

# Hate

Z-Ro

And make my pistol, hit y'all niggaz boy  
Y'all don't wanna mess with me nigga  
Bitches come down now nigga

Hey why they hate me like I stole something, that make a nigga wanna roll so mething  
But I'm they closest partna, if I let em hold something  
Good for nothing, but making me hate my peers  
So let the whole world, taste my tears  
When they roll they represent anger, paranoid with one in the chamber  
Deliver heads shots to my foes, and make them do a gainer  
And when they splash it's a blood bath  
And I trust no one ain't no more chunking up the deuce, when my thugs pass  
Live my life in silentary confinement, away from y'all  
If I needed artillery, could I even get the K from y'all  
I'm all alone in the ways of the wicked, since I can't stand you hoes  
Forever lonely when I kick it, in the lumino  
With straps and shells, my life is murder and mail  
See opposition see me coming, and they blast they self  
This for my homies they don't know me, when I'm broke  
Swear to God I hope you motherfuckers choke, when my gun smoke hate

The H, is for these hoe niggas that's all in my face  
And the A, is for the actions that these bitch niggas take  
And the T, is for the tommy gun that's bout to blast  
And the E, is for eternal cause I ever last  
(2x)

I be feeling like Pac, because I wonder if they still down  
Facing homicide from haters, but my homies didn't even spill rounds  
Fuck y'all, I hate you motherfuckers to death  
Remember times, when I stopped niggaz from touching your chest  
I live in bulletproof vests, but it seems  
The only time I got family, is when a nigga dream  
So fuck sleep, I'm on a 24 hour grind  
Look at your darling son, now mama I'm out of my mind  
I don't know how to be happy, and I can't smile  
And fuck a bitch cause she be plotting on how to get you, when y'all walking down the isle  
The same motherfuckers, that you care for  
Look how they do you, they don't love you pick up your pistol and therefor  
Represent yourself, with the plastic  
Cause me myself, wanna put all of you motherfuckers in caskets  
Fuck love, 'less it's coming from the heaven up above  
My hatred being written in blood, hate

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It ain't no telling if a nigga make it, I might be stuck in the slums  
A walking target, steady ducking the gun  
Believe in me and you, can keep your wife  
There'll be no hostages, just give me what I'm looking for and keep your life

I'm military minded, you can ask Klondike Kat  
Even if they bomb first, Z-Ro about to bomb right back  
I give a fuck about your life now, slugs hitting your windpipe now  
Guess you could say, I'm living shife now  
All about my fetty, till I bubble like some champagne  
Z-Ro the Crooked, the most valuable player up in this rap game  
So back back-back back, be sure to give me more than fifty  
Automatic rounds, bound to pass that  
Murder my foes, then I murder my friends  
Because they turned on a nigga, when I ain't have no ends hate  
Murder my foes, then I murder my friends  
Because they turned on a nigga, when a nigga wasn't chopping a Benz hate

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And the A, is for the actions that these bitch niggas take  
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(4x)

Yeeeeeeeah, I everlast I'm a R&B gangsta  
Ooooooh, Z-Ro Billy Cook R&B gangsta  
Whoooooa, yeeeeeah

Feel that, Z-Ro the Crooked nigga  
Z-Ro, the motherfucking Mo City Don  
And it go down