

Yukmouth

"Thugged Out The Albulation"

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Yes!

It's that nigga U Love 2 Hate!

Yes!

U Love 2 Hate!

This the song I dedicate to niggas who love to hate!

Look me in my face, I'm that nigga U Love 2 Hate!

Yes! (Fire! Fire! Fire!)

It's that nigga U Love 2 Hate!

Nigga U Love 2 Hate.

Stop it.

(Ah, ah)

Nigga U Love 2 Hate.

Nigga, I ain't fake!

Verse 1

Before this rap shit

I used to slang crack wit ghetto bastards

pack automatic gats an kept scratch up under the
mattress

fuck this rap shit

yay wrapped in plastic everyday practice

runnin away from task tactics

hop fences leavin 'em ass backwards

before this music

I used to be the Ice Cream Man since 1992 biatch!

Don't you hear the mutha fuckin muzik?

I got a head but ain't no screws in it, losin it

slangin narcotics, them men two steps away from usin
it

abusin it

I moved then it was all bad

it seemed like soon as a nigga moved, then it was all
bad

because of this music, my whole block double crossed
me

got shot in the ass, bra

but ain't no love lost see

cuz now I have yo ass off the g's

an niggas found off the beach, wit holes up in they
body for tryin to

double cross me

I could move across seas, and outta state

smokin weed

hand yo ass an 8 to smoke to the face

ya still hate nigga.

Chorus *(Yukmouth)*

Cuz I'm that nigga U Love 2 Hate

tell yo bitch it's that nigga U Love 2 Hate

Smoke-A-Lot, Regime, nigga U Love 2 Hate

album to the face, nigga U Love 2 Hate

Yes, it's that nigga U Love 2 Hate

young nigga, wit money, U Love 2 Hate

mutha fuckas lookin at me funny, U Love 2 Hate

check it.

What?

Nigga.... uh.

Verse 2

Is it because I went on tour wit Biggie Smalls?

Or is it because yo bitch will to drop to the floor an lick
my balls?

Or is it because a nigga sky ball, since juvenile hall?

To make these niggas straight talk shit, about me in
front of they

broads, listen!

Or is it because I'm ridin around in Range Rove's?

4 point 6, G-S 400 on dubb mo-mo's

an both of my shit's got T.V.'s in 'em, what you don't
know

what the fuck you grind fo?

Juss to pay note to the nine-four

I'm ridin 9-8 shit

is that the reason for all the hatred

I flipped Townhouse, you still at mom's house
basement

mad, walkin around tellin my friends I ain't shit

back when, you used to be that nigga who I smoked my
dank wit

rob a bank wit, because I trust you

probably take a slug fo you

but now a nigga got no love fo you

Nigga!

Best friends became enemies for centuries

an jealousy juss means you mutha fuckas envy me.

Chorus *(Yukmouth)*

Hate.

it's that nigga U Love 2 Hate

labeled to the face, nigga U Love 2 Hate

drugged out, smoothed out, U Love 2 Hate

poppin Xtacy an shit, nigga U Love 2 Hate

Uh!

I'm that nigga U Love 2 Hate

tell yo potnas it's that nigga U Love 2 Hate

playa hate all the time, U Love 2 Hate

What?

Why you hate me nigga?

Verse 3

Uh.

Is it because yo bitch love me?

Or is because I stay whipped in all the latest rugby's

Thugged Out, sippin bubbly

"Da Good, Da Bad, Da Ugly", nigga finally livin lovely

signin autographs

lil kids run up an hug me

I'm from where they from, I was raised by crackheads
an junkies

highschool flunky

too busy out there tryin to get my money

hungry, I had to get it myself nobody dishin fo me

an now my niggas mad, claim that I ain't dishin fo he

But fuck ya'll nigga!

What the fuck you done fo me?

But talk shit behind my back, and try an smoke my
weed

or is it because I used to funk wit \$hort an Master P

hatin niggas after me, but now won't capture me

nigga you can't even go gold

What the fuck you sold?

Five thousand units, nigga my shit went platinum
across the globe

or is it because these fake ass hoes claim they got my
baby

act shady, an crazy, reverse the game an now them
bitches pay me

the day a nigga signed wit Prince J

got rid of them other niggas, became my own sensai

Smoke-A-Lot, I got to record lable also

Phats, L.Q., Maxx, KeKe, my nigga Gonzoe

colloso, cheddar to make the nitros soggy

ridin Harley's, die smokin juss like Bob Marley

I died in the wide open, at the Mobb party

wit yo eyes open, slugs through yo hard body

pick up

cuz it's that nigga U Love 2 Hate

sincerely yours mutha fucka

U Love 2 Hate!

Yours truly.

Done deal.

That nigga U Love 2 Hate

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