

Born 2 Hate

Terror Reid

Bitch I'm born to hate
Know you love it
Y'all can shove it
Never glove it
Better tuck it when I ride around with my nuggets
Suck a d
This shit she doin bout to knock me on my feet
I told her ass come and bring me that bag
[?] I'm about to eat
Not discreet when she flaunt it
'Cause she know them suckers want it
Hit your house and now it's haunted
Got them addys, yeah, I'm on 'em
R to the E, I to the D
Hit that swish, lean back in the seat
[?] MIA, been cold but I'm known to take the heat

Runnin' around with a pistol grip
Mamma tell me "baby don't take no shit"
Face to face with a fake ass bitch
Don't say no names these lame ass boys deserve it
Chasin' a cut like a hoe would
Jumpin' up on my whole wood
Baby Bone got stars in the Maybach
Been gettin' money since way back
Baby Bone just wanna get payback
Burner run dead as I'm gunnin' on semi
I'm going down with the ship
I die for whatever leavin'
And believe me it ain't you, bitch
Down south Florida boy say what you want about me
White leather seats on a CT3
Black tints on the window so you can't see me

Suckers boomin out
Pushin, pushin every time I'm in the miss
Mo'fuckers looking at me crooked
Got some metal on my lips
I'm with the hit
Like what, you got a staring problem cuh?
Looking for a reason to fight?
We gon' have to do it, uh
Suckers wanna flex
Give me chest
Keep me mellowed out
Shawty givin' sex like I won't do that
You a crystal one
Funny how they punishin'
Uh huh like keep me out the loop
I keep quiet in the function 'less I'm on the silly juice