

Love = Hate Ulterior Motives

Casey Veggies

Yeah, yeah, I know a lot of girls that be on the same things
All my niggas in the streets smoking, trying to maintain
She like sipping champagne, I beat it out her main frame
My chick part of my campaign,
And your chick looking like Flavor Flav
Hit that picture, fade away, and fall back, I'm all that
NY to LA, but a CV on my ball cap
I'll be running glow, we're going out, seing open toes
Sort dresses, them nights wrest and my fortress getting fine chick
Get anointed, get knighted, I'm addicted to fly shit
I'm a witness to righteous, steps finding out what my life is
I got a quite range, at 18, my life change
I got wrong keys and new things that we can do for this night thing like

In the club, at the party, everybody wanna be somebody
In a world that's so strange real niggas trying to maintain
Love and hate is the same thing, love and hate is the same thing!
In the club, at the party, everybody wanna be somebody!

I know a lot of things, most of which I'm gonna change
That come just from growing up,
Learn that love and hate is the same thing!
I can only wipe the plane jane
Make a bad hoe give me bad brains
I realize I had brains and I got it all, man and I gotta fall
I gave it up, man I gotta live
Girl, tell me what the problem is!
Everything is so cool and one thing we couldn't do,
One thing we couldn't see, who real, I can't tell
Out the drop is gonna sell, I caught it out, starting out
Young niggas run everything, make her earn that wedding ring
Then I make her sing them high notes, I got high hopes
And my side along, I love you when she ride long
That's my angel, she always wear a halo
Ever since I got dough, my cousin told me lay low!
I can stay long, what did I say wrong?
What happened between me and you? Why we can't even get along?
Watch me you call! You can't blame it on me
Love and hate is the same thing
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She wanna live and don't know who wrong about it
So confusing I can't even write songs about it
Thinking of reasons, shouldn't feel so alone about it
Now I'm playing catch up, squeezing the wrong about it
I front no cops come, go on we out it
Know when I hit the shows, ladies ain't swarm around me
And when I leave I know the one who'll go mourn about me
G5 thoughts, homey my mind is clouded
Today I bought a fit that was in the thousands
And a chain cold like the ice in the mountains
I started spittin, never contemplated bout an outcome
Now I'm getting more income than my outcome
My last flow was outgunned, my last girl was not one
My last homey got sun, me and my brother like one
And I'm only 19, the saga just begun
Young kids run everything under the sun
People live life very relentless
My niggas act so hard with them scary agendas
My friend claim says I ain't never get injured
Tel my homeys baby steps, hope you never befriend this
'Cause if I'd lose who I started then why should I end it?
No, I'm kidding, I had to keep rewarding my millions
Stunt a little, cop a whip and take care of children
Spread love if thanked, just like the pilgrims

It's just another day in the life of a young nigga with ulterior motives
I wonder if I can control this
Ulterior, ulterior... motives
Ulterior, ulterior... motives, motives

I wanna live the same life, that charm about me
Regular times, skidrows and the campus crowded
Less pressure, less things and my mind is skowin
Better relationships, we only spend time when I'm out here
It's what I chose so I guess I can't say that it's nothing
Like a mom in the quack house, do on the rocks that
Put me in so deep, that's heavy one dome kip
I pull you one of them seats and I pull to yo hip
And when we on the east coast you know I got caffit
And when I'm so far away I still see and love that
Eyes blood-shut red, I'm in over my head
Act like she ain't know I pop your head, those are my bread
That's just what I think, f**kin that's what I said
Then I made one blink and she was leavin me here
Told my mama I'm a make it, she was believing me here
But a couple year later, shit they can see if I been here
In New York on my own at the regency theater

Then the kids in America, she ain't innocent mama
And she listen to Erica, homey my girl is scholar
Your girl is sort of a wallet, we using til that we
don't we

Tell her give me my money, I'm bout the 50's and 100's
And the conspiracy subjects are my priorities
You should give some of these
I'm on my knees and I'm begging God please
Humble my sneeze, I swear my whip is a tease

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