

## Gucci Mane

### "Hate Me Some More"

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Well my trap house be bucking hard all the time  
Money sticking out my pockets like a porcupine  
I hope this cocaina cross the borderline  
I made a million dollars just with this lil fork of mine  
I'm in the kitchen whippin deuces up like half the time  
The other half the time I'm busy somewhere on the  
grind  
Don't give a fuck about what they say, my nigga: crime  
pays  
Gucci! Twenty thousand in singles but I tossed it  
I used to have a top but then I lost it  
I used to have a conscience but I lost it  
I boss so hard that I'm exhausted! It's Gucci!  
Hate me some fuckin more!  
I love it when you hate me  
It make my money grow  
Where my money? I think it's on that new shit  
On my fucking block I ain't never gotta prove shit  
Every time you see me, you know I'm rocking new shit  
I got a new whip off of a new bitch  
Shit I do this, you know what the truth is  
Bitch ain't like me cause I'm  
The bitch is bummy, no money, she is useless  
I got them fuckin choppers that'll really go through shit  
Hold up, I'm way better than the average  
In my city, I ain't nothing but a savage  
So many cars, garage look like traffic  
When I pull my whips out, you know I'm causing  
damage  
I'm a quarterback, I take a quarter out  
And but a quarter back and help harvest that  
It's that ice check when I rob my chain  
When the girls see me, catch a heart attack  
Told her scrubbin, that's a well-known fact  
? what you know about that?  
Kill the ho, where your hoes at?  
Nigga, beef with me, now how smart was that?  
I'm goin in like a curfew  
Like yesterday you old news  
In the studio with chrome tools  
No engineers, no? dudes

I should walk around with toilet tissue  
Til the end time bring?

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