

# The Nigga Ya Love To Hate

## Ice Cube

I heard pay back's a motherfucking nigga  
That's why I'm sick of gettin' treated like a goddamn stepchild  
Fuck a punk 'cause I ain't him  
You gotta deal with the nine double limb  
The damn scum that you all hate  
Just think if niggas decide to retaliate  
They try to keep me from running up  
I never tell you to get down it's all about coming up  
So what they do go and ban the AK?  
My shit wasn't registered any fucking way  
So you better duck away run and hide out  
When I'm rolling real slow and the lights out  
'Cause I'm about to fuck up the program  
Shooting out the window of a drop top Brougham  
When I'm shooting let's see who drop  
The police the media and suckers that went pop  
And motherfuckers that say they too black  
Put 'em overseas they be begging to come back  
They say keep 'em on gangs and drugs  
You wanna sweep a nigga like me up under the rug  
Kicking shit called street knowledge  
Why more niggas in the pen than in college?  
Now 'cause of that line I might be your cell mate  
That's from the nigga ya love to hate  
Fuck you, Ice Cube  
Yeah, ha ha, it's the nigga you love to hate  
Fuck you, Ice Cube  
Ay, yo baby, your mother warned you about me  
It's the nigga you love to hate  
Yo, you ain't doing nothing pops  
Yo, you ain't doing nothing pops for the brothers  
What you got to say for yourself?  
You do like how I'm living? Well, fuck you  
Once again it's on, the motherfucking psycho  
Ice Cube the bitch killa cap peeler  
Yo, runnin' through the line like Bo  
It's no pot to piss in I put my fist in  
Now who do ya love to hate  
'Cause I talk shit and down the eight ball

'Cause I don't fake you're begging I fall off  
The crossover might as well cut them balls off  
And get your ass ready for the lynching  
The mob is droppin' common sense and  
We'll gank in the pen will shank  
Any Tom Dick and Hank or get the ass  
Fake it ain't about how right or wrong you live  
But how long you live  
I ain't with the bullshit, I meet cold bitches no hoes  
Don't wanna sleep so I keep popping No Doz  
And tell the young people what they gotta know  
'Cause I hate when nigga's gotta live low  
And if you're locked up I dedicate my style in  
From San Quentin to Rykers Island  
We got 'em afraid of the funky shit  
I like to clown so pump up the sound  
In the jeep make the old ladies say  
Oh, my God wait it's the nigga ya love to hate  
Fuck you Ice Cube  
Yeah, c'mon fool  
It's the nigga you love to hate  
Fuck you Ice Cube  
Yeah, run up punk  
It's the nigga you love to hate  
Yo, who the fuck you think you are calling girls bitches?  
You ain't all that that's all I hear, bitch, bitch  
I ain't nobody's bitch, a bitch is a  
Soul Train done lost they soul  
Just call it train 'cause the bitches look like hoes  
I see a lotta others damn  
It almost look like the Bandstand  
You ask me did I like Arsenio  
About as much as the bicentennial  
I don't give a fuck about dissing these fools  
'Cause they all scared of the Ice Cube  
And what I say what I portray and all that  
And ain't even seen the gat  
I don't wanna see no dancing  
I'm sick of that shit listen to the hit  
'Cause yo if I look and see another brother  
On the video tryin' to out dance each other  
I'm a tell T Bone to pass the bottle  
And don't give me that shit about role model  
It ain't wise to chastise and preach  
Just open the eyes of each

'Cause laws are made to be broken up  
What nigga's need to do is start loc-ing up  
And build mold and fold thyself into shape  
Of the nigga ya love to hate

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