

# Love = Hate Ulterior Motives

Casey Veggies

Yeah, yeah, I know a lot of girls that be on the same things  
All my niggas in the streets smoking, trying to maintain  
She like sipping champagne, I beat it out her main frame  
My chick part of my campaign,  
And your chick looking like Flavor Flav  
Hit that picture, fade away, and fall back, I'm all that  
NY to LA, but a CV on my ball cap  
I'll be running glow, we're going out, seing open toes  
Sort dresses, them nights wrest and my fortress getting fine chick  
Get anointed, get knighted, I'm addicted to fly shit  
I'm a witness to righteous, steps finding out what my life is  
I got a quite range, at 18, my life change  
I got wrong keys and new things that we can do for this night thing like

In the club, at the party, everybody wanna be somebody  
In a world that's so strange real niggas trying to maintain  
Love and hate is the same thing, love and hate is the same thing!  
In the club, at the party, everybody wanna be somebody!

I know a lot of things, most of which I'm gonna change  
That come just from growing up,  
Learn that love and hate is the same thing!  
I can only wipe the plane jane  
Make a bad hoe give me bad brains  
I realize I had brains and I got it all, man and I gotta fall  
I gave it up, man I gotta live  
Girl, tell me what the problem is!  
Everything is so cool and one thing we couldn't do,  
One thing we couldn't see, who real, I can't tell  
Out the drop is gonna sell, I caught it out, starting out  
Young niggas run everything, make her earn that wedding ring  
Then I make her sing them high notes, I got high hopes  
And my side along, I love you when she ride long  
That's my angel, she always wear a halo  
Ever since I got dough, my cousin told me lay low!  
I can stay long, what did I say wrong?  
What happened between me and you? Why we can't even get along?  
Watch me you call! You can't blame it on me  
Love and hate is the same thing  
Love and hate is the same thing

In the club, at the party, everybody wanna be somebody  
In a world that's so strange real niggas trying to maintain

Love and hate is the same thing, love and hate is the same thing!  
In the club, at the party, everybody wanna be somebody!  
In a world that's so strange real niggas trying to maintain  
Love and hate is the same thing, love and hate is the same thing!  
In the club, at the party, everybody wanna be somebody

She wanna live and don't know who wrong about it  
So confusing I can't even write songs about it  
Thinking of reasons, shouldn't feel so alone about it  
Now I'm playing catch up, squeezing the wrong about it  
I front no cops come, go on we out it  
Know when I hit the shows, ladies ain't swarm around me  
And when I leave I know the one who'll go mourn about me  
G5 thoughts, homey my mind is clouded  
Today I bought a fit that was in the thousands  
And a chain cold like the ice in the mountains  
I started spittin, never contemplated bout an outcome  
Now I'm getting more income than my outcome  
My last flow was outgunned, my last girl was not one  
My last homey got sun, me and my brother like one  
And I'm only 19, the saga just begun  
Young kids run everything under the sun  
People live life very relentless  
My niggas act so hard with them scary agendas  
My friend claim says I ain't never get injured  
Tel my homeys baby steps, hope you never befriend this  
'Cause if I'd lose who I started then why should I end it?  
No, I'm kidding, I had to keep rewarding my millions  
Stunt a little, cop a whip and take care of children  
Spread love if thanked, just like the pilgrims

It's just another day in the life of a young nigga with ulterior motives  
I wonder if I can control this  
Ulterior, ulterior... motives  
Ulterior, ulterior... motives, motives

I wanna live the same life, that charm about me  
Regular times, skidrows and the campus crowded  
Less pressure, less things and my mind is skowin  
Better relationships, we only spend time when I'm out here  
It's what I chose so I guess I can't say that it's nothing  
Like a mom in the quack house, do on the rocks that  
Put me in so deep, that's heavy one dome kip  
I pull you one of them seats and I pull to yo hip  
And when we on the east coast you know I got caffit  
And when I'm so far away I still see and love that  
Eyes blood-shut red, I'm in over my head  
Act like she ain't know I pop your head, those are my bread  
That's just what I think, f\*\*kin that's what I said  
Then I made one blink and she was leavin me here  
Told my mama I'm a make it, she was believing me here  
But a couple year later, shit they can see if I been here  
In New York on my own at the regency theater

Then the kids in America, she ain't innocent mama  
And she listen to Erica, homey my girl is scholar  
Your girl is sort of a wallet, we using til that we  
don't we  
Tell her give me my money, I'm bout the 50's and 100's  
And the conspiracy subjects are my priorities  
You should give some of these  
I'm on my knees and I'm begging God please  
Humble my sneeze, I swear my whip is a tease

It's just another day in the life of a young nigga with  
ulterior motives  
I wonder if I can control this  
Ulterior, ulterior... motives  
Ulterior, ulterior... motives, motives