

Hate It or Love It

50 Cent

Yeah, let's take 'em back
Uh huh

Comin' up I was confused, my mama kissin' a girl
Confusin' occurs, comin' up in the cold world
Daddy ain't around, prolly out committin' felonies
My favorite rapper used to sing ch-check out my melody
I wanna live good, so shit I sell dope
For a fo' finger ring, one of them gold ropes
Nanna told me if I pass I'll get a sheep skin coat
If I can move a few packs and get the hat, now that'll be dope
Tossed and turn in my sleep at night
Woke up the next mornin' niggas done 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 ontop
And I'm gon' shine homie until my heart stops

Go ahead, envy me, I'm rap's MVP
And I ain't goin' no where so you can get to know me

I told Dre from the gate, I carry the heat fo' ya
First mixtape song, I inheirited beef fo' ya
Grittied my teeth fo' ya, G-G-G'd fo ya
Put Compton on my back when you was in need of soldiers
At my last show, I threw away my NWA gold
And had the whole crowd yellin' free Yayo
So niggas better get up outta mine
Before I creep and turn ya projects into Collumbine
And I'm rap's MVP
Don't make me remind ya'll what happened in D.C.
This nigga ain't Gotti, he pretend
Mad at us, cause Ashanti got a new boyfriend
And it seems your little rat turned out to be a mouse
This beef shit is for the birds and the birds fly south
Even Young Buck can vouch, when the doubts was out
Who gave the West Coast mouth to mouth

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From the beginnin' to 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
I thought it would change
But its stayin' the same

How many of them boys is with ya
When you had that little TV you had to hit on to get a picture
I'm walkin' with a snub, cause niggas do a lotta slip talkin' in the club
Till they coughin' on the rug, ain't never had much but a walkman and a bud

My role model is gone, snortin' up his drug, bad enough they want me to choke
My boy just got poked in the throat, now its a R.I.P. Shirt in my coat
Now I'm speedin' reminiscin', holdin' my weed in never listen
If I see him and lift him and maybe that'll even the score
And if not, then that'll be me on the floor

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I started out at fifteen, scared as hell
I took thirty off a pack and I made them sell
As a youth, man I used to hustle for loot
With that little duece duece and my triple fat goose
Sippin' easy Jesus rockin' the laces
Mama whipped me and when she found my pieces
I look back on life and think God I'm blessed
We the best on the planet so forget the rest

You know I'm still nice with my cooked game
Look mayn, its a hood thang thats why I'm loved in Brooklayn
I handle mine just like a real nigga should
If I do some time, homie I'm still all good
Let me show what a thug that born to die
I took the bullets outta 50 and put 'em in my four five
And I ain't even got my feet wet yet
A seven figure nigga who ain't seen a royalty check bitch

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