

The Game, Hate It Or Love It (Remix)

(50 Cent)

Yeah, let's take 'em back
Uh-huh..

Comin up I was confused, my mommy kissin' a girl
Confusion occurs comin up in the cold world
Daddy ain't around, probably out commitin' felonies
My favorite rapper used to sing, "Check check out My Melody"
I wanna live good, so shit I sell dope
For a four finger ring, one of them gold ropes
nana told me if I passed I'd get a sheepskin coat
I can move a few packs I'd get the hat, now that'd be dope
Tossed and turned in my sleep that night
Woke up the next mornin, niggaz had stole my bike
Different day, same shit, ain't nothin' good in the hood
I'd run away from this bitch and never come back if I could

(Chorus 2X: 50 Cent A.K.A gay man faggot) + (The Game)

Hate it or love it, the underdog's on top
And I'm gon' shine homey until my heart stop
(Go 'head envy me, I'm rap's MVP)
(And I ain't goin' nowhere, so you can get to know me)

(The Game)

I told Dre from the gate "I'd carry the heat for ya"
First mix tape song I inherited beef for ya
Gritted my teeth for ya, G-G-G-G(Unit!) for ya
Put Compton on my back when you was in need of soldiers
At my last show I threw away my gold
And then I had the whole crowd yellin' "Free Yayo!"
So niggaz better get up outta mine
For I creep and turn your projects into Columbine
And I'm rap's MVP
Don't make me remind y'all what happened in D.C.
This nigga aint got it, he pretend
Mad at us cause Ashanti got a new boyfriend
And it seems your lil' rat turned out to be a mouse
Beef shit is for the birds and the birds fly south
Even Young Buck can vouch
When the doubts was out, who gave the west coast mouth-to-mouth?!

(Chorus 2X: 50 Cent) + (Lloyd Banks)

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(50 Cent)

From the beginnin to the end
Losers lose, winners win
This is real we ain't got to pretend
A cold world that we in, is full of pressure and pain
I thought it would change, It's stayin' the same

(Lloyd Banks)

How many of them boys was wit ya'
When you had that little TV you had to hit on to get a picture
I'm walking with a snub
Cause niggaz do a lot of slick talkin' in the club til' they coughin on
the rug
Ain't never had much but a Walkman and a bud
My role model is gone snortin' up his drug
Bad enough they want me to choke my boy
Just got poked in the throat

Now its a R&B shirt in my coat
Now I'm speedin', reminiscin'
Holdin my weed here, never listen
If I see him I'ma lift em
Maybe that will even the score
If not, it'll be me on the floor

(Chorus 2X: 50 Cent) + (Tony Yayo)
Hate it or love it, the underdog's on top
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(Tony Yayo)
I started out at 15, scared as hell
I took 30 off a pack and made them sales
As a youth, man I used to hustle for loot
With that lil deuce-deuce and my triple fat goose
Sippin Easy Jesus, rockin a leases
My mamma whipped me when she found my pieces
I look back on life, thank God I'm blessed
We the best on the planet so forget the rest

(Young Buck)
You know I'm still nice with my cook game
Look mane, it's a hood thang
That's why I'm loved in Brooklyn
I handle mine just like a real nigga should
And If I do some time homey, I'm still all good
Let me show you what a thug bout, born to die
I took the bullets outta 50 and put em in my .45
And I ain't even got my feet wet yeah
A seven figga nigga who ain't seen tha heart to change

(Chorus 2X: 50 Cent) + (Young Buck)
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