# Hate

**Loyle Carner**

Yeah, listen
Let me tell you what I hate, everything I ain't
Everything I've done, everything I break
I hate the way that you were saying I'd be great, straight
Let me tell you what I love, that there's no one above
The thought: "It is what it is"
Shit, same thought, it was what it was
Yeah, I'm like the dove that had flew too close to the Sun
And he knew deep down there was nothing he could do
It's fucked because the Sun was you, ah
But still I tell you what I hate, though
The same fellas getting bodied by the plain clothes
The same niggas that would follow under rainbows
The very same boys that would follow on the way home
Yeah, either your jacket or your raincoat
Tryna take suttin' that ain't dope, it's painful
At times I wish I had a guardian angel
To help me with the brothers, that's shameful
But still I love the rainfall (Yeah, the rainfall, rainfall)
I love the fact that they're so fucking grateful (Yes)
I love the fact that my plate's full
I love the money in my bank, it's disgraceful, so many zeroes
I've brushed shoulders with so many heroes
I lost count, still hold those dineros
Tryna say suttin', my ears closed
I fear those lost in the past living on the recline
The same look up in their eyes if they're borrowing time
It's nine lives, on the eight, see the finishing line
It's right there on the horiz— couldn't finish the rhyme
I hate time, I said I fucking hate time (Time, time, time)

Yeah, they said it was all that you could be if you were black
Playing ball or maybe rap, and they would say it like a fact
All my people in the back, all the nurses in the front
All my teachers, where you at?
'Cause we've been living like a trap
Putting numbers on the wall, hoping people would react
But it's a fact, we've been living in a trap, we're trapped

I hate, I love, hate the ones who think that they're above
My grandfather told me: "Never trust in them"
But I do, yo, the ones I shouldn't, true, I stuck with them
This is it, still, I seen men hit women
Who hit back, all them couldn't give a shit
Hidden but won't crack under pressure of this shit feeling
Uh, ayo, this shit feeling, listen yo, I fear women
I fear love, religion, I fear drugs, the feeling
I fear us, fear us
Nearing the end, but I can't comprehend my fears
Wisdom, I fear him
Yeah, I fear the colour of my skin
I fear the colour of my kin
I still feel the colour that's within

Yo, they said it was all that you could be if you were black
Playing ball or maybe rap, and they would say it like a fact
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(We're trapped, we're trapped)
The man that flew all away from the Sun


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