

B-Real f/ Mimi

"When They Hate You"

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[Intro: Mimi] Oooooooh, ohhhhhhhh Listennn, listennn
[B-Real] When I spit I'm committed it's a blessing I'm grateful
Coulda been one of the many feelin bitter and hateful
Coulda gave up on my dreams, steady bangin and slangin
Servin fiends on the corner with the red rag hangin
Sayin I ain't leavin cause it's all good in the hood 'Til they put me in a box,
six carried the wood Or I'm sittin in a cell block, writin my family
Tellin them how sorry I am, just please understand me Thinkin how it could've been
if I had listened to any others I could've been somebody out there makin a difference
Maybe the angel on my shoulder kept me out of the system Cause decisions that I made
they should've left me in prison Like my older brother caught up cause he wasn't as lucky
He goes in and out the joint, see the recipe's ugly See we run around in life until we find a purpose
Yeah we run around blind I'm only scratchin the surface [Chorus: Mimi] + (B-Real) When the streets love you,
it's lovely But when they hate you, you're ugly There's no tomorrow you find Any dreams and ambitions gone
(Gotta find our way out of here) (By any means we climbin our way out of here) (We on the grind and fightin our way out of here)
(We on the line and drivin out way out of here) [B-Real] It's hard to kick a habit, and conquer addiction
All the, drugs and bitches, depleting your riches Low self-esteem along with a little depression makes a cocktail for failure
and brings on tension So you steal from your family and you robbin your friends Now you alone in the world havin to scrape for ends
You're an outcast, yeah nobody trust yo' ass Because you let 'em down so many times, remember the past? They turn their backs
and act like you never existed Cause you always missed the point and you got everything twisted For some it's too late
and they never come, out the abyss There's another side for those who want to change how they live They want respect
from their peers and the roof overhead They want the Benz in the garage a hot bird in the bed They got the hunger for success
but it comes at a price You gotta sacrifice the vices that, put you on ice [Chorus] [B-Real] You take your chances any

time you take a step on the street And in the heat of confrontation your heart skips a beat And if you show it they will use it it's the code of the hustler Talkin to each other sayin we gonna get that buster They don't respect you, but they keep smilin in your face They wanna taste how you livin and the money you gettin They smell the fear and they, wait for you to make a mistake Then they infiltrate and take every last bit of your cake So if you livin in the fast lane, look in your mirrors Cause the drama's much closer than the objects appear If you slip one time they might end you that minute And everything that you worked for is gone in seconds Then you see a light and you keep on gettin closer These envious fuckers put you in a state of coma Family by your side, prayin for your frame to recover While your dough and your woman runnin off with another [Chorus] w/ ad libs

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