

Love/Hate

Boondox

Lookin' out across the crowd, see painted faces all around me,
Movin' to that shit I'm sayin', bouncin' to that bass that's poundin'
Y'all know my lyrics, spit that shit just like you fuckin' wrote it,
Never can deny a Juggalo's the one that's most devoted,
I see y'all on the streets and reppin' for they common scrub,
Hatchetman on window tinted, reppin' for that family love,
Up in the mall with my kids, y'all don't know its Dox,
Still you see the chain, the tat, a shirt, and stop to show the props,
Walkin' to the conoco, grab some shit befo' the show,
Parkin' lot of hatchet rides, I see that line of Juggalos,
It's world renown, the Faygo flyin', the screams of family,
I love y'all muthafuckas y'all the ones that set my soul free.

You can't hate us 'cause,
We don't give a fuck,
Bump that wicked sound,
Rock a fuckin' hatchet and we represent the underground.
(2x)

I see some shit don't change,
Haters seem born every minute,
They see the paint, the clothes, the loathes and they don't fuckin' get it,
I see them lose, and read reviews, and start the loadin' blocks,
Bitches talkin' shit, got me loadin' for a southern rock,
I know there's a way, there's a knowin', that I fuckin' feel ya',
Born of murda, masses killed, they ass is fuckin' way familiar,
But they won't break us "Fuck The World", just like the clown sayin'
Rep' the hatchet, psychopathic, 'til my body's found dead,
We got to show 'em music and shit they can't take away,
We run the underground, so fuck'em what they got to say?
Just throw yo' medals up, let the hoes know where they standin',
Shit ain't 'bout no money, bitch, this shit is more than just a brand.

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(2x)

The ones that know it, feel it, keep it and they won't forget it,
This thing ain't dyin', it ain't fadin' 'cause they just won't let it,
Y'all see the bunch of haters, I know what yo' feelin',
It was that long ago, I know that shit a bunch of dealin',
But fuck we Juggalo so they can all just go to hell,
We got the pride and love, the scrubs, so fuck'em go to hell,
Just keep them hatchets swingin', screamin', always keep it wicked,
Keep one in the chamber for them fuckin' hatin' sons of bitches.

You can't hate us 'cause,
We don't give a fuck,
Bump that wicked sound,
Rock a fuckin' hatchet and we represent the underground!

Rock a fuckin' hatchet and we represent the underground!