

50 Cent "Hate It Or Love It"

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Yeah, let's take 'em back
Uh-huh..

Comin up I was confused, my mommy kissin a girl
Confusion occurs comin up in the cold world
Daddy ain't around, probably out commitin felonies
My favorite rapper used to sing, Check check out My
Melody
I wanna live good, so shit I sell dope
Four-four finger ring, one of them gold ropes
Nana told me if I passed I'd get a sheepskin coat
If I can move a few packs I'd get the hat, now that'd be
dope
Tossed and turned in my sleep that night
Woke up the next mornin, niggaz had stole my bike
Different day, same shit, ain't nuttin good in the hood
I'd run away from this bitch and never come back if I
could

[Chorus 50 Cent - Game]2x
Hate it or love it, the underdog's on top
And I'm gon' shine homie until my heart stop
(Go 'head envy me, I'm rap's M.V.P.)
(And I ain't goin nowhere, so you can get to know me)

[Game]
I told Dre from the gate, I'd carry the heat for ya
First mixtape song, I'd inherited beef for ya
Gritted my teeth for ya, G-G-G-G for ya
Put Compton on my back when you was in need of
soldiers
At my last show, I threw away my NWA gold
And had the whole crowd yellin Free Yayo
So niggas better get up outta mine
Fo' I creep and turn your projects into Columbine
And I'm Raps MVP
Don't make me remind y'all what happened in DC
This nigga ain't Gotti, he pretend
Mad at us cause Ashanti got a new boyfriend
And it seems your little rat turned out to be a mouse
This beef shit is for the birds and the birds fly south
Even Young Buck could vouch, when the dotch was out

Who gave the West Coast mouth to mouth?

[Chorus 50 Cent - Lloyd Banks]2x

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[50 Cent]

From the beginnin to the end, losers lose
Winners win this is real we ain't got to pretend
The cold world that we in, is full of pressure and pain
I thought it would change, it's staying the same

[Lloyd Banks]

How many of them boys is with you?
When you had that little TV you had to hit on to get a
picture
I'm walking with the snub
Cause niggas do a lot of slip talking in the club
Til they coughin on the rug
I ain't ever had much but a walkman and a bud
My role model is gone, snortin up his drug
I've had enough, they want me to choke
My boy just got poked in the throat
Now it's an R.I.P. shirt and my coat
Now I'm seeing, reminiscin
All of my weed here, never listen
If I see him, then I'mma lift him
And maybe I oughta even the score
But if not, It'll be me on the floor

[Chorus 50 Cent - Tony Yayo]2x

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[Tony Yayo]

I started out at 15 scared as hell
I took 30 off a pack and I made them sales
As a youth, man I used to hustle for loot
With that Lou Deuce Deuce and my Triple Phat Goose
Sippin Easy Jesus, Rocking the Leases
Mama whip me when she find my pieces
I look back on life and think God I'm blessed
We the best on the planet so forget the rest

[Young Buck]

You know I'm still nice with my cook game
Look mayne, It's a hood thang

That's why I'm loved in Brooklyne
I handle mine just like a real nigga should
If I do some time, Homie I'm still all good
Let me show you what a thug bout born to die
I take the bullets out of 50, put em in my 4-5
And I ain't even got my feet wet yet
A seven-figure nigga who ain't seen a royalty check

[Chorus 50 Cent - Young Buck)2x
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