

The Game

"Hate It Or Love It - Street Remix (G-Unot)"

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That will be the end of 50 cent on shady aftermath
I'm moving forward in my career
If Dre had got creatively tied up onto The Game project
If he's confused (echoes)

[Verse 1]
[The Game]

Comin' up he was confused his momma kissin a girl
If THE shit happened in my household I MIGHT HURL
Daddy ain't around PROLLY out doin' crack
AND Scarface told me HE SNITCHES just like a rat
Wanna live good so he snitched on thugs
SomeBODY must have told him steroids wasn't THE
drug
Walkin' round town everyday in that snitch coat
Put niggaz behind bars but homie that ain't dope
Now he toss and turn in his sleep at night
Wake up in the morning watch cops on miami vice
Different day same snitch ain't nothin good in the hood
He'd run away from New York and never Come back if
he could

[Chorus x2]
Hate it or love it the underdoggs on top
And he gon tell and go runnin to the cops
Go head snitch on me
Im raps M.V.P
And I ain't goin nowhere so they can come and get me

[Verse 2]
[The Game]

G-G-G-G-UNOT!
On the grill of my low rider
Guns on both sides right ABOVE DA gold wires
I'll .45 'em
Kill banks on my song AND really do it
That's the true meaning of a ghost writer
10 G's 'd take Yayo out his air forces
Believe you me homie i know all about losses
Im from Compton wear the wrong colors be cautious

One phone call will have his body broke in parts and,
I stay strapped like car seats
Been bangin' since my little nigga Rob got killed for his
Barkleys
That's 10 years i told buck in '05 I catch 50 let me tie up
my Air Max '95's
I told u niggaz when i met u im'a ride and if i gotta die
rather homicide
I ain't have 50 cent when my grandmama died
Now i'm goin back to cali same jacob on see how time
fly

[Chorus x2]

Hate it or love it the underdoggs on top
And he gon' tell and go runnin to the cops
Go head snitch on me
Im raps M.V.P
And I ain't goin nowhere so they can come and get me

[Verse 3]

[The Game]

From the beggining to the end
Losers lose, winners win this is real we ain't GOTTA
pretend
The cold world that we in is full of pressure and pain
Enough of that faggot now listen to Game
Told Dre from the gate i carry the heat for ya
First mixtape song i 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 through away my N.W.A. GOLD
Had the whole crowd yellin' "Fuck YAYO!!"
So niggaz betta get up out of mine
For i creep and turn violator in to Columbine
And i'm raps M.V.P
Don't make me remind y'all Yayo was in P.C.
That niggaa ain't gotti he pretend
Mad at me 'cause Olivia got a new boyfriend
It seems ya little rat turned out to be a mouse
THIS beef shit is for the birds and the birds fly south
And even 50 cent could vouch
When the doubts was out i gave G-Unit mouth to mouth

[Chorus x2]

Hate it or love it the underdoggs on top
And he gon tell and go runnin to the cops
Go head snitch on me

Im raps MVP

And I ain't goin nowhere so they can come and get me

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