

Fifty Cent

"Hate It Or Love It"

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[Intro]

Yeah, let's take 'em back

Uh huh

[Verse 1 - 50 Cent]

Comin' up I was confused, my mama kissin' a girl

Confusin' occurs, comin' up in the cold world

Daddy ain't around, prolly out committin' felonies

My favorite rapper used to sing ch-check out my melody

I wanna live good, so shit I sell dope

For a fo' finger ring, one of them gold ropes

Nanna told me if I pass I'll get a sheep skin coat

If I can move a few packs and get the hat, now that'll be dope

Tossed and turn in my sleep at night

Woke up the next mornin' niggas done stole my bike

Different day, same shit, ain't nothin' good in the hood

I'd run away from this bitch and never come back if I could

[Chorus x2 - 50 Cent (Then Game)]

Hate it or love it, the underdog's ontop

And I'm gon' shine homie until my heart stops

Go ahead, envy me, I'm rap's MVP

And I ain't goin' no where so you can get to know me

[Verse 2 - The Game]

I told Dre from the gate, I carry the heat fo' ya

First mixtape song, I inheirited beef fo' ya

Gritted my teeth fo' ya, G-G-G'd fo' 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

Before I creep and turn ya projects into Collumbine

And I'm rap's MVP

Don't make me remind ya'll what happened in D.C.

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 can vouch, when the doubts was out
Who gave the West Coast mouth to mouth

[Chorus x2 - 50 Cent (Then Lloyd Banks)]
Hate it or love it, the underdog's on top
And I'm gon' shine homie until my heart stops

Go ahead, envy me, I'm rap's MVP
And I ain't goin' no where so you can get to know me

[Bridge - 50 Cent]
From the beginnin' to 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
But it's stayin' the same

[Verse 3 - Lloyd Banks]
How many of them boys is with ya
When you had that little TV you had to hit on to get a
picture
I'm walkin' with a snub, cause niggas do a lotta slip
talkin' in the club
Till they coughin' on the rug, ain't never had much but
a walkman and a bud
My role model is gone, snortin' up his drug, bad
enough they want me to choke
My boy just got poked in the throat, now it's a R.I.P. Shirt
in my coat
Now I'm speedin' reminiscin', holdin' my weed in never
listen
If I see him and lift him and maybe that'll even the
score
And if not, then that'll be me on the floor

[Chorus x2 - 50 Cent (Then Tony Yayo)]
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[Verse 4 - Tony Yayo]
I started out at fifteen, scared as hell
I took thirty off a pack and I made them sell
As a youth, man I used to hustle for loot

With that little duece duece and my triple fat goose
Sippin' easy Jesus rockin' the laces
Mama whipped me and when she found my pieces
I look back on life and think God I'm blessed
We the best on the planet so forget the rest

[Verse 5 - Young Buck]

You know I'm still nice with my cooked game
Look mayn, it's a hood thang that's why I'm loved in
Brooklayn
I handle mine just like a real nigga should
If I do some time, homie I'm still all good
Let me show what a thug that born to die
I took the bullets outta 50 and put 'em in my four five
And I ain't even got my feet wet yet
A seven figure nigga who ain't seen a royalty check
bitch

[Chorus x2 - 50 Cent (Then Young Buck)]

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