

The Game, Hate It Or Love It (Street Remix)

(50 Cent)

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(echo)..

(Verse 1 - The Game)

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

(Chorus - The Game)

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
(x2)

(Verse 2 - The Game)

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?

(Chorus)

(Verse 3 - The Game)

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

(Chorus)