

# Hate Freestyle

Tory Lanez

'Bout 2AM, get it in  
Yeah, ugh, Torymix  
I'm in my zone bitch  
Torymix, ahh  
I don't even use auto-tune, that's the funny thing, yeah

Look, nigga I'm ballin', bitches, Spalding  
This is the flyest nigga spittin'  
With the widest bitches  
You ain't ever a nigga have all of this shit  
I got no stress, your chick, no chest  
I make cheese in the process  
She watch, Rolex, ugh  
Um, I'ma get-get money  
All you hater niggas better get-get from me  
I could take all of your bitches with this money  
I'ma killer, I'ma sadistic with this honey  
Yeah, cool [?] from the south  
Y'all trash nigga, Oscar the grouch  
I could take your skeeze, put her on her knees  
Stand on a stool then pull drop in her mouth  
Say your girl wack, I'm an asshole  
What can I say? I'ma Mac, no Apple  
River money, you can call a nigga cash flow  
I be slammin' on your girl, no backbone  
Uh-uh and my gang so tight  
Nigga lames, need shades, so bright  
Lately I'm gettin' paid so right  
Swallow the balls, give her brains all night  
Uh-um, you can run inside your city  
I'm on but I'm not Drake  
Get the [?] outta my face  
With that little brother shit  
I am who she [?] with tonight, and it's bedtime  
I will never stop, I don't see any red light  
Wait, wait, let me catch the beat back  
Y'all ain't gotta look inside [?] to see tracks  
Y'all ain't need an MCD to relapse  
[?] already won, I'ma do my relapse  
Sleepin' on haters, I gotta relax  
I ain't give a [?] what you thought 'bout me back  
When I was nothin'  
If I ain't high then I bust somethin', oh wait  
Wait, lemme let this bitch breath

I'm done with this shit  
I freestyle better than your writtens  
All your shit's bitten  
And if you talk shit I'ma hit you with that Smith and  
Tray what up?  
Mixtape comin' out in like a month or so  
And this is nothin', I eat up these beats  
Easily, I mean easily  
Niggas ain't seen me, yeah