

# Hate On Me

Jill Scott

If I could give you the world on a silver platter  
Would it even matter? You'd still be mad at me  
If I could find in all this a dozen roses  
Which I would give to you, you'd still be miserable

In reality I'm gon' be who I be and I don't feel no faults  
For all the lies that you bought  
You can try as you may, break me down when I say  
That it ain't up to you, gonna do what you do

Hate on me, hater, now or later  
'Cause I'm gonna do me, you'll be made, baby  
Go 'head and hate on me, hater, I'm not afraid of  
What I got I paid for, you can hate on me

Ooh, if I gave you peaches outta my own garden  
And I made you a peach pie, would you slap me out?  
Wonder if I gave you diamonds out of my own womb  
Would you feel the love in that or ask why not the moon?

If I gave you sanity for the whole of humanity  
Handed all the solutions for the pain and pollution  
No matter where I live, despite the things I give  
You'll always be this way, so go 'head and

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You cannot hate on me 'cause my mind is free  
Feel my destiny, so shall it be  
You cannot hate on me 'cause my mind is free  
Feel my destiny, so shall it be

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