

Game "Hate It Or Love It"

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Ya, 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 committin' felonies
My favorite rapper used to sing, 'Check, Check Out My
Melody'

I wanna live good so, shit, I sell dope
Fo' a four finger ring, one of them gold ropes
Nana told me if I pass could get a sheep skin coat
If I can move a few packs and get the hat, now that'd
be dope

Tossed and turned in my sleep that night
Woke up the next morning, niggas had 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

Hate it or love it, the underdog's on top
And I'm gonna shine, homie, until my heart stop
Go ahead envy me, I'm rap's MVP
And I ain't goin' nowhere so you can get to know me

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On the grill of my lowrider
Guns on both sides right above the gold wires
I'll fo-five 'em, kill a nigga on my song, and really do it
That's the true meanin' of a ghost rider

Ten G's will take ya daughter out of Air Forces
Believe you me, homie, I know all 'bout losses
I'm from Compton, wear the wrong colors, be cautious
One phone call'll have ya body dumped in marshes

I stay strapped like car seats
Been bangin' since my lil' nigga Rob got killed for his

Barkleys

That's ten years I told Pooh in ninety-five
I'll kill you if you try me for my Air Max 95s

Told Banks when I met him I'ma ride
And if I gotta die, I'd rather a homicide
I ain't have fifty cent when my Grandmomma died
Now I'm goin' back to Cali with my Jacob boy, see how
time fly?

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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
Enough of me, nigga, now listen to Game

Used to see five-oh throw the crack by the bench
Now I'm fuckin' with five-oh, it's all startin' to make
sense
My ma's happy, she ain't gotta pay the rent
And she got a red bow on that brand new Benz

Waitin' on shop money to lamp, sittin' in the Range
Thinkin' how they spent 30 million dollars on airplanes
When there's kids starvin'
'Pac is gone and Brenda still throwin' babies in the
garbage

I wanna know 'What's Goin' On' like I hear Marvin
No schoolbooks, they used that wood to build coffins
Whenever I'm in the booth and I get exhausted
I think what if Marie Bank had got that abortion? I love
you, ma

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