

Hate It Or Love It (Produced By The Co-Stars)

Chingy

Uh
Yeah, yeah, yeahHate it or love it. [x16]
[Spoken: I dedicate this to all my enemies
All the motherfuckers who don't like me
Don't like what I'm doing [fuck!]
Don't like that I'm getting this money
Don't like that I'm back with the DTP family. Luda, what up?
Y'all can suck a dick, though
This your boy, Ching-a-ling
St. Louis to Atlanta, Atlanta to New York, New York to Cali. Worldwide!
You heard! Let's go.]I know you cowards heard of me
You probably want to murder me
Ya hustlers to the third degree
I cut you like it's surgery
We hold court in the street and you committed perjury
Don't be nervous, B, the ambulance can't make this emergency
Urgently and purposely
I'm hurting the competitor who irking me is gon' be
Closed curtains, see
Blaze up the purple weed
The herbal trees give me the need to work a beat
Flow so for a hit that I deserve to be
Just work with me
Holy riders in my circle be
Not no rubber football but my turf with me
Think of jerking me
Out my dollar bills?
Beat that cat four months ago
And you can hear him holler still
Am I a G?
Certainly. So ain't no murking me
Phony cats be perping, B
While y'all dames be slurping me
Lurking, we creep at night
Pop on slight and hurt the beast
Nobody know where you at
Tell mama to search the streetsHate it or love it. [x16]
[Spoken: I don't give a fuck if you niggas don't like me
I don't give a fuck! I don't give a fuck if you bitches don't like me

Eat a dick, nigga. I wasn't put on this Earth for you to like me, man

I was put on this Earth to get money. And live my life

Ha ha! Uh huh

Don't ask me how my career doing. My career doing just fine

I'm good, man, I'm good. Just fine without you hypocrites and you critics

With all that gossip and bullshit. Let's go!]

Disrespect the clique, neglect the clique, the tec'll spit, we wreck this
shit

We rep the strip, y'all dudes broads - shoulda had breasts and shit

Confess to this, I'm the next to hit

Back for the first time, still rep what's on my necklace bitch

Bitch! No, I can't cry about the past

Left Capitol and signed with Def Jam on they ass

Let's get mo' money, real fast, I'm in first, you still last

You the worst, I feel bad for you fags

I feel sad that I had to buy the new Range

Cause the Jag got crashed, my bad

I know that's arrogant

But I don't care, and shit

Shit, I got rich from saying "Right Thurr" and shit

Hate it or love it. [x16]

[Spoken: Crazy, ain't it? That's wild, that's wild

It ain't even like I made the word up, nigga, that's how I talk

That's how we talk in the Lou. That shit made me a millionaire

Getting money! That sound kinda cocky? So what? Fuck it! Get money!

Let's get it! But you know these motherfuckers everyday they always coming up to me asking me

Aw shit, there they go asking me questions again.]

Is me and Luda cool? Did you and Luda feud?

Today's news, I ain't in the motherfucking mood

I get [?] with dudes

[?] living your [?]

That's old, this new, this any of us, you getting burned

In which ya' raps I ain't concerned

Got a check for some mill, I signed off, so it's confirmed

Eh, look, homie, wait your turn

I ain't broke, nigga, look here, I'm straight as a perm

Hate it or love it. [x16]

[Spoken: As a perm, nigga, I'm good! That's straight as hell

Y'all just need to start making sure y'all good

Stick your nose outta other motherfuckers' business, man

I'm doing a'ight, my family's doing a'ight

My homies doing a'ight

Shout out to my niggas locked up!

Even my broads doing a'ight

On they own! 'Cause I ain't giving them a dime!

Not a dime! That sum it up for you niggas?

Hate me or love me, baby, I'm out. Ching-a-ling

Jackpot. [?]

Deserve!]

Songwriters

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