

Paris, The Hate That Hate Made

June 6th in the time of six o'clock
Hot summer night in the city of hard knocks
Two black brothers took a walk in the Southside
Could've been any brother lookin for a dope ride
Seein a white girl wasn't in the plan
but the plan had plans of it's own for a brother man
A bad case of the right place at the right time
Makes you just ask - why?
I guess you suppose you know what a nigga do
to a female that was meant for you
Jealous cause your girlfriend screwin a black man
So you bust caps on an innocent bystand
But I guess we all look the same
A God damn shame you don't know my name
Musta just been two blacks so the payback
fit the ID for someone like me
But you see I don't think like you do
I come much sicker with the retribut'
Rollin twenty-five deep, troop down in a parking lot
Ready movin steady when I bust your spot, huh
You dumb motherfuckers just don't know me
You don't control me, so leave me lonely
Step and be prone to a cap to the dome
I don't quit {*BLAM*} I'll start tearin up shit
This is a Scarface set and no snakes allowed
Keep the pace ready set brothers rollin out
Packin a mac-10, strapped and capped in
Now who's to blame, for the hate that hate made?