate

Chanel slippers, male strippers  
I don't fuck with it, I like thug shit  
He get rough with me, I get rough back  
I got him stuck to my walls like a thumbtack  
Done tacked, in my car  
Windows up, my pockets fat  
I ain't gotta prove I can rap  
I'm that bitch that he askin' 'bout, yup  
Lil D  
Love from the nerds and the triple OGs  
Need about a OZ, rollin' with the whole team  
Red cup full of heem, I'm your man's wet dream  
That cream, that money

I'ma get it if I motherfuckin' want it  
I admit it, I'm addicted to the stuntin'  
Pull the credit card out, tell 'em run it

I'm that bitch, that bitch, that bitch  
That bitch, that bitch, that bitch, don't hate, don't hate  
I'm that bitch, that bitch, that bitch  
That bitch, that bitch, that bitch, don't hate, don't hate