

50 Cent, Hate it or love it.

Yeah, let's take 'em back

Uh huh

Comin' up I was confused, my mama kissin' a girl

Confusin' occurs, comin' up in the cold world

Daddy ain't around, prolly 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 fo' 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 and get the hat, now that'll be dope

Tossed and turn in my sleep at 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

REF.

Hate it or love it, 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

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

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From the beginnin' to 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 change

But its stayin' the same

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 a snub, cause niggas do a lotta slip 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 and lift him and maybe that'll even the score

And if not, then that'll be me on the floor

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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 and when she found my pieces
I look back on life and think God I'm blessed
We the best on the planet so forget the rest
You know I'm still nice with my cooked 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 that 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
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