

Hate In You

Twista

I can see the hate in youuuuuu
I can see the hate in youuuuuu
I guess what they say is truuuuuuue
I can see the hate in youuuuuu

Twista, The Perfect Storm, uh

Oh it's like that? You don't know me now
Talkin 'bout the way I be actin so phony now
But is it cause the bitches on me now?
And cause every time you see me y'all be blowin foul
When I'm rollin by the Pirellis is much bigger
Roll the window down and they be like "Fuck Twista"
I hope nobody wanna be a tough nigga
I love my CD that much and plus I gotta touch trigger
Only reason I'm ballin and actin stupid wit it
is cause I'm reppin and wanna show you how you can get it
Not by takin it with the strap but by makin it with the act
of grindin hard with a little patience in fact
You can get it how you want but the way to do it respectively
is to let your works and your words be your weaponry
And they only be hatin cause they ain't got the recipe
Can't ever let 'em stop my legacy, cause

I went up to the shop and I heard you was talkin 'bout me
Trippin about how you can't get a dollar out me
Or a gun up out me, or a verse up out me
And your boy standin next to you sayin somethin worse about me
And them bitches be trippin, talkin about who he smashed
"I hate Twista, I don't like him with his bougie ass"
Cause I ain't lookin at 'em, or I won't holla at 'em
Or I ain't splurgin, see how the fame and the dollars got 'em?
But if I get up and walk away I bet she'll follow
Lookin around at my table like there should be a bottle
And every chick around me talkin about "She a model"
But my only concern really is if she'll swallow
Swag off the chain, I'm so high up in the air
I can see when the certain nigga got a certain stare
Or a certain look, or a certain glare
I got security by the strap so I don't care