

# The Game, Hate It Or Love It

(50 Cent)

Ya, let's take em back  
Uh huh

Comin up I was confused my momma kissin a girl  
Confusion occurs comin up in the cold world  
Daddy ain't around probably out commitin felonies  
My favorite rapper used to sing ch-check out my melody  
I wanna live good, so shit I sell dope for a fo-finger ring  
One of them gold ropes  
NaNa told me if I pass could get a sheep skin coat  
If I can move a few packs and get the hat, now that'd be dope  
Tossed and turned in my sleep that night  
Woke up the next morning niggas done stole my bike  
Different day same shit, ain't nothing good in the hood  
I'd run away from this bitch and never come back if I could

(Chorus (50 then Game):)

Hate it or love it the underdog's on top  
And I'm gonna shine homie until my heart stop

Go head' envy me  
I'm raps MVP  
And I ain't goin nowhere so you can get to know me

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(Game)

On the grill of my lowrider  
Guns on both sides right above the gold wires  
I'll fo-five em  
Kill a nigga on my song but really do it  
That's the true meaning of a ~ghostwriter~  
10 g'z will take ya daughter out of Air Forces  
Believe you me homie i know all bout losses  
I'm from Compton where the wrong colors be cautious  
One phone call will have ya body dumped in Marcy  
I stay strapped like car seats  
Been bangin since my lil nigga Rob got killed for his Barkley's  
That's 10 years I told Pooh in 95' I'd kill you if you try me for my Air Max 95s  
Told Banks when i met him imma ride  
And if I gotta die rather homicide  
I ain't have 50 Cent when my Grandmomma died  
Now i'm goin back to Cali with my Jacob on  
See how time fly?

(Chorus - 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  
Enough of me nigga now listen to Game

(Game)

Used to see 5-0 throw the crack by the bench  
Now i'm fuckin with ~5-0~ it's all startin to make ~sense~  
My moms happy she ain't gotta pay the rent

And she got a red bow on that brand new Benz  
Waitin on Sha Money to land sittin in the Range  
Thinkin how they spend 30 million dollars on airplanes  
When there's kids starvin  
Pac is gone and Brendas still throwin babies in the garbage  
I wanna know what's goin on like i hear Marvin  
No school books they use that wood to build coffins  
Whenever I'm in the booth and i get exhausted  
I think what if Marie Banker got that abortion  
I love ya Ma'

(Chorus X2)