

The Hated (Skit)

Dave East

We gotta get it
They hated Esco
They hated Escobar
I'm still here
Dave East talk that talk
Streets need that;
NYC, L.A., Chicago, Detroit, the whole world
Lets get it I had a basic plan, get out the projects and never look back
Could still smell the aroma from when my uncle would cook crack
One conversation between homies, better yet brothers
That used to spend the night with each other
They moms was best friends
One name was Anthony, the hood called 'em Ant Live
Kept his pistol on 'em, so he bought a bigger pant size
He got a little colder the moment he watched his man die
That was ten years ago
Baby-face, wishing that his beard would grow
Now he throw a set up anywhere he go
He just a product of his environment
Told me he'd rather die than ever go to Rikers again
Did a bid, his celly was blood, he studied five percent
Came home, like let niggas see me, I'll never ride with tint
Cory was his right-hand man, his mother up North
She was busting checks with the wrong nigga
He popped Xannys and he just want him some strong liquor
Lose the attitude, he miserable
For years he tried to get a lick or two
Moms begging he finish school, but non-sense he get into
Ant' met Cory when they was kids with innocence
Ant' hated his dad around 'cause that nigga was militant
Cory found a holder pass, some cash, they could triple it
Double it, stack it up, Cory ain't never want to spend
Ant' was blowing money fast, big Meeching when he shopped
Flashy nigga, body wrapped in diamonds, necklace, and the watch
They hated Jesus, hated Malcolm, hated Martin
(They gon' hate) eight niggas living in a two-bedroom apartment
No lights up in the crib, I guess I came up out the darkness
Mood change when I spark it, new Range, now I park it
They hated Jesus, hated Malcolm, hated Martin
(They gon' hate) eight niggas living in a two-bedroom apartment
No lights up in the crib, I guess I came up out the darkness
Mood change when I spark it, new Range, now I park it Ant' and Cory set up a trap, fiends in

and out of that
No mask, stocking cap, they robbed him, but he got it back
Six in the morning with baggies on him was a way of life
Streets will teach you quick, ain't nothing free, pay the price
Eviction notice in the kitchen, your bitch will stay the night
Cory had the sour with him, Ant' fuck with 'yola
Got kicked out his moms crib, she found a couple boulders
Locked up with killers up North, he rubbed a couple shoulders
Cory told Ant' on the V I the block was changing
Ant' told Cory be grateful, freedoms' amazing
Three and half light bed, Ant' stayed in drama
He was light skinned, outside before you niggas was typing
No MySpace
Cory and Ant' had butter rockin'
The other younger niggas from the block, just loved to watch him
Couple hate us, but nothing major, they knew the streets
Niggas caught Cory, made him take off that new Philippe
Cory took it on the chin, he wasn't new to beef
Killers kill you for talking, all you gotta do is speak
Thats a man down, Ant' told Cory have the fam 'round
And keep on shitting on niggas until your pants brown
They hustle low, so much evidence that [?] found
Cory got nervous whenever they spun that Van 'round
They snatched him and talked about the way he got it
Broke the code, that was snitchin', it ain't no way around it
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No lights up in the crib, I guess I came up out the darkness
Mood change when I spark it, new Range, now I park itAyo' East
It's your man, Nas Esco'
Keep doin' what you do
Peace be on to you my young brother
Young king

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>