

Hate Me So Much

Z-Ro

Y'all can keep on talking, dropping salt on my name
While my haters keep walking, I pass by in that thang
A cool hundred thousand dollars on me
Spend it all on me just because I ain't got no homies
17 years day for day and 8 on parole
Today we celebrating freedom, this one for you big bro
Think i got bout 3 or 4 ounces on me
We gon smoke until i ain't got no more ounces on me
I think they mad at us cause we ain't trying to turn up
So if it ain't screwed up it really don't concern us
Everybody moving slow we all double cupped up
They say the south fell off, they got us double fucked up

Why they hate me so much?
I don't know
That's why I keep my gun off safety so much
And if it can't go with me then I don't go
Why they hate me so much
Cause I don't fuck with nobody
I stay in my own lane
I don't give a fuck what y'all be doing
That's y'all motherfucking business
I'm interested in doing my own thang

Out of all my old homies I used to fuck with
Rick D and Grady only ones I still fuck with
Cause it ain't matter if I had a million bucks or straight up buckless
Real niggas do real thangs
If it ain't real we could give a fuck less
Another hundred thousand on another car
50 thousand down on another home
And the IRS wanna know who paid for it
Tell them I wrote another song
Just me myself and I quite frankly you can leave us the fuck alone
Yeah bitch you a bad bitch but they taking my picture I'm who they touching
on
Niggas hate me cause instead of them I'm who they woman been sucking on
And wherever her baby daddy name tatted, that's what I'm busting on
When I'm out in public, my attitude is fuck it
I'm in the Bentley but I'm driving it like it's a bucket

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Question: Is it because I'm successful?
Managing all this money man I swear it's so stressful
Thought I had a brother and a cousin I'm so forgetful
It was me the whole time by my damn self, I had wings, no Redbull
I'm just saying, I was trapping hard as I could trap

Niggas hated my shit I still was rapping hard as I could rap
Niggas say they love you but rob you what part of the heart is that?
I don't love no nigga I don't love no bitch I'm blackhearted and that's a fact
They mad at me cause i got 200 on the dash
And this ain't the '90s no more I don't need you to pitch in on the gas
Niggas screaming hate at me but my money is so much louder though
I wish DJ Screw was alive cause he'd be proud of 'Ro and the way they hate me

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