

# 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 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

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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