

# 50 Cent, Hate It Or Love It (G Unit Remix)

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 committin felonies  
My favorite rapper used to sing, "Check check out +My Melody+"  
I wanna live good, so shit I sell dope  
Four-four finger ring, one of them gold ropes  
Nana told me if I passed I'd get a sheepskin coat  
If 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 nuttin good in the hood  
I'd run away from this bltch and never come back if I could

[Chorus 2X: 50 Cent] + (The Game)  
Hate it or love it, the underdog's on top  
And I'm gon' shine homie until my heart stop  
(Go 'head envy me, I'm rap's M.V.P.)  
(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 mixtape song, I'd inherited beef for ya  
Gritted my teeth for ya, G-G-G-G 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 Free Yayo  
So niggas better get up outta mine  
Fo' I creep and turn your projects into Columbine  
And I'm Raps MVP  
Don't make me remind y'all what happened in DC  
This nigga ain't Gotti, he pretend  
Mad at us cause Ashanti got a new boyfriend  
And it seems your little rat turned out to be a mouse  
This beef shit is for the birds and the birds fly south  
Even Young Buck could vouch, when the doubt was out  
Who gave the West Coast mouth to mouth?

[Chorus 2X: 50 Cent] + (Lloyd Banks)  
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 M.V.P.)  
(And I ain't goin nowhere, so you can get to know me)

[50 Cent]  
From the beginnin to the end, losers lose  
Winners win this is real we ain't got to pretend  
The cold world that we in, is full of pressure and pain  
I thought it would change, its staying the same

[Lloyd Banks]

How many of them boys is with you?  
When you had that little TV you had to hit on to get a picture  
I'm walking with the snub  
Cause niggas do alot of slip talking in the club  
Til they coughin on the rug  
I ain't ever had much but a walkman and a bud  
My role model is gone, snortin up his drug  
I've had enough, they want me to choke  
My boy just got poked in the throat

Now its an R.I.P. shirt and my coat  
Now I'm seeing, reminiscin  
holdin' my weed here, never listen  
If I see him, then I'mma lift him  
And maybe I oughta even the score  
But 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  
And I'm gon' shine homey until my heart stop  
(Go 'head envy me, I'm rap's M.V.P.)  
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[Tony Yayo]  
I started out at 15 scared as hell  
I took 30 off a pack and I made them sales  
As a youth, man I used to hustle for loot  
With that Lou Deuce Deuce and my Triple Phat Goose  
Sippin Easy Jesus, Rocking the Leases  
Mama whip me when she find my pieces  
I look back on life and think God I'm blessed  
We the best on the planet so forget the rest

[Young Buck]  
You know I'm still nice with my cooked game

Look mayne, It's a hood thang  
Thats why I'm loved in Brooklayne  
I handle mine just like a real nigga should  
If I do some time, Homie I'm still all good  
Let me show you what a thug bout born to die  
I take the bullets out of 50, put em in my 4-5  
And I ain't even got my feet wet yet  
A seven-figure nigga who ain't seen a royalty check bitch

[Chorus 2X: 50 Cent] + (Young Buck)  
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And I'm gon' shine homey until my heart stop  
(Go 'head envy me, I'm rap's M.V.P.)  
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