

## Little Brother

### "Hate"

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[Phonte]

Yeah, what up? It's Phonte, Phontigga  
I gotta take time to address 'em  
Kanye, I know you understand where I'm comin from  
baby  
Uh, all you non-believing motherfuckers - this is for  
y'all

[Chorus: Phonte]

They got hate for that, they ain't gon' pay for that  
They gon' download it nigga, they can't wait for that  
But I don't care if our shit flop  
It's dope beats, dope rhymes, nigga that's Hip Hop  
They got hate for that, they ain't gon' pay for that  
To see me fall off my nigga, they can't wait for that  
But I'ma do what I feel like  
Three albums in the game muh'fucker, we still tight

[Phonte]

Yo, let me get into it  
Stop all the fame and applause  
And name callin at them famous award shows  
Nigga that's just brainless and Lord knows  
What would happen if I wasn't rappin for them lost  
souls  
Who feel that Hip Hop's at the crossroads  
And miss that type of shit that they can feel in they  
torsos  
I wish this shit was easy, oh not so  
Even the road less travelled is littered with potholes  
And booby traps, 'Te is more than hot flows and booty  
raps  
But, niggas who missed their shot can't seem to handle  
that  
So, they hate on us like Soviets  
But we keep them niggas in check/cheque like  
Wachovia  
And it ain't over yet  
Cause hater niggas marry hater bitches and y'all know  
the rest  
Yes... stop your crying baby

[Chorus: Phonte]

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They got hate for that, they ain't gon' pay for that  
To see me fall off my nigga, they can't wait for that  
But I'ma do what I feel like  
Three albums in the game muh'fucker, we still tight

[Phonte]

You know the feelin when your hard workin hustlin pays  
off (pays off), pays off (pays off)  
And you can finally get all your credit cards payed off  
(payed off), payed off  
Nigga they got hate for that, lately I've been takin my  
time  
Tryna sit back and chill, get away from the grind  
For the sake of my rhymes, and the sake of my flows  
Got your girl in here naked steady touchin her toes  
Like them porno hoes, what would you do for a  
threesome?  
I mean a Halle Berry, Sanaa Lathan in free some  
Oooh they have love for that  
They might show up raw dog with no glove for that  
'Te, your cheque'll be there money  
Three months later, your cheque'll be there money  
That shit ain't funny, I ain't no dummy  
Fuckin with my money, do I need to call my niggas with  
dope a dunny?  
I know y'all hatin and I hope y'all hear this  
I don't give a goddamn, y'all can just keep starin  
Yeah, uh

[Chorus: Phonte]

They got hate for that, they ain't gon' pay for that  
So much hate I know they probably hate this track  
But I don't care if our shit flop  
It's dope beats, dope rhymes, nigga that's Hip Hop  
They got hate for that, they can't wait for that  
Found this loop like "Damn, 'Ye got payed for that"  
I don't give a damn if our shit flop  
It's dope beats, dope rhymes, nigga that's Hip Hop

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