

## Jill Phillips

# "Hate On Me"

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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 but I say  
That it ain't up to you  
Gone and do what you do

(Chorus)  
Hate on me, hater  
Now or later  
'Cuz I'm gonna do me  
You'll be mad, baby  
(Go 'head and hate)  
Go 'head and hate on me, hate on  
'Cuz I'm not afraid of it  
What I got I paid for  
You can hate on me

Ooh, if I gave you peaches  
Out of my own garden  
And I made you a peach pie  
Would you slap me high

What 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,

Had 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....

(Chorus)

You cannot hate on me  
'Cuz my mind is free  
Feel my destiny  
So shall it be

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