## Soulja Boy, Love \& Hate

Real Niggas Live on; Fake Niggas Die;
All The Blood, Sweat \& Tears I Dun Whipped From My Eye.
Real Niggas Love Me; Fake Niggas Hate Me;
We Living In This World Call It Love \& Hatered.
Real Niggas Live on; Fake Niggas Die;
All The Blood, Sweat \& Tears I Dun Whipped From My Eye.
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We Living In This World Call It Love \& Hatered.
(Repeat)
Verse One:
18 years old out the muthafuckn trap,
Its Soulja Boy tellem put my city on the map,
Keep a pistol in my lap,
As I ride through my projects,
Cus a nigga might try to rob me,
Every day Im hustlin No time for depression,
Im rich but my whole family in a damn recession, I learned my lesson so I never will slip,
So I keep a gun in every room plus a pistol on my hip.
Chrous:
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(Repeat)
Verse Two:
July 28th, 19-9-0,
Guess who was born, It was little o me,
I had a little old dream, Tha Dream to succeed,
Tha Dream to achieve, The Dream to believe,
That believe, will get you what you need,
In this world, in this life, any cost any price,
I love my life, and my life love me too,
Anybody hate me, then its fuck you too
Bitch..
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