

# Yukmouth, U Love 2 Hate

Yes!

It's that nigga U Love 2 Hate!

Yes!

U Love 2 Hate!

This the song I dedicate to niggas who love to hate!

Look me in my face, I'm that nigga U Love 2 Hate!

Yes! (Fire! Fire! Fire!)

It's that nigga U Love 2 Hate!

Nigga U Love 2 Hate.

Stop it.

(Ah, ah)

Nigga U Love 2 Hate.

Nigga, I ain't fake!

Verse 1

Before this rap shit

I used to slang crack wit ghetto bastards

pack automatic gats an kept scratch up under the mattress

fuck this rap shit

yay wrapped in plastic everyday practice

runnin away from task tactics

hop fences leavin 'em ass backwards

before this music

I used to be the Ice Cream Man since 1992 biatch!

Don't you hear the mutha fuckin muzik?

I got a head but ain't no screws in it, losin it

slangin narcotics, them men two steps away from usin it  
abusin it

I moved then it was all bad

it seemed like soon as a nigga moved, then it was all bad

because of this music, my whole block double crossed me

got shot in the ass, bra

but ain't no love lost see

cuz now I have yo ass off the g's

an niggas found off the beach, wit holes up in they body for tryin to

double cross me

I could move across seas, and outta state

smokin weed

hand yo ass an 8 to smoke to the face

ya still hate nigga.

Chorus \*(Yukmouth)\*

Cuz I'm that nigga U Love 2 Hate

tell yo bitch it's that nigga U Love 2 Hate

Smoke-A-Lot, Regime, nigga U Love 2 Hate

album to the face, nigga U Love 2 Hate

Yes, it's that nigga U Love 2 Hate

young nigga, wit money, U Love 2 Hate

mutha fuckas lookin at me funny, U Love 2 Hate

check it.

What?

Nigga.... uh.

Verse 2

Is it because I went on tour wit Biggie Smalls?

Or is it because yo bitch will to drop to the floor an lick my balls?

Or is it because a nigga sky ball, since juvenile hall?

To make these niggas straight talk shit, about me in front of they  
broads, listen!

Or is it because I'm ridin around in Range Rove's?

4 point 6, G-S 400 on dubb mo-mo's

an both of my shit's got T.V.'s in 'em, what you don't know  
what the fuck you grind fo?

Juss to pay note to the nine-four

I'm ridin 9-8 shit

is that the reason for all the hatred

I flipped Townhouse, you still at mom's house basement

mad, walkin around tellin my friends I ain't shit  
back when, you used to be that nigga who I smoked my dank wit  
rob a bank wit, because I trust you  
probably take a slug fo you  
but now a nigga got no love fo you  
Nigga!  
Best friends became enemies for centuries  
an jealousy juss means you mutha fuckas envy me.  
Chorus \*(Yukmouth)\*  
Hate.  
it's that nigga U Love 2 Hate  
labeled to the face, nigga U Love 2 Hate  
drugged out, smoothed out, U Love 2 Hate  
poppin Xtacy an shit, nigga U Love 2 Hate  
Uh!  
I'm that nigga U Love 2 Hate  
tell yo potnas it's that nigga U Love 2 Hate  
playa hate all the time, U Love 2 Hate  
What?  
Why you hate me nigga?  
Verse 3  
Uh.  
Is it because yo bitch love me?  
Or is because I stay whipped in all the latest rugby's  
Thugged Out, sippin bubbly  
"Da Good, Da Bad, Da Ugly", nigga finally livin lovely  
signin autographs  
lil kids run up an hug me  
I'm from where they from, I was raised by crackheads an junkies  
highschool flunky  
too busy out there tryin to get my money  
hungry, I had to get it myself nobody dishin fo me  
an now my niggas mad, claim that I ain't dishin fo he  
But fuck ya'll nigga!  
What the fuck you done fo me?  
But talk shit behind my back, and try an smoke my weed  
or is it because I used to funk wit \$hort an Master P  
hatin niggas after me, but now won't capture me  
nigga you can't even go gold  
What the fuck you sold?  
Five thousand units, nigga my shit went platinum across the globe  
or is it because these fake ass hoes claim they got my baby  
act shady, an crazy, reverse the game an now them bitches pay me  
the day a nigga signed wit Prince J  
got rid of them other niggas, became my own sensai  
Smoke-A-Lot, I got to record lable also  
Phats, L.Q., Maxx, KeKe, my nigga Gonzoe  
colloso, cheddar to make the nitros soggy  
ridin Harley's, die smokin juss like Bob Marley  
I died in the wide open, at the Mobb party  
wit yo eyes open, slugs through yo hard body  
pick up  
cuz it's that nigga U Love 2 Hate  
sincerely yours mutha fucka  
U Love 2 Hate!  
Yours truly.  
Done deal.  
That nigga U Love 2 Hate