

# Hate On Me

YG

Oh

I don't know what's wrong, but I know somethin' I'm doin' just ain't right  
Told my niggas, "Be patient, just hang tight"  
Head up through them hard times, this come with the gang life  
I really had to work for the shit I want  
Had to grind for the shit I need  
I done made it out them trenches, don't know why they hate on me, yeah

I don't know why they hate on me  
Police hit my house, yeah, they did that raid on me  
They was tryna catch me slippin' with that thing on me (Ha)  
They should've known it was in that safe, homie  
Poker face, you know I got that spade on me (Poker face)  
You niggas be buggin', I got that Raid on me  
Paranoid touchin', they might change on me  
But all the goons, that's how I deal with the fame, homie, yeah homie  
I don't know why you like fuckin' up my high, I  
I sent a kilo back to back just to get by, I  
I feel these niggas hatin' on me, slime  
Tell Lil Gotit pull up right the fuck now  
Big steaks when we eatin', child  
She suck a dick and then she bow  
Got me like, wow, wow

Stream numbers keep on goin' up, could've fell  
God on my side, I know he here to stay  
But nowadays, I gotta keep my pistol anyway

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Gotta ride solo  
I ride bulletproof, I ride low pro'  
If I ain't strapped up, it's a no-go  
Outside peanut butter, inside coco (Uh-oh)  
My day ones ain't day ones no more  
I gotta keep my distance for sure  
I can't trust a motherfuckin' soul  
I'm ten toes down in my sole  
If he ridin', then we ridin' and we with it  
My day one, please don't change, stay committed  
Just give me some time and it's gon' make sense my nigga  
'Cause I wanna trust you  
'Cause I love you  
'Cause I'll be first one to shoot  
You tried to play me, though, now it's fuck you

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