

## Lloyd Banks "Hate You More"

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[Verse 1]

Now she thinks she know me  
Problem is I know her too  
Separation the solution  
We both don't know what we do  
Hating bitches want some hating  
When I told her bring 'em through  
That is sneaky, they email me  
Call her text and pay too  
Stuck my dick in every city  
But I always feeling used  
Stick around when I got high  
But you reveal when I was cool  
And I was young, dumb, full of con  
Greedy bitches pullin' some  
Click and run, reputation foul than the hood I'm from  
She thinks she working me  
She must think I'm stupid  
Ain't no joking me  
We gon' take that cupid  
Fuck you won't take advantage  
Of who I rode the blue grind  
Hanging out with my surrey  
Get that pussy up and roof it  
No may pass all of you can  
They don't make me day  
Like they is bentley when I coupe it  
With that in mind it's hard  
To get blinded behind the music  
Even if I had a heart  
I work hard ain't no time to use it  
And that day is exclusive

[Hook]

There you go again, acting like you go me  
Got mad enough to flick  
Country off, nobody gonna play me like a loser  
I'mma play them bitches first  
Here the loss me, acting like a foolish missing pers  
Now get off me, nah ain't no way to make it work  
It will cost me, always knew it all  
That's my curse, what you faking for

Crazy how you telling me you hate me  
I think I hate you more  
You make me not like you anymore  
In fact I think I hate you  
Really hope I hate you, I hate you  
You make me not like you anymore  
In fact I think I hate you  
Really hope I hate you  
I think I hate you more

[Verse 2]

You used to light me up  
Grind me shit, move the fire  
You got movies back the skeletons  
And you's a liar  
Just someone you callin'  
To get the nut out, open the plier  
I don't think the loyal bitch has come out  
My foolish priors  
Prior with this niggas paper  
And she knew better  
Then she knew I'll always be major  
This is caught in the wind and the grill  
Average behaviour, you don't want to sit by yourself  
You want someone to save you  
Well save that for the next man  
My next plan is to player  
You play for one of them teams  
You got the best change to slay 'em  
Play 'em down by the layer  
Benjamin Franklin makes the world go round  
Throws the cowards probably carrots and merry  
That's how they all go down  
Don't come around me cause I'm too cold  
You may be prepared for what the truth holds  
Complex technicality grabbing me through this loop  
hole  
And no actuality, rather me and my coup gone  
Gone from the bullshit

[Hook]

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