

When They Hate You

B-Real

Oooooooh, ohhhhhhhh
Listennn, listennn

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 slingin
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

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)

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

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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

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