

Z-RO, H.a.t.e.

[Z-Ro]

Hey, why they hate me like I stole something
To make a nigga want to roll something
But I'm they closest partner, if I let them hold something
Good for nothing, but making me hate my peers
So let the world taste my tears
When they roll, they represent anger, paranoid with one in the chamber
To live the heads shots to my foes, and make them through with Dana
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 silentry vomet 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
The opposition see me coming, and they blast they self
This for my homies that don't know me, when I'm broke
Swear to God I hope you motherfuckers choke, when my gun smoke, hate

[Chorus - 2x]

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

[Z-Ro]

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 niggas from clutching 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
Want to put all of you motherfuckers in caskets
Fuck love, unless it's coming from the heaven up above
My hatred being written in blood, hate

[Chorus - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

There ain't no telling if a nigga make it, I might be stuck in the slums
A walking target steady ducking the gun
But even 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 is bout 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, down 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

[Chorus - 4x]

