

Game, The "Hate It Or Love It"

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[50 Cent]

Yea

Let's take'em back

Uh huh

Coming up I was confused
My mama kissing a girl
Confusion occurs
Coming up in a cold world
Daddy aint around
Probably out committing felonies
My favorite rapper used to sing
Check, check out my melody
I wanna live good so shit I sell dope
For a four-finger rings
One of them gold ropes
Nana told me if I passed I get a sheep skin coat
If I could move a few packs
I get the hat
Now that'll be dope
Tossed and turn in my sleep that night
Woke up the next morning
Niggaz done stole my bike
Different day, same shit
Ain't nothing good in the hood
I run away from this bitch
And never come back if I could

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Hate it or love it the under dog's on top
And I'm gon shine homie until my heart stop

[The Game]

Go'head'n envy me

I'm rap's MVP

And I ain't going no where

So you can get to know me

[50 Cent]

Hate it or love it the under dog's on top
And I'm gon shine homie until my heart stop

[The Game]
Go'head'n envy me
I'm rap's MVP
And I ain't going no where
So you can get to know me

G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Unit

[Game]
On the grill of ma low rider
Guns on both sides
Right above the gold wires I four-five'em
Kill a nigga on ma song
And really do it
That's the true meaning of a ghostwriter
Ten g'z will take your daughter outta air forces
Believe you me homie, I know all about losses
I'm from Compton, wear the wrong colors, be cautious
One phone call, have your body dumped in Marcy
I stay strapped like car seats
Been banging since ma lil' nigga, rob, got killed for his
Barkley's
That's ten years
I told Pooh in '95
I'll kill you if you try me for my air-max 95's
Told Banks when I met'em I'm a ride
And if I gotta die, rather homicide
I ain't had 50 cent when ma grand-mama died
Now I'm going back to Cali with ma jacob on
See how time fly?

[Chorus]
[50 Cent]
Hate it or love it the under dog's on top
And I'm gon shine homie until my heart stop

[The Game]
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[50 Cent]
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[50 Cent]
From the beginning to the end
Losers lose, winners win
This is real we aint gotta pretend
The cold world that we in
It's full of pressure and pain
Enough of me nigga now listen to Game

[Game]
Used to see 5-0 throw the crack by the bench
Now I'm fucking with 5-0, it's all starting to make sense
My Ma's happy, she aint gotta pay the rent
And she got a red bow on that brand new Benz
Waiting on Sha Money to land sitting in the range
Thinking how they spend 30 million dollars on airplanes
When there's kids starving
Pac is gone, and Brenda still throwing babies in the
garbage
I wanna know what's going on like I hear Marvin
No school books
They use their wood to build coffins
Whenever I'm in a booth
And I get exhausted
I think what if Marie Baker got that abortion
I love you Ma

[Chorus]
[50 Cent]
Hate it or love it the under dog's on top
And I'm gon shine homie until my heart stop

[The Game]
Go'head'n envy me
I'm rap's MVP
And I ain't going no where
So you can get to know me

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