

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)
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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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