

# 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?