

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