

DJ Clue F/ The Lox

"Love Us or Hate Us"

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[Intro]

First off, I wanna say I thank all the radio stations
that EVER showed them Dirty Boyz some love
We 'preciate that... but we doin' this for all our
down-south rappers that ain't gettin' no love on
these video stations and on these radio stations...
All my down-south soldiers, they gon' keep doin'
this to us if ya'll don't stand up, right now and ride with
us
STAND UP RIGHT NOW, AND NIGGA LET'S RIDE

[Verse 1: Big Pimp]

I don't know if I'm goin', or leavin', or comin'
But I know Universal got us starvin' and hungry
I'm sick to my stomach, I vomit every time
I see a video on TV that ain't mine
You know I ain't lying, half of 'em can't rhyme
Black Entertainment... why ya'll won't play mine?
We gave two videos to B-E-T
For both, we paid 200 G's a piece
Ya'll must don't like us, all ya'll must hate us
We don't get no love and support from our label
Two whole years, and ya'll just dropped the album
With no fuckin' commercials or promotions to tell them
That we was comin', so people could go runnin'
To the nearest music store, so we could have us some
money
So I could feed all my kids, pay all my bills
Rent thirty days late, so where the FUCK we gon' live?
Nelly and Baby selling records way to Timbuktu
If ya'll put all the money behind them, what the FUCK
we gon' use?
But Nelly and Baby, we ain't hatin', we just lettin' it be
known
To show the whole world how Universal, doin' us wrong

[Chorus]

Either you gon' love uuus (Either you gon' love uuus)
Or you gonna hate uuus---There's no in-between
I sit and wonder where we went wrong
You motherfuckers better love us or just leave us alone

Either you with uuus (Either you with uuus)
Or you against uuus---There's no in-between
I sit and wonder where we went wrong,
You motherfuckers better love us or just leave us alone

[Verse 2: Mr. G-stacka]

It's like either you gon' love us, or hate us, bitch
niggas, just face us
Two of the coldest thangs ever to touch pencil and
paper
How the fuck they gon' replace us, knock'em off it they
think such
Been in this game too long, I'll let loose chrome before
I get touched
'Cause this shit done got me too hot, and I wanna know
who shot Tupac
'Cause them might be the same lames that try to make
sure we don't reach top
But I think not, 'cause I keep glocks... Ya'll niggas ain't
feelin' me
It's time for Pimp and G to get rid of all wack niggas in
this industry
It's history, what they should be, all kinda unsolved
mysteries
These hollow-T's in this 2-2-3, will end your life so
damn tragically
I'm talkin' to all the big men, with authority over our shit
playin'
These niggas that's over these video shows is hoes,
and that's what G sayin'
Rewind that back and replay it, if didn't quite get
through your head
I don't bite my tongue for none, so why in the fuck am I
supposed to be scared
Ya'll bitches done brought the south shame, bitin' up all
the south game
Then blowin' up off the south name, don't never wanna
give the south fame
But ya'll better tell'em, that Gangsta straight rebellin'
I'll go off, and put twenty holes in your cerebellum, you
smell'em?
They try to stop us, but these niggas fellin'
And every time you see me this is what the fuck I'm
yellin'

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mr. G-stacka]

Now off the top I'm tellin' these lame ole, plain ole,
sadiddy, and bourgie

Wanna-be white niggas, 'round here judging gangsta music
See this here is not for you trick, get on up outta office
Let the hood niggas judge me, 'cause the hood is the ones who bought this
In Vibe they tried to talk shit, them sissy there can suck dick
'Cause Pimp and G the rawest, everythang we spit is flawless
Why the hell they want to start us, spittin' false information
They staff get infiltrated, and bullets gon' penetrate 'em

[Big Pimp]

And that's how every rapper, comin' from down south feelin'
We can't speak our minds 'cause east coast run hip-hop television
And it's so puzzling, to the fact and I really don't get it
They still won't play our video even though we put Tigger in it
'Cause we don't dance around on all our videos like P. Diddy
Is ya'll tellin' me that all my videos ain't "jiggy"?
Oh, you hear me? And it's a shame, and it's a goddamn pity
How [BET] showin' more love to rappers from New York City

[Chorus]

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