

# Hate It Or Love It

Migos

I copped the coupe, then I blew out the brain, aye  
I fuck a hoe, then I don't know her name, aye  
I got some niggas that gon' ride to the end  
Forgive me Lord, I repent all my sins  
Hate it or love it we winning again, and again, and again, and again

I copped the coupe, then I blew out the brain  
My rollie bust down - no "Plain Jane,"  
I'm fucking on hoes; I don't know they name  
Hate it or love, bitch, we in the game  
My niggas walk in and we shoot up your place  
Got a halloween mask and a dirty AK  
I fuck on her one time; she want me to stay  
I'm pitching hardball like I play for the Braves  
I call my plug and he give it away  
Then nobody touch it, it looking amazing  
Hate it or love it, we get to the faces  
My pockets so sloppy, 'bouta make it with gravy  
Fuck is you saying?

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Hate it or love it, we winning  
Put my heart in my music - it's genuine  
Dropping the top off the Benz  
We came from the bando community  
You know that we started the trend  
These niggas copy us, usually  
Your bitch want to fuck - she a fan  
She got good brain; let her tutor me  
This was apart of the plan  
Dropping the top in the Lam'  
We did this shit for the fam'  
These niggas know who I am  
Drop the top on the Bentley and it's over  
Hop in the Porsche and pull over  
Dropping a four in my soda  
I fucked that bitch at the [?]  
She piped up, I noticed  
I'm having cash and it's on me  
Welcome to the mansion, this a castle  
Hop in the pool, it's deep  
Never meet a nigga like me  
We had to make it out the streets  
I was in a Lam' on a beach  
Hate it or love it, we gonna' eat

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Hate it or love it, my nigga thugging  
Light up that cookie, smoke out in public  
Double cup, a nigga pouring muddy  
It get ugly - hate it or love it  
Fuck that broke nigga, don't fuck with the industry  
Literally, I don' been shot at, like 50 Cent  
Fuck niggas having them feminine tendencies, really you niggas just envy me  
Niggas be sneak dissing, think they offending me  
YRN 2, the rich niggas, they feeling me  
I can't stand broke niggas 'cause they be killing me  
Niggas they hate me 'cause they can't get rid of me  
I copped the coupe, then I blew out the brain  
Don't know what I'm talking 'bout? I mean mentally  
My diamonds come from Elliot Avianne, you get your diamonds from Tiffany  
Hate or love it, my niggas we got the top, my nigga, and we turned nun' to s  
omething  
You can talk down all you want to, but you cannot stop my God when them bles  
sings be coming  
They don't want to see me make it  
Talking 'bout Karma when I'm out in Tijuana  
My niggas, they keep it one hundred  
Hate it or love it, my niggas, they get to the money

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