

G-Unit, Hate Or Love It (Remix)

(Intro)

Yeah, let's take 'em back
Uh huh

(Verse 1- 50 Cent)

Comin' up I was confused, my mama kissin' a girl
Confusin' occurs, comin' up in the cold world
Daddy ain't around, probly out committin' felonies
My favorite rapper used to sing ch-check out my melody
I wanna live good, so shit I sell dope
For a four finger ring, one of them gold ropes
Nanna told me if I pass I'll get a sheep skin coat
If I can move a few packs I'd get the hat, now that'll be dope
Tossed and turn in my sleep that night
Woke up the next mornin' niggas done 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 x2- 50 Cent (Then Game))

Hate it or love, the underdog's ontop
And I'm gon' shine homie until my heart stops

Go ahead, envy me, I'm rap's MVP

And I ain't goin' no where so you can get to know me

(Verse 2- The Game)

I told Dre from the gate, I carry the heat fo' ya
First mixtape song, I inheirited beef fo' ya
Gritted my teeth fo' ya, G-G-G'd fo 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
Before I creep and turn ya projects into Collumbine
And I'm rap's MVP
Don't make me remind ya'll what happened in D.C.
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 can vouch, when the doubts was out
Who gave the West Coast mouth to mouth

(Chorus x2- 50 Cent (Then Lloyd Banks))

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(Bridge- 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 chane
But its stayin' the same

(Verse 3- Lloyd Banks)

How many of them boys is with ya
When you had that little TV you had to hit on to get a picture
I'm walkin' with the snub, cause niggas do a lotta slick talkin' in the club
Till 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.I.P. shirt in my coat
Now I'm speedin' reminiscin', holdin' my weed in never listen
If I see him then i'ma lift'em and maybe that'll even the score
And if not, then it'll be me on the floor

(Chorus x2- 50 Cent (Then Tony Yayo))

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(Verse 4- Tony Yayo)

I started out at fifteen, scared as hell
I took thirty off a pack and I made them sell
As a youth, man I used to hustle for loot
With that little duece duece and my triple fat goose
Sippin' easy Jesus rockin' the laces
Mama with me when she found my pieces
I look back on life and think God I bless
We the best on the planet so forget the rest

(Verse 5- Young Buck)

You know I'm still nice with my cook game
Look mayn, its a hood thang thats why I'm loved in Brooklayn
I handle mine just like a real nigga should
If I do some time, homie I'm still all good
Let me show what a thug bout born to die
I took the bullets outta 50 and put 'em in my four five
And I ain't even got my feet wet yet
A seven figure nigga who ain't seen a royalty check bitch

(Chorus x2- 50 Cent (Then Young Buck))

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