

# Hate It or Love It

## The Game

That'll be the end of 50 Cent or Shady/Aftermath  
I'm movin' forward in my career  
As Dre had got creatively tied up on to The Game project  
If he's confused..

Comin' up he was confused his mama kissin' a girl  
This shit happen in my household I might hurl  
Daddy ain't around probably out doin' crack  
And Scarface told me a snitch is just like a rat  
Wanna live good so he snitched on thugs  
Somebody must have told him steroids wasn't a drug  
Walk around town everyday in that snitch coat  
Put niggaz behind bars but homie that ain't dope  
Boy toss and turn in his sleep at night  
Wake up in the morning watch Cops and Miami Vice  
Different day same snitch ain't nothin' good in the hood  
He'd run away from New York and never come back if he could

Hate it or love it the underdogs on top  
And he gon tell and go runnin' to the cops  
Go 'head snitch on me, I'm raps MVP  
And I ain't goin no where so dey come and get me  
(2x)

G-G-G-G-Unot!  
On the grill of my low rider  
Guns on both sides right up by the gold wires  
I'll fo' five 'em  
Kill Banks on my song and really do it  
that's the true meaning of a ghost rider  
Ten g's will take Yayo out his Air Forces  
Believe in me homie I know all about losses  
I'm from Compton where the wrong colours be cautious  
One phone call will have his body broke in parts and  
I stay strapped like car seats  
Been bangin' since my 'lil nigga Rob, got killed for his Barkley's  
That's ten years I told Buck in '05  
I catch 50 let me tie up my Air Max '95's  
Told you niggaz when I met you I'ma rider  
And if I got a die I'd rather homicide  
I ain't have 50 Cent when my grandma died  
Now I'm goin' back to Cali  
Same Jacob on, see how time fly?

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From the beginning to the end, losers lose  
When it's win this is real we ain't gotta pretend  
The cold world that we in  
It's full of pressure and pain  
Enough of that faggot now listen to Game  
Told Dre from the gate I'd carry the heat for ya  
First mixtape song I inherited beef for ya

Gritted my teeth for ya, G-G-G-G'd for 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' "FUCK YAYO"  
So niggaz betta get up outta mine  
Fo' I creep and turn violater into Colombine  
And I'm raps MVP, dont make me remind y'all Yayo was NBC  
That nigga ain't Gotti, he pretend  
Mad at me cuz Olivia got a new boyfriend  
It seems like ya 'lil rat turned out to be a mouse  
Beef shit is for the birds and the birds fly south  
Even 50 Cent can vouch, when the doubts was out  
I gave G-Unit mouth-to-mouth

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