

# Hate

Mannie Fresh

[Intro - Mannie Fresh & Birdman:]

Aye, aye, Fresh, Stunna Man, we back at it daddy  
Them niggas be hating on me man  
2016, summertime shine, stunting on em  
Let me tell you the type of shit they say about me

[Chorus - Juvenile:]

They say fuck you nigga, hate you nigga, hope you die  
Hope you catch the stroke and nobody know why  
I'm a stay connected like the wifi  
Need her like a 64 gig iPod pussy nigga  
Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate  
Gon head on and Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate, hate

[Verse 1 - Mannie Fresh, Lil Wayne & Juvenile:]

When I get this money I'm a kill em  
20/20 vision to niggas who ain't want to see me with it  
Nigga fuck ya  
Don't make my trigger smart niggas go dumb-dumb  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Take me where these hoes at, Adderall and Prozac  
I'm so fucking focused in this bitch I just can't hold back  
Tell em bring that money bag, beast mode, running back  
Big Tymer, Ferragamo, Juvino where you at?  
All I do is get it, dude you never get it  
You be in your feelin's too, my dude you're so pathetic  
You got too much sugar in your blood, diabetic  
You're sick you got the hate disease and I ain't tryna get it, no  
Mixing Cristal and Ciroc  
I need a name for it, call it Chris Rock  
I'm in this motherfucker looking like a pile of some guap  
Come make a name for yourself and pussy pop, pussy pop

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Mannie Fresh, Lil Wayne & Juvenile:]

Nigga got your old girl napping with the whole world  
Trust me, just me, referee and blow girl  
That's that boy BM, hit me in the DM  
Bust that fucking pussy wide open AM to the PM  
But that's another story though and I ain't tryna tell it  
Now it's on, now you're hanging out with dime rock Betty  
And Betty she don't know no better, shoot up dope or smoke whatever  
Used to be my homie, now you're mad cause we don't roll together?  
We're the real nigga  
And I don't give a fuck if they was real sisters  
These niggas think they on, hit the kill switches  
Money coming bitch, my palms and my heels itching, yeah yeah

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Mannie Fresh, Lil Wayne & Juvenile:]

You be hating on a nigga like police nigga  
You be barking, you ain't nothing but a Maltise nigga  
When these sharks out, we'll see you they'll be your teeth nigga  
It's Tune and Juvie we got Mannie on the beat nigga  
You M-A-D nigga, yeah

You don't want to see me with a dime out  
You don't want to say that I couldn't afford shit  
You don't even have a watch to tell the time now  
And I got 20 karats in my Rolex  
Nigga lean with it, nigga rock with it  
That's some lean double cup with Ciroc with it  
Nigga lean with it, nigga rock with it  
We got Mannie on the beat, bop-bop-bop with it  
Shots fired, somebody ran up in Juvie house  
That's far sober enough to have niggas spooking out  
And I got homies round that I got love for  
But niggas go through shit so I don't root em out

[Chorus]

[Outro - Birdman:]

Yeah, yeah, we back at it daddy  
Stunna man, you know there's always that one that'll hate  
Till you put a choppa in his face, you dig?  
Fresh you're a fool with it